

POETRY AND  
DRAMA







JUN 4 1958

# POETRY AND DRAMA

(Edited by HAROLD MONRO)

VOLUME II

1914

London

THE POETRY BOOKSHOP

35 Devonshire Street

Theobalds Road, W.C.

# INDEX

## POETRY :

	PAGE
Aldington, Richard . . . . .	353
Alford, John . . . . .	358
Barry, Iris . . . . .	356
Burdett, Osbert . . . . .	369
Childe, Wilfrid . . . . .	359
Cruso, H. A. . . . .	363
Davies, W. H. . . . .	350
Elton, Godfrey . . . . .	25
Flecker, James Elroy . . . . .	28
Fletcher, John Gould . . . . .	144
Flint, F. S. . . . .	366
Fraser, Ronald . . . . .	371
Freeman, John . . . . .	351
Frost, Robert . . . . .	348
Heseltine, Michael . . . . .	374
Hewlett, Maurice . . . . .	10, 137, 274
Lawrence, D. H. . . . .	354
Lowell, Amy . . . . .	291
Macaulay, Rose . . . . .	284
Macnamara, Francis . . . . .	150
Malloch, George Reston . . . . .	361
Monro, Harold . . . . .	295, 367
Moore, T. Sturge . . . . .	288
Pound, Ezra . . . . .	20, 353
Randell, Wilfrid L. . . . .	365
Rhys, Ernest . . . . .	355
Shanks, E. Buxton . . . . .	286
Simpson, Henry . . . . .	364
Verhaeren, Emile . . . . .	273, 347
Wickham, Anna . . . . .	129
Wilson, T. P. Cameron . . . . .	356

## STUDIES AND APPRECIATIONS :

A Letter to a Musician on English Prosody . . . . .	<i>Robert Bridges</i>	255
French Literature and the War . . . . .	<i>Remy de Gourmont</i>	335
Introductory Speech at the First Poetry Matinée at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier [translated by F. S. Flint] . . . . .	<i>Henri Ghéon</i>	42

	PAGE
On Impressionism . . . . .	<i>Ford Madox Hueffer</i> 167
On Impressionism [Second Article] . . . . .	<i>Ford Madox Hueffer</i> 323
On Translating Poetry . . . . .	<i>Wilfrid Thorley</i> 47
Reviewing : An Unskilled Labour . . . . .	<i>Edward Thomas</i> 37
War Poetry . . . . .	<i>Edward Thomas</i> 341

VARIA :

A Dramatic Heresy . . . . .	<i>(B. Dobrée)</i> 126
After the War . . . . .	251
Blunt, Wilfrid Scawen . . . . .	<i>(F. S. F.)</i> 5
Candour and Precision . . . . .	252
Field, Michael . . . . .	<i>(T. Sturge Moore)</i> 6
Keats Corrigena . . . . .	3
Keats Discoveries . . . . .	125
Mistral, Frédéric . . . . .	124
Mr. Balfour's Address . . . . .	123
Mr. Poel's Hamlet . . . . .	<i>(Leonard Inkster)</i> 4
" Prince of Peace " . . . . .	252
Readings of Poetry . . . . .	2
The Glastonbury Festival . . . . .	253
Vicious Misrepresentation . . . . .	122
War Poetry . . . . .	250

CHRONICLES :

American Chronicle . . . . .	<i>John Alford</i> 229
American Poetry (The Case for the Defendant) . . . . .	<i>Louis Untermeyer</i> 107
American Poetry : An Explanatory Note . . . . .	<i>John Alford</i> 305
Contemporary American Poetry . . . . .	<i>John Alford</i> 229
English Poetry . . . . .	<i>Harold Monro</i> 52, 176, 296, 375
French Chronicle . . . . .	<i>F. S. Flint</i> 97, 211, 302, 393
German Chronicle . . . . .	<i>T. E. Hulme</i> 221
Italian Chronicle . . . . .	<i>Arundel del Re</i> 403

REVIEWS AND NOTICES :

Biography . . . . .	<i>E. S.</i> 189
Chapbooks and Broad-sides . . . . .	<i>Lascelles Abercrombie</i> 390
Miscellaneous . . . . .	65, 308
New Editions, Reprints and Anthologies . . . . .	<i>Edward Thomas</i> 62, 185, 299, 384
Translations . . . . .	<i>Edward Storer</i> 388

DRAMA :

PAGE

Dramatic Chronicle . . . . .	<i>Gilbert Cannan</i> 93, 205,	413
Helen : A Drama . . . . .	<i>Edward Storer</i>	153
Printed Plays . . . . .	<i>Leonard Inkster</i>	207
Printed Plays . . . . .	<i>Ashley Dukes</i>	420
The Drama : A Note in War-Time . . . . .	<i>Gilbert Cannan</i>	307
The Repertory Theatre . . . . .	<i>William Archer</i>	31
The Repertory Theatres . . . . .	<i>Ashley Dukes</i>	416

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT POETRY . . . . . 69, 190, 310, 424

BOOK LIST OF THE QUARTER . . . . . 113, 242, 315, 434

NOTES, Etc.

A Note on Chapbooks and Broad-sides . . . . .		433
A Note on Nietzsche . . . . .		334
Announcements . . . . .	254, 308,	322
German Chronicle . . . . .		308
Letter from Charles T. Ryder . . . . .		110
Miscellaneous . . . . .	253,	254
Note by John Alford . . . . .		111

PARTICULARS OF POETRY AND DRAMA . . . . . 7, 122, 354

TITLES OF BOOKS REVIEWED OR NOTICED :

<i>A Ballad of "The Gloster" and "The Goeben"</i> . . . . .	By Maurice Hewlett	390
<i>A Century of Parody and Imitation</i>	Edited by W. Jerrold and R. M. Leonard	65
<i>A Cluster of Grapes</i> . . . . .	Collated by Galloway Kyle	185
<i>Aids to the Immortality of Certain Persons in Ireland</i>	By Susan Mitchell	183, 203
<i>An Age of Steel : Plays and Episodes</i> . . . . .	By Evan Poole	208
<i>An Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913</i>	Edited by W. S. Braithwaite	239
<i>And They Went to War</i> . . . . .	By J. A. Nicklin	343
<i>Antwerp</i> . . . . .	By Ford Madox Hueffer. Decorated by Wyndham Lewis	391
<i>Arrows in the Gale</i> . . . . .	By Arturo Giovannitti	412
<i>Arthur of Britain</i> . . . . .	By Reginald R. Buckley	423
<i>Ballads and Burdens</i> . . . . .	By V. Goldie	297, 313
<i>Battle Songs</i> . . . . .	Chosen by E. Nesbit	384
<i>Beowulf : A Metrical Translation</i> . . . . .	By John R. Clark Hall	301
<i>Between Sunset and Dawn : A Play in Five Scenes.</i>	By Hermon Ould	209
<i>Bits of Things</i> . . . . .	By Five Girton Students	382
<i>Borderlands</i> . . . . .	By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson	378
<i>Broadsheet Ballads</i> . . . . .	Edited by Padric Colum	64
<i>Captain Craig, and Other Poems.</i>	By Edwin Arlington Robinson	232



<i>Challenge</i>	By Louis Untermeyer	411
<i>Children of Love</i>	By Harold Monro	391
<i>Chitra</i>	By Rabindranath Tagore	423
<i>Collected Poems</i>	By A. E.	56, 71
<i>Collected Poems</i>	By Norman Gale	182, 201
<i>Collected Poems</i>	By Newman Howard	56, 72
<i>Collected Poems</i>	By Margaret L. Woods	58, 78
<i>Creation: Post-Impressionist Poems</i>	By Horace Holley	181, 199
<i>Cromwell, and Other Poems</i>	By John Drinkwater	60, 83
<i>Cubist Poems</i>	By Max Weber	181, 198
<i>Damaged Goods: A Play</i>	By Brieux	209
<i>David in Heaven</i>	By R. L. Gales	382
<i>"Des Imagistes": An Anthology</i>		179, 192
<i>Dramatic Actualities</i>	By W. L. George	423
<i>Driven: A Play</i>	By E. Temple Thurston	421
<i>Dusk: A Play</i>	By Robert Vansittart	208
<i>Earth Triumphant</i>	By Conrad Aiken	410
<i>Elfin Chaunts and Railway Rhythms</i>	By Edmund Vale	183
<i>English Patriotic Poetry</i>	Selected by L. Godwin Salt	384
<i>Enjoyment of Poetry</i>	By Max Eastman	297, 376
<i>Erebus</i>	By Evangeline Ryves	61, 91
<i>Five Plays</i>	By Lord Dunsany	422
<i>Five Plays</i>	By George Fitzmaurice	421
<i>Florentine Vignettes</i>	By Wilfrid Thorley	184
<i>Flying Fame Chapbooks and Broad-sides</i>		54, 69
<i>Foliage</i>	By W. H. Davies	59, 81
<i>Four Dramatic Studies</i>	By W. Fothergill Robinson	208
<i>Francis Thompson</i>	By John Thomson	189
<i>Freedom</i>	By Geoffrey Winthrop Young	380, 429
<i>General William Booth Enters Heaven.</i>	By Nicholas Vachel Lindsay	239
<i>Giosuè Carducci</i>	By Orlo Williams	405
<i>Idle Women: A Study in Futility</i>	By Margaret Ponsonby	208
<i>In Quest of Love</i>	By Rev. E. E. Bradford	184
<i>Irish Poems</i>	By Katharine Tynan	182
<i>Irishry</i>	By Joseph Campbell	182, 202
<i>Italiana</i>	By Harriot Wolff	389
<i>Jane Clegg</i>	By St. John Ervine	422
<i>John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre.</i>	By Maurice Bourgeois	68
<i>La Divina Comedia</i>	Edited and Annotated by C. H. Grandgent	404
<i>Lord God of Battles: A War Anthology</i>	Compiled by A. E. Manning Foster	345, 385
<i>Loving As We Do</i>	By Gertrude Robins	209
<i>Lyrical Poems</i>	By Thomas Macdonagh	183
<i>Lyric Poetry</i>	By Ernest Rhys	65
<i>Lyrics and Dramas</i>	By Stephen Phillips	61, 89
<i>Lyrics and Poems from Ibsen</i>	Translated by F. E. Garrett	308
<i>Lyrics from the Chinese</i>	By Helen Waddell	63
<i>Madge Linsey, and Other Poems.</i>	By Dora Sigerson Shorter	183
<i>Man-Song</i>	By John G. Neihardt	238
<i>Marlowe's Edward II</i>	Edited by W. D. Briggs	63
<i>Maurice Maeterlinck</i>	By Una Taylor	392

	PAGE
<i>Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont</i> . . . . .	Edited by Eloise Robinson 63
<i>Modern Anglo-Irish Verse</i> . . . . .	Selected by Padric Gregory 301
<i>Nadir the Persian</i> . . . . .	By Herbert Sherring 61
<i>Nature's Moods: A Nature Anthology</i> . . . . .	Compiled by Leonard Stowell 388
<i>New Numbers</i> . . . . .	178, 190, 191, 378, 428
<i>New Poems</i> . . . . .	By Arthur K. Sabin 382, 433
<i>North of Boston</i> . . . . .	By Robert Frost 297, 310, 410
<i>Odd Numbers</i> . . . . .	By Robert Calignoc 184
<i>Over the Hills: A Comedy in One Act</i> . . . . .	By John Palmer 208
<i>Oxford Poetry, 1914</i> . . . . .	382
<i>Palgrave's Golden Treasury. With Additional Poems and Notes</i>	
	By C. B. Wheeler 186
<i>Patience</i> . . . . .	Edited by Professor I. Gollancz 63
<i>Patriotic Poems</i> . . . . .	Selected by R. M. Leonard 300
<i>Patriotic Poems</i> . . . . .	By Alfred, Lord Tennyson 345
<i>Philip the King, and Other Poems</i> . . . . .	By John Masefield 379, 426
<i>Philip's Wife: A Play in Two Acts</i> . . . . .	By Frank G. Layton 209
<i>Plaster Saints</i> . . . . .	By Israel Zangwill 421
<i>Playing With Love</i> . . . . .	By Arthur Schnitzler 210
<i>Plays</i> . . . . .	By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude 423
<i>Poems</i> . . . . .	By Margaret Cropper 183
<i>Poems</i> . . . . .	By E. Scotton Huelin 383
<i>Poems</i> . . . . .	By John Rodker 383
<i>Poems</i> . . . . .	By Sir Thomas Wiat. Edited by A. K. Foxwell 63
<i>Poems and Legends</i> . . . . .	By Charles Stratford Catty 184
<i>Poems and Lyrics</i> . . . . .	By Robert Nicoll 64
<i>Poems and Translations</i> . . . . .	By Edward Dowden 56, 74
<i>Poems from Leaves of Grass.</i> By Walt Whitman.	
	Illustrated by Margaret C. Cook 62
<i>Poems of the Great War</i> . . . . .	300
<i>Poetical Works of George Crabbe</i> . . . . .	Oxford Edition Standard Authors 301
<i>Poetical Works of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt</i> . . . . .	381, 432
<i>Poetry</i> . . . . .	By Arthur Quiller-Couch 177
<i>Poetry for Boys</i> . . . . .	Selected by S. Maxwell 300
<i>Rebellion: A Play in Three Acts</i> . . . . .	By John Drinkwater 209
<i>Robert Bridges</i> . . . . .	By F. E. Brett Young 391
<i>Sailor Town: Sea Songs and Ballads</i> . . . . .	By C. Fox Smith 379, 428
<i>Saloon Sonnets: With Sunday Flutings</i> . . . . .	By Allen Norton 408
<i>Satires of Circumstance</i> . . . . .	By Thomas Hardy 376, 424
<i>Selected Poems of George Meredith</i> . . . . .	188
<i>Ships, Sea Songs and Shanties</i> . . . . .	Collected by W. B. Whall 64
<i>Side Slips</i> . . . . .	By Griffyth Fairfax. Illustrated by Maud C. Klein 183, 204
<i>Singsongs of the War</i> . . . . .	By Maurice Hewlett 390
<i>Songs and Ballads of Greater Britain</i> . . . . .	By E. A. Helps 300
<i>Songs and Sonnets for England in War Time</i> . . . . .	296
<i>Songs from Books</i> . . . . .	By Rudyard Kipling 61
<i>Songs of Aphrodite</i> . . . . .	By Margaret Sackville 61, 90
<i>Songs of the South</i> . . . . .	Edited by Jennie Thornley Clarke 187
<i>Sonnets from the Patagonian</i> . . . . .	By Donald Evans 408
<i>Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds</i> . . . . .	By Amy Lowell 409
<i>The Battle and Breeze Reciter</i> . . . . .	Edited by Alfred H. Miles 385

	PAGE
<i>The Bird of Paradise</i> . . . . .	By W. H. Davies 377, 425
<i>The Book of Georgian Verse</i> . . . . .	Edited by W. S. Braithwaite 387
<i>The Book of Restoration Verse</i> . . . . .	Edited by W. S. Braithwaite 387
<i>The Book of Song of Heine</i> . . . . .	Translated by Col. H. S. Jarratt 389
<i>The Call of the Open</i> . . . . .	Compiled by Leonard Stowell 388
<i>The Children of the Night</i> . . . . .	By Edwin Arlington Robinson 232
<i>The Children's Cameos of Prose and Poetry</i> . . . . .	299
<i>The Cliffs (Re-Issue)</i> . . . . .	By Charles Doughty 344
<i>The Congo, and Other Poems</i> . . . . .	By Vachel Lindsay 411
<i>The Continental Drama of To-day</i> . . . . .	By Barret H. Clark 423
<i>The Country's Call</i> . . . . .	Chosen and Edited by E. B. and Marie Sargent 384
<i>The Crescent Moon</i> . . . . .	By Rabindranath Tagore 58, 75
<i>The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri</i> . . . . .	404
<i>The Dream of Gerontius</i> . . . . .	By John Henry Newman. Oxford Edition Standard Authors 301
<i>The Earth Passion</i> . . . . .	By Arthur Davison Ficke 241
<i>The Eighteen-Nineties</i> . . . . .	By Holbrook Jackson 66
<i>The Epic</i> . . . . .	By Lascelles Abercrombie 298
<i>The Flash-Point: A Play in Three Acts</i> . . . . .	By Mrs. Scott-Maxwell 209
<i>The Franciscan Poets in Italy of the Thirteenth Century</i> . . . . .	By F. Ozanam 309
<i>The Gardener</i> . . . . .	By Rabindranath Tagore 58, 77
<i>The German Lyric</i> . . . . .	By John Lees 298
<i>The Golden Staircase: Poems and Verses for Children</i> . . . . .	Chosen by L. Chisholm 385
<i>The Greek Anthology: Epigrams</i> . . . . .	Translated by Sydney Oswald 388
<i>The Horns of Taurus</i> . . . . .	By Griffyth Fairfax 183
<i>The King of the Dark Chamber</i> . . . . .	By Rabindranath Tagore 423
<i>The Knave of Hearts</i> . . . . .	By Arthur Symons 61, 87
<i>The Later Poems of Alexander Anderson ("Surfaceman")</i> . . . . .	63
<i>The Life and Poems of Dafydd ab Gwilym</i> . . . . .	Edited by Evelyn Lewes 188
<i>The Life of Francis Thompson</i> . . . . .	By Everard Meynell 189
<i>The Life of Matthew Prior</i> . . . . .	By Francis Bickley 189
<i>The Little Book of Courage</i> . . . . .	Edited by Annie Matheson 64
<i>The Lonely Dancer</i> . . . . .	By Richard le Gallienne 60, 86
<i>The May King: A Play in Three Acts</i> . . . . .	By F. W. Moorman 208
<i>The Melting Pot</i> . . . . .	By Israel Zangwill 209
<i>The Miniature Classics (Various)</i> . . . . .	388
<i>The Misfortune of Being Too Clever</i> . . . . .	By A. S. Griboyedof 209
<i>The New Golden Treasury</i> . . . . .	Edited by Ernest Rhys 186
<i>The New Parsifal</i> . . . . .	By R. C. Trevelyan 183
<i>The Pioneers</i> . . . . .	By James Oppenheim 238
<i>The Poems of Charles Kingsley</i> . . . . .	Oxford Edition Standard Authors 188
<i>The Poetical Works of William Blake</i> . . . . .	Oxford Edition Standard Authors 62
<i>The Poets Laureate of England</i> . . . . .	By W. Forbes Gray 375
<i>The Scottish Reciter</i> . . . . .	Edited by Guy Pertwee 386
<i>The Sea is Kind</i> . . . . .	By T. Sturge Moore 180, 194
<i>The Sea's Anthology</i> . . . . .	Edited by J. E. Patterson 300
<i>The Silent Heavens</i> . . . . .	By Osbert Burdett 423
<i>The Sister of the Wind</i> . . . . .	By Grace Fallow Norton 409
<i>The Stricken King</i> . . . . .	By Horace Holley 61, 92
<i>The Sun-Thief, and Other Poems</i> . . . . .	By Rhys Carpenter 297, 314

	PAGE
<i>The Theory of Poetry in England</i> . . . . .	By R. P. Cowl 298
<i>The Town Down the River</i> . . . . .	By Edwin Arlington Robinson 232
<i>The Triumph of Peace: A Romantic Drama</i> . . . . .	By Ivy M. Clayton 208
<i>The Two Blind Countries</i> . . . . .	By Rose Macaulay 180, 197
<i>The Very Humorous Reciter</i> . . . . .	Edited by Mrs. Pertwee 386
<i>The Waldies</i> . . . . .	By C. J. Hamlen 422
<i>The Wild Harp: A Selection from Irish Poetry.</i> . . . .	By Katharine Tynan 64
<i>The Wild Knight</i> . . . . .	By G. K. Chesterton 381, 431
<i>The Wine-Press</i> . . . . .	By Alfred Noyes 60, 85
<i>The Winged Anthology</i> . . . . .	By Irene Osgood and Horace Wyndham 187
<i>The Wolf of Gubbio</i> . . . . .	By Josephine Preston Peabody 410
<i>Thoroughfares</i> . . . . .	By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson 378, 427
<i>Three Plays</i> . . . . .	By John Galsworthy 420
<i>War Harvest, 1914</i> . . . . .	By Arthur K. Sabin 343
1914 . . . . .	By C. W. 345

#### FOREIGN BOOKS

<i>A. O. Barnabooth</i> . . . . .	Valery Larbaud 401
<i>Annales Poétiques</i> . . . . .	Imbert and Sauterau 218
<i>Anthologie de la Poésie Française des Origines jusqu'à nos jours.</i> . . . .	218
<i>Au Vent Crispé du Matin</i> . . . . .	Francis Carco 211
<i>Chansons Pour me Consoler d'Être Heureux</i> . . . . .	Paul Fort 97
<i>Choix de Ballades</i> . . . . .	Paul Fort 97
<i>Der Kondor</i> . . . . .	Edited by Kurt Hiller 225
<i>Divertissements</i> . . . . .	Remy de Gourmont 395
<i>Figures d'Evocateurs</i> . . . . .	Victor-Emile Michelet 217
<i>Histoire Contemporaine des Lettres Françaises</i> . . . . .	F. Parmentier 303
<i>Humoresques</i> . . . . .	Tristan Leclère (Klingsor) 101
<i>Jeanne d'Arc</i> . . . . .	Charles Péguy 399
<i>La Flûte Fleurie</i> . . . . .	Tristan Derème 212
<i>La Letteratura della Nuova Italia. Vols. I and II</i> . . . . .	B. Croce 405
<i>Le Calumet</i> . . . . .	André Salmon 102
<i>Le Dessous du Masque</i> . . . . .	François Porché 397
<i>Le Front aux Vitres</i> . . . . .	René Bizet 104
<i>Le Valet de Cœur</i> . . . . .	Tristan Klingsor 101
<i>Les Blés Mouvants</i> . . . . .	Emile Verhaeren 394
<i>Les Cahiers du Centre</i> . . . . .	398
<i>Les Caractères de la Poésie Contemporaine</i> . . . . .	Alphonse Séché 100
<i>Les Féeries</i> . . . . .	André Salmon 102
<i>Parler</i> . . . . .	P. J. Jouve 398
<i>Poèmes</i> . . . . .	André Salmon 102
<i>Préférences</i> . . . . .	Paul Escoube 217
<i>Prétextes</i> . . . . .	André Gide 217
<i>Promenades Littéraires. 5ième Series</i> . . . . .	Remy de Gourmont 217
<i>Recueil des Poètes Français</i> . . . . .	Claude Barbin 218
<i>Schéhérazade</i> . . . . .	Tristan Leclère (Klingsor) 100
<i>Spaventacchio</i> . . . . .	Enrico Pea 406
<i>Sub Tegmine Fagi</i> . . . . .	Jean-Marc Bernard 216
<i>Tragedie Irlandesi di W. B. Yeats</i> . . . . .	Translated by Carlo Linati 405
<i>Zang Tumb Tuum</i> . . . . .	F. T. Marinetti 403

# CONTENTS

## VARIA :

PAGE

2

Readings of Poetry—Keats Corrigena—Mr Poel's Hamlet—Wilfrid Scawen  
Blunt—Michael Field—Particulars of POETRY AND DRAMA.

## POETRY :

Maurice Hewlett . . . . .	10
Ezra Pound . . . . .	20
Godfrey Elton . . . . .	25
James Elroy Flecker . . . . .	28

## STUDIES AND APPRECIATIONS :

The Repertory Theatre . . . . .	<i>William Archer</i>	31
Reviewing: An Unskilled Labour . . . . .	<i>Edward Thomas</i>	37
Introductory Speech at the First Poetry Matinée of the Theatre du Vieux Colombier. [ <i>Trans- lated by F. S. Flint</i> ] . . . . .	<i>Henri Gheon</i>	42
On Translating Poetry . . . . .	<i>Wilfrid Thorley</i>	47

## NEW BOOKS :

English Poetry . . . . .	<i>Harold Monro</i>	52
New Editions, Reprints and Anthologies . . . . .		62
Miscellaneous . . . . .		65
Extracts from Recent Poetry :		69

The Bull: Ralph Hodgson—The Song of Honour: Ralph Hodgson—  
Collected Poems: Æ — Collected Poems: Newman Howard —  
Poems: Edward Dowden—The Crescent Moon: Rabindranath Tagore  
—The Gardener: Rabindranath Tagore—Collected Poems: Margaret  
L. Woods—Foliage: W. H. Davies—Cromwell: John Drinkwater—  
The Wine-Press: Alfred Noyes—The Lonely Dancer: Richard Le  
Gallienne — The Knave of Hearts: Arthur Symons — Lyrics and  
Dramas: Stephen Phillips—Songs of Aphrodite: Margaret Sackville—  
The Stricken King: Horace Holley — Erebus: Evangeline Ryves.

## CHRONICLES :

Dramatic Chronicle . . . . .	<i>Gilbert Cannan</i>	93
French Chronicle . . . . .	<i>F. S. Flint</i>	97
American Poetry . . . . .	{ <i>Louis Untermeyer</i> <i>Charles T. Ryder</i>	107 110

## A LIST OF RECENT BOOKS . . . . . 113

# VARIA

## READINGS OF POETRY

WE have had several opportunities during the past few months of attending public readings of poetry ; we must admit ourselves on all occasions disappointed. Mr Alexander Watson's recital of "The Everlasting Mercy" at the Little Theatre was hailed by the united Press in a ringing chorus of praise. Certainly his enunciation is clear, his elocution excellent, and his voice splendidly controlled ; yet it was not "The Everlasting Mercy" he gave us, but rather a demonstration of his own powers, using "The Everlasting Mercy" as a medium. In the same way, Miss Nora Clarke at the Steinway Hall made herself throughout the sole element of importance in her recital. While fully realizing the difficulties of self-repression, particularly in the situation of sole occupant of a public platform, we cannot but think that the whole training of the actor or reciter is adapted to impede rather than to promote the enjoyable reading or recitation of good poetry. Given the two essentials of good pronunciation (which may be learnt better through singing than through elocution lessons) and an instinctive feeling for rhythm, we can think of no gifts or acquired skill that can be of advantage. Facial expression and gesture, such as the actor may be obliged to practise, serve rather to obscure than to elucidate the beauties of poetry. The reader must love the poem far better than himself, and the idea of poetry than that of self-revelation. For these reasons poetry is, unfortunately, more often well read in the privacy of small circles than by trained persons in public. We are searching for good readers, and would ask all those who are in accord with our convictions to present themselves at the Poetry Bookshop with a view to forming a nucleus for future co-operation. We are frequently asked to send readers into the provinces ; we hope later to organise informal readings in the country ; we would like the practice of reading or speaking poetry to be adopted everywhere on all occasions without reserve or modesty. Let us hope that the encouraging support accorded to the Poetry Bookshop Readings may lead through a gradual process of development into the realization of some of our objects.

## KEATS CORRIGENDA

THE classic English poets abound in doubtful and alternative readings, which it is the business of editors and commentators to discover and discuss. Keats has been by no means neglected in this way, but here are two curious cases of uncertainty as to the intention of the poet which have been brought to our notice by Mr Edward Thomas, and are now, so far as we are aware, for the first time pointed out.

Most men, if they were asked to write down the two concluding lines of the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, would either use no inverted commas or put them at the beginning and at the end. But all editions print the lines thus :

"Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty"—that is all  
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know.

Thus the urn is made to utter the five first words, and Keats, becoming a showman, turns and recommends his wares to the world. It is unlikely that Keats meant to appear in this character. It is more likely that the inverted commas were accidentally misplaced, or survived, as they now appear, from an earlier version.

Not many men perhaps read more than once the sonnet, *On Leaving Some Friends at an Early Hour*, in Keats' first volume. If they did, they would before now have questioned the meaning, or the truth to the poet's meaning, of the second line of these three :

And let there glide by many a pearly car,  
Pink robes, and wavy hair, and diamond jar,  
And half-discovered wings, and glances keen.

What is a "diamond jar"? Is it a jar made of diamonds, or a jar containing diamonds? In either case it can hardly be in place here. If anything of diamond be in place here, it must be something connected with the figures in the cars, and something that is naturally mentioned after hair or before wings. Is it possible that Keats meant to use "diamond tiar," and that "tiar" was written obscurely over or through some earlier word rhyming with "car"? There may be other likelier words than "tiar," but hardly one less likely than "jar."

## MR POEL'S "HAMLET"

IT is probably because many people over-emphasize the value of a fact in art that others by reaction say a fact is positively harmful. They call Mr Poel a pedant, for instance, because at his recent most interesting "Hamlet" at the Little Theatre he made the Queen sit above Claudius in assembly, with reference to Elizabeth and Leicester, and the original mode of producing the play. A mere insistence on Queen Elizabeth would be pedantic; a mere determination to keep close to the facts of early Shakespearean production would not take us far. But with these, Mr Poel's conscious processes, we have nothing to do, so let us leave him his method in peace. That method is good for him; it stirs, not hampers his imagination. The test is whether a man of æsthetic sense, not thinking of Elizabeth, would be held by Mr Poel's Shakespeare's Queen; certainly he would so be held; the test from text to performance is what counts. It was, of course, not a complete Hamlet, but we were not given the soliloquies of Hamlet and the madness of Ophelia and nothing else. Other things were illuminated instead, the play-scene, the tragedy of the Queen as a human woman. Again, the duel and the slaughter at the close were not merely not ridiculous, though one instant was banal, but they took rank as a vivid, poetic conclusion to the drama. These, and many others similar, are little things perhaps; but they have rarely been done with appropriateness before. And what did we lose? Mr Poel and Mr Percy gave us no oak tree planted in a vase, nor soul greatly at war with gods, but very simply a man not equal to his work, pathetic, beaten. Much of Mr Percy's acting was repugnant, for he refined on the power within him, but he died beautifully, groping for the kingly chair, and his work was never literal. One thing the critics should have considered. A performance whose dialogue is vital always stimulates more readily in one a desire for absolute perfection than one we can ignore. Often Mr Poel's production irritated; at His Majesty's one is simply bored. Mr Poel, who will contradict his own theories so delightfully in practice, should be glad that he was slated; and he deserves credit for a ghost sufficient, one that did not make his speech ridiculous by being visible, and when visible did not mar the dignity of his unsubstantial form by speech.

LEONARD INKSTER



## WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT

ON January 18th a company of poets journeyed to Newbuildings Place, Sussex, to make a presentation to Mr Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. The committee—W. B. Yeats, Sturge Moore, John Masefield, Victor Plarr, Frederic Manning, Ezra Pound, F. S. Flint, and Richard Aldington—had intended to give a dinner in London in Mr Blunt's honour, but he preferred to receive them at his home. Each of the above-mentioned poets placed a copy of one of his poems in the carved marble reliquary which was made by the sculptor, Gaudier Brzeska, for presentation to Mr Blunt. The following verses of address were also read:—

“ TO WILFRID BLUNT.

“ Because you have gone your individual gait,  
Written fine verses, made mock of the world,  
Swung the grand style, not made a trade of art,  
Upheld Mazzini and detested institutions ;

“ We, who are little given to respect,  
Respect you, and having no better way to show it  
Bring you this stone to be some record of it.”

Mr Blunt made an informal speech by way of acknowledgment. He said that he felt, to a certain extent, an impostor. He had never really been a poet. He had written a certain amount of verse, but only when he was down on his luck and had made mistakes either in love or politics or in some branch of active life. He did not publish a single verse with his name until he was forty-three. When he had received their flattering invitation he had at first been rather puzzled, and wondered whether it was from some of his horsey friends or from his political admirers. When he found it was for his poetry he was all the more flattered and astonished.

Mr W. B. Yeats made a fitting reply, in which he spoke with some horror of the Victorian era, and observed that he and the others present admired Mr Blunt's work largely because it was not Victorian, because it contained the real emotions and thought of a human being and not the abstract sentiments of an abstract personage, The Victorian BARD.

F. S. F.

# MICHAEL FIELD

THE traits of a current literary fashion are difficult to note, yet after ten, twenty, or one hundred years they become obvious to every fool. Young minds, as well as those ageing, are subject to this form of illusion. No man commences with vital worth, freed from local and temporary irrelevancies, save by training himself to question generally accepted judgments. Twenty-six years ago poetical dramas began to appear which were hailed as the strikingly virile and mature work of some unknown young man, Michael Field—the discovery that he was actually two ladies, Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper, only enhanced the enthusiasm of Browning, but silenced that of a chorus of reviewers. The best way of praising poetry is to quote it.

QUEEN ELINOR. You're old to think of love : when you were young  
You thought not of it.

KING HENRY. I embraced your lands,  
Not you.

QUEEN ELINOR. Plantagenet, you wronged yourself  
As you had made the day and night your foe,  
And roused  
The violated seasons to confer  
Each his peculiar catastrophe  
Of death and pestilence. I'll shatter you  
As nature shatters—you as impotent  
As the uprooted tree to lash the earth  
That flings its griping roots out to the air  
And plants its burgeoned summits in the soil.  
Embraced my lands ! Ah, I forget myself,  
The loveless are insensate to pressage ;  
'Tis in calamity's harsh stubble field  
They learn to suffer. I'll be harvester,  
And sickle your ripe joys. Embraced my lands !  
Had you embraced me, I had borne you fruit  
Of soft-fleshed children. Hug the progeny  
Of your stony lust, and curse me ! [Exit.]

KING HENRY. She forgets,  
When she is gone—dear bliss !—the thought of her  
Lies not a stinking corpse about my heart.  
The loved or loathed may haunt us. Who oppress

Are mortal in remembrance ; having passed,  
As sultry day that kept the air in bond,  
They leave us breathing free. How beautiful  
To have the mind a solitude for love !  
Mine's clamorous as a camp—one silken tent  
Close-curtained, secret . . . Rosamund.

—*Fair Rosamund* Act I, Scene III.

Rapid and bold, the play is hardly anywhere less rich. Edith Cooper, who died on December 13th last, was a rare personality of great refinement ; she lived vividly and radiantly, surrounded by works of art and in friendly communion with minds of great distinction—Browning and Dr Richard Garnett, Havelock Ellis and Bernhard Berenson, Arthur Symons, Will Rothenstein and Charles Ricketts—and, keeping pace with time, corresponded with Gordon Bottomley, and relished the frequent felicities of Lascelles Abercrombie and W. H. Davies. Those who are eager to help our effete stage throw off the trivial mode of surface mimicry, and once more resound to the exalted rhythms of passion and ecstasy, should be careful, as they succeed, not to let such work lie forgotten. I will end by adopting Rosamund's parting from the king :

“ There are some thoughts  
That through the stormy weather of my soul  
Cannot now travel towards you.”

T. STURGE MOORE

¶ POETRY AND DRAMA is published at the Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, Theobalds Road, London, W.C., quarterly on March 15, June 15, September 15, and December 15.

¶ Copies are procurable through all Booksellers and Newsagents.

¶ The Annual Subscription is 10s. 6d. post free to all countries.

¶ Outside contributions are considered, and the Editor will endeavour to return all declined MSS. if typewritten and accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.



# POETRY

THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE. . . . .	MAURICE HEWLETT
EIGHT POEMS . . . . .	EZRA POUND
FIVE POEMS . . . . .	GODFREY ELTON
TWO POEMS . . . . .	JAMES ELROY FLECKER

## THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE

THIS poem, which a sense of decorum, but not commonsense, forbade me to call *The Hodgriad*, was conceived some seven or eight years ago, at a time, that is, when I was really in touch with the hero of it, discovering what he was and who he was. I have been at work upon it, more or less, ever since. The subject of it is as old as England, but the point of view, I think, is novel : therefore I offer a few words of explanation of its scope. It will be seen by anyone who chooses to reflect upon it that this country holds two classes of persons, a governing class and a governed class. Herein it does not differ, perhaps, from a good many other undemocratic states ; but it differs remarkably in this, that with us the governing and the governed classes are two separate nations. By race the governed are British, with a strong English mixture of blood ; the governing class is, by race, even now preponderatingly Latin-French, with a Scandinavian admixture ; by tradition, breeding and education it is actively so. All the apparatus, all the science, all the circumstance of government are still Norman. It may be that the governed race has been granted, between 1832 and 1885, an increasing share in government. It has been granted it, but it has not yet taken it up. Now, speaking generally, this *English Chronicle* is the history of the governed race from the date of the Norman Conquest, when foreigners acquired the ascendancy which they have never yet dropt. Nor have they ceased to be foreign to the race which they rule. The tale in its details may be the stuff for prose ; in its broad outlines, in its masses of light and shade, it is a highly poetical subject. It is an epic subject, perhaps the only one left. To put it in Aristotle's manner, when he hit off the Odyssey in three lines : A certain man, being in bondage to a proud Conqueror, maintained his customs, nourisht his virtues, obeyed his

tyrants, and at the end of a thousand years found himself worse off than he was at the beginning of his servitude. He then lifted his head, lookt his master in the face, and his chains fell off him.

I ought to add that the Prelude, called *The Man on the Hill*, appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* of the 18th October, last year.

MAURICE HEWLETT

## BOOK I.

### THE STAR OF SENLAC

THE way is long, and very dark  
I have to go : be Thou my guide.  
Behold, I bring, as to an Ark  
In waste of waters, this to Thy side.  
Hold it a moment in Thy hand,  
And give me courage and right pride.

Three Kings  
in England,  
1066.

There was a year, I understand,  
A thousand odd since Christ was King,  
There reignéd three kings in England  
Ere Christmas bells were due to ring ;  
And after them came never a one  
Of English blood for the song to sing :  
There were Edward, and Harold, Godwin's son,  
And then the Bastard of Normandy—  
Him they called the Base-begun,  
But none the worse for that fared he.  
And in that time of high unrest  
Among the high, who deemed them free,  
Hodge the plowman, ridging the crest

The bearded  
star.

Under the stars with his oxen team,  
Saw the bearded star in the West  
And markt his mantle of litten steam  
That flew as he flew and foreboded  
Murrain or dearth, and made men dream  
O' nights, and women who workt full-loaded  
Drave to bed before their day,  
To bring forth children cripple-bodied,  
Hare-lipt, riven, halt or splay.  
The summertide was slumbrous and hot  
That set in with that Star of May ;  
There was no spring-feed to be got,  
The corn grew short, there was no air ;  
The land panted ; a man fell shot  
By unseen shaft from none knew where,  
Out in the open, among his friends,  
Out in the acres parcht and bare.  
God, He knew to what dreadful ends  
Such wild doings were let to be ;  
But good Saint Michael made amends,  
For a wet wind blew up from the sea,  
And brought the soak to thirsty lands,  
And drave men out to fallow and lea.  
So to the ploughing went all hands,  
And what reckt Hodge of Harold the King,  
Of Dives-on-Sea, or Pevensey Sands,  
Of Norman or of Etheling  
Beside the wet for the land's drouth ?  
What of marching and counter-marching  
Hotfoot to North, hotfoot to South—  
Hob and Lob gone out with the reeve  
To sweat and grunt in battle's mouth,  
Hob and Lob with the fyrd to cleave  
To the tryst of the Hoar Apple-tree ?  
His plow was not for a by-your-leave,  
His beast must eat, to work must he  
On the dim cliffs above the shore,

The tryst  
of the Hoar  
Apple-tree,  
1066.



Upon the hills above the sea  
 Where rain-fog lull'd the shingle's roar  
     To low swishing of ripples awash,  
     And sights were sudden and then no more,  
 Here for a flash, gone in a flash.  
     So drifted birds like snow that floats  
     A moment down, and on the brash  
 Melts ; so for eyes and ears and throats  
     The strangling mist shut out the world.  
     On sea of oil the fleet of boats  
 Crept in, and ere the Dragon unfurl'd  
     To shame the rebels of the North  
     The Dragon's lord was southward hurl'd  
 To meet his dread, and try his worth  
     With one who fear'd no mortal thing  
     But his own need. That drove him forth—  
 Immortal hunger : that was King.  
     So in the mist those robbers came  
     While Hodge was at his clod-breaking ;  
 And when to gild Saint Calixt's name  
     Uprose the autumnal sun that day,  
     And wet earth reekt beneath his flame,  
 Then uprose Hodge ; he might not stay  
     Tho' hill wagg'd head to hill, or leapt  
     The tall elm-trees like storks at play ;  
 He must abroad while the beasts slept  
     (Altho' the kings of the earth stood up)  
     To win them fodder. His way he crept  
 While Normans take the Blesséd Sop,  
     And his kindred mutter and snore,  
     And daylight brimmeth the sky's cup :  
 He takes the road, he leads the store  
     To pasture, or yokes-to his cattle,  
     And drives his furrow a lugg or more  
 While trumpets shatter and drums rattle,  
     And Kings and the herds they drive take breath  
     For plunge in the red bath of battle.

Saint Calixtus'  
 Day, 1066.

What's to him this Dance of Death?  
Or this young man that jigs for his lord,  
Young Taillefer, as the tale saith,  
Flashing or tossing up his sword,  
Singing Charlemagne and the Peers  
To dare the Englishman and his horde?  
What's to him how the flood veers,  
Spilling on Senlac's bare ledge?  
'Tis nine by the sun, as it appears,  
Time for nuncheon under the hedge.  
Loose your kerchief of bread and porret,  
Sit you down and cut you a wedge,  
And chew, deep breathing, the better for it!  
Nor any worse for the murder-bout  
Five mile hence, as a bird would score it—  
Murder, havoc, hatred and rout,  
Foul blood-letting that makes men beasts.  
The English grunt their harsh *Out! Out!*  
The shaven Normans, smooth as priests,  
Countergrunt with their *Dieu nous aide!*  
The tide of onset creeps and twists  
Round and about, thro' the hazel-glade  
And up the slope to th' embattled brood  
Of Godwin's sons in shield stockade—  
And Hodge is amunch while the mailed flood  
Of hungry thievery and rascalry  
Slays and sacks the chiefs of his blood;  
And gets again to his husbandry,  
And drives his plow till the tardy sun  
Goes down bloody into the sea;  
And homeward then, the day's work done—  
Calixtus' day, when a king was shot,  
And a new king trod him, a wench's son.

O lord of a realm, or a three-perch plot,  
What will you with a pair of hands  
But hold your fistful? Your headpiece hot

The Bastard  
of Normandy  
and his men.

May rule that which it understands :  
The rest is vanity. What gain'd  
The Bastard by his doubled lands ?  
He sweated double who twice reign'd.  
But Hodge, who changed his flush-brow'd lord,  
The sleepy, easy, beery-vein'd,  
For hatchety Norman, tense as a cord,  
Curt-voiced Héricourt, Grantsmesnil,  
Tibetot, Botetort, Ralf Flambard,  
Perci, d'Albini, Mandeville,  
D'Eu, d'Avranches, Laci or Verdun—  
He changed his master but not his vill ;  
He call'd old Stoke a new Stoke-Farden,  
And drave his plow in the old furrow ;  
The land he knows bears the new burden,  
The same good sun will shine to-morrow ;  
Tho' Rolf be reeve in place of Grim  
The new manor is the old boro',  
And all is one to the likes of him,  
So he have the price of his bent back's worth.  
He savours October rich and dim,  
The sweet sharp smell of the wet earth,  
The dying fall, the woodland sere,  
The taint of death that is hope of birth,  
The glory of gold for the world's bier  
(O dewy hillside ! O tall tree !).  
Thanks giveth he for the fading year :  
Such good content, good Lord, give me !

Hodge and his  
land.

Hodge hath his plot of ground, to love it  
If little else, the bond, the unfree.  
There's Gurth may have a full half bovate  
Of deep land in the Blackacre,  
And book behind him which will prove it,  
And pasture for his pence a year ;  
But Hodge had nought but his poor pigtle  
By moonlight lifted here or there,

Saint Use-  
and-Wont

Held God knows how, by no writ title,  
But rooted to him by saw which says,  
What's done is done without requital,  
To-morrows shall be as yesterdays,  
And so for ever. Saints enough  
Hath Holy Church for priests to praise,  
But the chief of saints for workday stuff  
Afield or at board is good Saint Use,  
Withal his service is rank and rough,  
Nor hath he altar nor altar-dues,  
Nor boy with bell, nor psalmodies,  
Nor folk on benches, nor family pews ;  
Yet he is Hodge's and Hodge is his,  
And holding to him these days of dread,  
Hodge the bondman may work at ease  
And munch at ease his leek and bread,  
Let rime or flower be on the thorn  
And English Harold alive or dead.  
Still he must harvest his lord's corn  
(Follow him thro' returning moons!) ;  
From the wet winter when wheat is born  
Every season hath its Boones,  
Sowing, harrowing, reaping, carrying  
Thro' dripping or thro' burning noons.  
He guards the blade against bird-harrying,  
He hoes, and then with sickle and stick  
Harvests, with the girl he's marrying  
Hard at his heels. And so to the rick,  
And so to fork and flail and van  
Go man and woman, hearty or sick,  
Hodge with his wife, maid with her man—  
John Stot's daughter, the brown-eyed lass,  
With ripening breast and neck of tan,  
Fifteen year old come Candlemass.  
Unfree, unfree, bound to his vill,  
To plod his rounds like blinker'd ass  
That draws the well, at his lord's will

The Serf's  
Boon-Works.

Bondage.

There where he sweats, there he must bide ;  
No Jack of his may have his Jill  
Unless he buy her to his side ;  
No Jack may win the monk's fair crown,  
Nor make the Body of Him Who died  
That men might live. That Head hung down  
For gentlemen, as it would seem :  
Yet Christ some day may know His own.

William  
is King.

Dead is King Harold, sped his dream ;  
They choose the Bastard, crown his sword ;  
He's burnt the North, by Avon's stream  
He's call'd the West to know him lord.  
A lord is he who rules with might  
The welter of his brigand horde ;  
No man dare trespass in his sight  
Which oversees from Tweed to Seine ;  
No man dare question his good right  
From Cheviot to the march of Maine.  
Stark lord, the emblems of whose power  
This beaten realm doth yet retain  
In Lincoln's castle, London's tower,  
On Durham's eyrie river-girt,  
And where Ely abode the hour  
Of Cromwell's rod and Hitch's hurt.\*  
So up and down, and back and forth  
The strong King goes with spears alert ;  
He cows the West, he burns the North  
Till all this realm is in his grip :  
Now he will know his work's worth.  
The empty leagues where Sarum's keep,  
Islanded lonely in the grass,  
Watches the shepherd and the sheep  
Behold him now. Before him pass  
His bailiffs and commisioners

Council at  
Sarum, 1086.

\* See Carlyle, *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, i. 179, for this story. "Cease your fooling and come down, Sir."

To tell the acres each man has  
 In fee from him. He sits, he hears,  
 Huge crimson'd bulk of little ease ;  
 But never a tittle slips his ears,  
 And never a baron 'scapes his knees  
 Whereat to kneel and touch his hands  
 And do him homage and fealties  
 With suit and service for his lands.  
 And every due of every wight  
 Within this England written stands  
 For all to read who have the sight :  
 Sokemen so many, tenants at will,  
 Cotsetters, men of tenant-right,  
 The kine, the pigs, the weirs, the mill,  
 Villeins with their oxen and plows :  
 There wrought no man in any vill  
 But he was reckon'd with his house.  
 And as in good Saint Edward's days  
 So must it go, Saint Use allows,  
 When Norman lords ride English ways.  
 Just was this king and cared not flinch  
 To give or take, to ruin or raise ;  
 He took his ell and gave his inch—  
 This was his freedom as he view'd it ;  
 By hook or crook he got the kinch  
 Upon his rascals, and they rued it  
 At rope's end. So with humour grim  
 And harsh he sought peace and ensued it.  
 And died, and peace held after him.

Domesday  
 Book.

William dies,  
 1087.

Now mark : while lords by Sarum's hold  
 Debated how estates should trim  
 'Twixt suzerain and mesne, burnt gold  
 Was on the wheat, and Hodge afield  
 Laid-to the sickle. So of old  
 Shepherds were watching on the weald  
 While kings and sages came athrong

To seek the new-born Lord, reveal'd  
Withal in starry outpour'd song  
To those poor humble-minded clowns  
Keeping their flocks there all night long.

William  
Rufus, King  
1087.

Dead or alive, King William frowns  
On mutiny or hatching plot,  
And serves the new king England owns,  
The red-head bully, blunderer, sot,  
Thick with curses, thick as his blood,  
Shot in the Forest, and well shot.

And dead  
King, 1100.

Shot ill or well, shot bad or good,  
That red king was his father's son,  
To keep in awe his robber brood ;  
And so when he was dead and done  
Did Henry Beauclerk many a year,  
The shifty, patient, waiting one,  
With little joy of his home gear  
But such content as may be told in  
The country's peace from year to year.

Henry Beauclerk,  
1100-1135.

Now hath good Hodge enlarged his holding  
To a quarter virgate in the strips ;  
Now a fair wife for arms' enfolding  
Awaits his summons of the lips :  
Villein and neif they well may be,  
But that's your world which your mind grips ;  
There needs no other. Wise is he  
Who works his patch and joys in it,  
With ankles hobbled, but mind free.  
To better that may pass man's wit.

[NOTE.—The remaining Books of this poem will be published serially in  
POETRY-AND DRAMA throughout the current year.]

# EZRA POUND

## I.—ALBATRE

**T**HIS lady in the white bath-robe, which she calls a peignoir,  
Is, for the time being, the mistress of my friend,  
And the delicate white feet of her little white dog  
Are not more delicate than she is,

Nor would Gautier himself have despised their contrasts in whiteness  
As she sits in the great chair  
Between the two indolent candles.

## II.—SOCIETY

**T**HE family position was waning,  
And on this account the little Aurelia,  
Who had laughed on eighteen summers,  
Now bears the palsied contact of Phidippus.

## III.—TO FORMIANUS' YOUNG LADY FRIEND

*(After VALERIUS CATULLUS)*

**A**LL Hail! young lady with a nose  
by no means too small,  
With a foot unbeautiful  
and with eyes that are not black,  
With fingers that are not long, and with a mouth undry,  
And with a tongue by no means too elegant,



You are the friend of Formianus, the vendour of cosmetics,  
And they call you beautiful in the province,  
And you are even compared to Lesbia.

O most unfortunate age !

#### IV.—COITUS

**T**HE glided phaloi of the crocusses  
  are thrusting at the spring air.  
Here is there naught of dead gods  
But a procession of festival,  
A procession, O Julio Romano,  
Fit for your spirit to dwell in !

Dione, your nights are upon us.  
The dew is upon the leaf.  
The night about us is restless.

#### V.—HEATHER

**T**HE black panther treads at my side  
And above my fingers  
There float the petal-like flames.

The milk-white girls  
Unbend from the holly-trees  
And their snow-white leopard  
Watches to follow our trace.

## VI.—THE FAUN

**H**A! Sir, I have seen you sniffing and snoozling  
about among my flowers.  
And what, pray, do you know about horticulture,  
you capriped?

“Come, Auster; come, Apeliota,  
And see the faun in our garden;  
But if you move or speak  
This thing will run at you  
And scare itself to spasms.”

## VII.—TEMPORA

**I**O! Io! Tamuz!  
The Dryad stands in my court-yard  
With plaintive, querulous crying.  
(Tamuz! Io! Tamuz!)  
Oh no, she is not crying: “Tamuz.”  
She says, “May my poems be printed this week?  
The god Pan is afraid to ask you,  
May my poems be printed this week?”

## VIII.—A TRANSLATION FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF EN BERTRANS DE BORN

Original composed about 1185 A.D.

**L**ADY, since you care nothing for me,  
And since you have shut me away from you  
Causelessly,  
I know not where to go seeking,  
For certainly  
I will never again gather

Joy so rich, and if I find not ever  
A lady with look so speaking  
To my desire, worth yours whom I have lost,  
I'll have no other love at any cost.

And since I could not find a peer to you,  
Neither one so fair, nor of such heart,  
So eager and alert,  
Nor with such art  
In attire, nor so gay,  
Nor with gift so bountiful and so true,  
I will go out a-searching,  
Culling from each a fair trait  
To make me a borrowed lady  
Till I again find you ready.

Bels Cembelins, I take of you your colour,  
For it's your own, and your glance,  
Where love is ;  
A proud thing I do here,  
For, as to colour and eyes  
I shall have missed nothing at all  
Having yours.  
I ask of Midons Aelis (of Montfort)  
Her straight speech free-running,  
That my phantom lack not in cunning.

At Chalais of the Viscountess, I would  
That she give me outright  
Her two hands and her throat,  
So take I my road  
To Rochechouart,  
Swift-foot to my Lady Anhes,  
Seeing that Tristan's lady Iseutz had never  
Such grace of locks, I do ye to wit,  
Though she'd the far fame for it.

Of Audiart at Malemort,  
Though she with a full heart  
Wish me ill,  
I'd have her form that's laced  
So cunningly,  
Without blemish, for her love  
Breaks not nor turns aside.  
I of Miels'de'ben demand  
Her straight fresh body,  
She is so supple and young  
Her robes can but do her wrong,

Her white teeth, of the Lady Faidita  
I ask, and the fine courtesy  
She hath to welcome one,  
And such replies she lavishes  
Within her nest.  
Of Bels Mirals, the rest :  
Tall stature and gaiety,  
To make these avail  
She knoweth well, betide  
No change nor turning aside.

Ah, Belz Senher, Maent, at last  
I ask naught from you  
Save that I have such hunger for  
This phantom  
As I've for you, such flame-lap.  
And yet I'd rather  
Ask of you than hold another,  
Mayhap, right close and kissed.  
Ah, lady, why have you cast  
Me out, knowing you hold me so fast ?

# GODFREY ELTON

## I.—PROCESSIONAL

**I** SAW the king go driving by  
With grey hairs in his beard,  
And all the crowd was whispering  
The very thing I feared.

But it shouted blessings on the King  
With feverish, thin breath.  
It was, you know, for George the Fifth  
That Christ was nailed to death.

## II.—BED-TIME STORY

**O**N a night in winter I went out  
When the stars were dark, and the wind about.  
I lit a lamp in the stable-yard,  
I blew a whistle clear and hard,  
And over the paddock and down the hill,  
And across the river beyond the mill,  
They came, my followers, more and more—  
The secretest men you ever saw.  
“We will go further to-night,” I said,  
“Because the man in the moon is dead.  
His evil eye is blinded quite  
That saw with a cruel, gem-like sight  
The deeds of sailormen out at night.”  
And so we came to the World's End Inn,  
Where sailormen sit and swallow gin,  
Whose sign is a skull with eyes therein.  
The sign swung on with a creaking sound,  
And there were howls from an ancient hound,

As we stood stock-still on the frozen ground  
Watching its windows, fifty and more,  
And watching the light beneath the door . . . .  
All the rest of it—honour bright!—  
I will tell you to-morrow night.

### III.—OUR BAZAAR

**T**HEY said, “Three cheers for our beloved Princess.”  
They said, “She is benevolent and wise.”  
Her withered hands plucked slowly at her dress,  
And she was sweating underneath the eyes,  
She has not heard of Browning; does not know  
The “Σέρπιον ἔργον . . .” of Euripides;  
She likes to feel that England loves her so  
When she has rheumatism in both her knees. . . .  
As they began “God save our gracious King”  
I heard a ship’s horn sounded faint and far,  
And knew that she was kicking on the swing  
Of tides felt high above the harbour bar,  
Not yet from out her narrow river free,  
Groping through mists and vapour to the sea.

### IV.—WHAT THE GARDENER’S FATHER SAID ABOUT KING DARIUS

**A**LL the great towns that used to be  
Are never rightly dead,  
One night a year they come alive,”  
The gardener’s father said.

“Leastways, I know old Babylon  
Has nights of respite still,  
I saw its lamplight yesterday  
Above the Broadmoor hill.

“ Above my smoke of burning weeds  
I saw its steady light ;  
I took and climbed the hill to see  
What would they do by night.

“ I found them feasting long and loud,  
Without a hint of sorrow :  
The King strolled out, and yawned, and said,  
‘ It will be fine to-morrow.’ ”

### V.—THE SONG CALLED EXPERIMENT

**M**Y dog sleeps under the moon all night ;  
He never lets her out of his sight,  
One eye in the dark and one in the light—  
Good dog, Fido !  
He bays so loud and long  
His desolate, star-shiny song  
To see the moon, the yellow moon, the delicate moon go up.

When the wind is driving her through the sky,  
And the clouds like a castle-wall go by,  
He looks at the moon and winks his eye—  
Good dog, Fido !  
He bays so loud and long  
His desolate, star-shiny song  
To see the moon, the yellow moon, the delicate moon go up.

When she moves with a rushing sound like a kite  
On a string of stars in the depth of night,  
He grins as he watches her perilous flight—  
Good dog, Fido !  
He bays so loud and long  
His desolate, star-shiny song  
To see the moon, the yellow moon, the delicate moon go up.

# JAMES ELROY FLECKER

## A PRAYER TO THE BRIGHTNESS OF DAY

**O** HAPPY Dome, so lightly swimming through storm-riven Aether  
Blue burning and gold, the hollow of Chaos adorning,  
Shine, happy Dome of th' air, on Sea thy sister, on ancient  
Plains, on sharp snowbeard mountains, on silvery waters,  
On knotted eld-mossed trees, on roses starry with April!—  
But most shine upon one lying tormented, a dreamer,  
Thy lover.—Ah, wherefore did a rift so cruel across thee  
Open? A long tremulous sighing comes thence, with a great wind,  
Darkness ever blowing round thy blue curtain. A finger  
Out of Hell aims at me. Gather, O sweet Dome o' the Morning,  
Thy rapid ardent flamy quiver, thy splintery clusters:  
Send a volley straight through to the heart of this desolation,  
And burning, blasting with a shaft of thunderous azure,  
Break the ebon soldiers, restore his realm for a dreamer.

[NOTE.—The technique of the above lines may need a word of explanation for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with Stone's splendid essay on classical metres in English verse. I present English hexameters written quantitatively, the effect of which, with the accent combating the metre, is similar to that of the Homeric, or rather of the Virgilian line—since I have followed Virgil's rules of making metre and accent coincide in the last two feet, to emphasize the metre.

Those who do not know the Classical hexameter are quite justified in calling these lines unintelligible to their ear; and good scholars, while they are bound to recognise that the classic effect has been rightly reproduced in English, have every right to object that the effect in English is too outlandish to be acceptable. Me, at all events, the play of quantity and stress exceptionally charms; and since my predecessors are desperate few, to write quantitative verse in English is to set sail on a very strange and charming ocean.

But those of our classical "scholars" who read Virgil and Homer accenting the quantity and neglecting the accent, thereby turning that immortal and subtle music into the drone of a barrel-organ—as though the Aeneid were written to splutter away like Evangeline!—are not justified in saying anything whatever on any matter of taste or scholarship.

The following scansions of words occurring in the above lines may help those who may be apt to be misled by classical rules of quantity which do not apply, largely owing to our erratic spelling:—Häppŷ, swimming, höllöw, crüel (the English rule seems to be the reverse of the Latin: *e.g.* tō ā măn), dārknëss, völlëy (last syllable lengthened before str).]



## THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(Re-written in response to the appeal in an article in POETRY AND DRAMA, No. 1,  
March, 1913.)

**G**OD save our gracious King,  
Nations and State and King ;  
    God save the King !  
Grant him the Peace divine,  
But if his Wars be Thine  
Flash on our fighting line  
    Victory's wing !

Thou in his suppliant hands  
Hast placed such Mighty Lands :  
    Save thou our King !  
As once from golden Skies,  
Rebels with flaming eyes,  
So the King's enemies  
    Doom thou and fling.

Mountains that strike the stars  
Held by heroic wars  
    Save to our King :  
Dawn lands for Youth to reap,  
Dim lands where Empires sleep,  
And all that dolphined Deep,  
    Where the ships swing.

But most the few dear miles  
Of silver-meadowed Isles,  
    Thy Dale of Spring ;  
Thy Folk who by the marge  
Where the blank North doth charge,  
Hear Thy voice deep and large  
    Save, and their King !

STUDIES & APPRECIATIONS

NEW BOOKS

CHRONICLES

A LIST OF RECENT BOOKS

## THE REPERTORY THEATRE

THE *New Oxford Review* for February contains an article entitled "Chiefly Granville Barker" which shows that the youth of this realm have not quite lost the gift of generous enthusiasm. I refer to it, however, only to quote one sentence: "Permanent repertory will come—as it has come in every other European country of importance." Though right in substance, this remark is misleading in form. Permanent repertory cannot be said to have "come" in every other European country, for the simple reason that it has never gone. Until sixty or seventy years ago, every theatre, here and elsewhere, was a Repertory Theatre—people had scarcely dreamed of the possibility of anything else. It is the long-run theatre that has "come." It has come with the overgrown modern city, and with the railways which, to the permanent population of our great capitals, add an enormous floating population—all theatre-goers. The railways, too, have rendered possible the "touring combination," which is the provincial counterpart of the long run—the travelling company which mechanically reproduces a metropolitan success, and repeats it, in some cases, for two or three years on end. It is this system of endless repetitions of one play that has "come," and has ousted the repertory system wherever the drama is a pure article of commerce, with no endowment to reinforce the repertory tradition. That is to say, in England and America—the only countries "of importance" where the drama is a pure article of commerce.

It is idle to denounce the long run. It was inevitable, and it has had its uses. But the plain fact is that all the great theatres of the world have been, and are to-day, Repertory Theatres. Shakespeare's Globe was a Repertory Theatre; so was Congreve's Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Sheridan's Drury Lane, and the Covent Garden of Kemble and Mrs

## *The Repertory Theatre*

Siddons, and Molière's *Petit Bourbon*, and Holberg's Danish theatre, and the Hamburg theatre, for which Lessing wrote the *Dramaturgy*, and Goethe's Weimar theatre, and Ibsen's Bergen theatre. At the present moment, the *Théâtre-Français*, the *Odéon*, the Vienna Burgtheater, all the Court and City Theatres of Germany, and all the great Scandinavian theatres are Repertory Theatres. It is scarcely possible to name a play of the first rank that was not written for, and produced at, a Repertory Theatre. In short, it is not the repertory system, but the long-run system, that is the innovation—the product of conditions which, in all countries save England and the United States, have been recognised as detrimental to the best interests of theatrical art, and have been more or less successfully counteracted.

Even in England, the living drama has flourished precisely in the ratio in which we have succeeded in counteracting the long-run system. I will never join in the silly fashion of insolently disparaging such writers as Sir Arthur Pinero and Sir J. M. Barrie. I admit that the awakening of English drama from its hundred-years' sleep took place under the long-run system. The fact remains, however, that by far the greater and better part of the astonishing outgrowth of dramatic literature which this century has witnessed has been due to the movement of reaction against the long run—to the Stage Society and other producing organisations, to the historic Vedrenne-Barker management, to the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, and to the various so-called Repertory Theatres in great provincial cities. "So-called," I say, because I believe that most of them, like the Court under Vedrenne and Barker, ought properly to be called short-run rather than Repertory Theatres. The true repertory system requires, not that plays should be run for a fixed number of days or weeks and then taken off, whether successful or not, but that, while no play should be continuously "run" at all, every play should have the chance of securing as great a number of performances as its popularity justifies—possibly as many as three or four performances a week for twenty or thirty weeks. Constant alternation, in short—the production of at least three, and sometimes four or five, different plays in each week—is the very essence of the repertory system. But this demands a scenic installation and a company such as no long-run theatre possesses; and that is why Granville Barker requires an initial capital of £25,000, and a further guarantee fund, before he can

approach, with any confidence, the task of giving London a real Repertory Theatre.

His scheme is a very simple one. He wants one thousand people to put down £25 each for initial expenses, and to engage to pay, if required, a further sum, not to exceed £25 a year, during the three years which Mr Barker thinks necessary to establish the theatre on a firm basis. Thus each subscriber makes himself responsible, over and above the initial £25, for a maximum contribution of £75, spread over three years. For my part, I consider it wildly improbable that anything like the whole £75 would be called up. That would mean that the enterprise required a subsidy of £25,000 a year to make both ends meet; and £25,000 would be a large subsidy even for a German Hoftheater. The Théâtre Français, if I remember rightly, receives a subvention of only £10,000. What I should anticipate would be that each subscriber would be called upon to pay perhaps £10 to £15 in the first year, £5 in the second year, and none at all in the third. For there is really no reason why such a theatre, managed on the right lines, should not ultimately pay its way. As Mr Barker himself puts it :—

A Repertory Theatre cannot be expected to make large profits, but, if its resources are sufficient to provide a proper equipment and to make possible a long-sighted policy and economic management, there is no reason, I think, why, once well established, it should not always be able to recompense at the market rate the services rendered it, and to pay a small interest upon its capital.

The money subscribed is to be held in the names of three Trustees, who will, however, take no part in the management, but will simply guarantee that the funds are being honestly applied to the proper ends of the enterprise. Before these lines are in print, their names will probably have been announced, and I feel sure that they will be recognised as the best men that could possibly have been chosen. If, in any of the three years, a net profit shall be made, sufficient to pay five per cent. on the sum contributed, that interest will be paid; but if the profit be not sufficient to pay five per cent., it will be carried forward. Details of the financial scheme, however, must be studied in the documents in which it is set forth in full. The upshot, as I understand it, is this: each subscriber may, in the worst event, lose £100: in the very best event (supposing the enterprise to succeed triumphantly from the outset) he will receive five per cent. per annum on an invest-

## *The Repertory Theatre*

ment of £25, which will doubtless be repaid to him before long : but in the really probable event, he will have to pay out, in all, some £50 or £60, to receive no interest on it for a year or two, and then to receive five per cent. per annum until the reserve fund of the enterprise so accumulates that the Trustees find themselves in a position to repay the whole sum advanced.

It is not, of course, a lucrative or even a safe investment that is offered. No one will subscribe who is not prepared, if need be, to risk from £50 to £100, on the chance—an extremely good chance—of endowing London with a permanent Repertory Theatre. But it seems incredible that there should not be, in wealthy and prosperous England, a thousand persons willing to incur this risk. In Germany such enterprises are frequent, and frequently successful. It is certain that in Germany a man with Granville Barker's record and qualifications would not have long to wait for the necessary funds.

For the successful establishment of a Repertory Theatre three things are required : the Moment, the Man, and the Money. That the moment has come, who can doubt ? For the past fifteen years at least, events have been moving unmistakably towards this consummation. Even the imperfect and poverty-stricken endeavours in the direction of repertory above alluded to have begotten a new dramatic literature, and have kindled throughout the country an enthusiastic interest in drama which is one of the most remarkable signs of the times. Every year sees an increasing harvest of "repertory plays"—plays which, by reason of their very merits, are unlikely to attain the immediate and sensational popularity implied in a long run. On every hand—from actors, from authors, from the intelligent public—we hear the demand for a loop-hole of escape from the narrowing and deadening influences of the prevailing system. The old idea that the public was not "educated up" to the repertory system has been put to shame in a score of ways—and notably by the marked success of Mr Barker's recent repertory season at the St James's. Most assuredly, the moment has come.

Nor can it be questioned that Granville Barker is the Man. He has a rare combination of advantages. At the age of thirty-seven he combines full maturity with unimpaired energy. He has the great advantage of having been an actor of distinction, and the still more

indispensable advantage, for a repertory manager, of having left off acting. The man who has to arbitrate between the conflicting claims of a body of sensitive and naturally ambitious artists must himself stand absolutely outside their ranks. He may not be—he will not be—infalible, but impartial he can and must be. Of Granville Barker's merits as a dramatist nothing need be said, for the simple reason that in undertaking this enterprise he is for the moment putting aside all thoughts of authorship, and postponing his ambitions in that direction to his conviction that, in the general interests of the English drama, the first necessity is a Repertory Theatre. To be quite frank, I am not sure that he is the better manager for being a dramatist. A fellow-feeling makes him wondrous kind to the susceptibilities of his brother authors, and unwilling to urge upon them that authoritative advice which is really one of the greatest services an intelligent producer can render to a playwright. As for his genius for *Inszenierung*, has he not given proof of it in a score of memorable productions, from the *Hippolytus* to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and notably in his own *Voysey Inheritance*, in Mr Galsworthy's *Justice*, and, only the other day, in *The Witch*. That his devotion to repertory is not due to any incapacity for working under long-run conditions is proved by the fact that in *Fanny's First Play* and in *The Great Adventure* he has achieved two of the longest runs of recent years. But he believes that only under the repertory system can British Drama save its soul alive; and therefore he is willing to devote some of the best years of his life to showing what that system really means, and placing it on a sound and stable basis.

Here, then, we have the Moment, and we have the Man—can there be any doubt that the Money will be forthcoming?

One word, in conclusion, as to the bearing of this scheme upon the National Theatre enterprise. In his speech at the St James's, in which he first outlined his proposals, Mr Barker said:—"In Heaven's good time (but hardly within the next three years), we are, I hope, to have a National Theatre in being. But that is only an institution however fine, and to-night I am pleading for a whole system. Besides, we must prepare for our National Theatre."

That is the whole story. Artistically, the success of this scheme will enormously facilitate the successful establishment of the National Theatre, and financially there is no real competition between the two

### *The Repertory Theatre*

projects. It may quite well prove, indeed, that the success of the smaller and simpler enterprise may give people just the object lesson they need to inspire them with confidence in the larger endeavour. Certainly the Repertory Theatre will by no means fill the place of the National Theatre; nor do I think it desirable that the one should develop into the other. We shall not have done our duty as the countrymen of Shakespeare until we have established, in his name, a great national home for the art he glorified. But it is absurd to suppose that there is room for only one Repertory Theatre in London; and, while we are waiting for the National Theatre, we cannot be better employed than in training ourselves—both before and behind the curtain—in the methods of repertory.

WILLIAM ARCHER



## REVIEWING : AN UNSKILLED LABOUR

THERE seem to be four principal kinds of reviews—the interesting and good ; the interesting, but bad ; the uninteresting, but good ; the uninteresting and bad. Most are of the last kind. They are reading matter, usually grammatical, which probably bears some relation to something passing in the writer's mind, but keeps it secret. Nothing is revealed by them about the book in hand, except the author's name and presumed sex, and whether it is in prose or verse ; nothing about the reviewer's feeling, except that he likes or does not like, or is indifferent to the book—which is not a matter of much importance unless the reviewer has somehow built up a system, or a past, to which his remarks instantly refer the reader. The bad, uninteresting review consists of second-hand words and paralysed, inelectric phrases ; and the better these are strung together the worse it is, because it means that the wretched man, woman, or child, is deceiving himself, making a virtue of his necessity, his hurry, his obtuseness, his ignorance. Such work is terribly uninteresting to anyone without a superhuman interest in whatever is inhuman. Sometimes it may be read in a comatose condition by readers with a respect for all printed matter, and in a sort of enthusiasm by relatives of the reviewer. But the only thing to be said for it is that it produces money, which produces food and clothing for aged parents, fair wives, innocent children. Against it must be set the fact that it is waste of time and energy, like sending clean things to a laundry,—that it is nothing, masquerading as something,—that the longer it exists the more respectable it is thought by those who do not care, by the majority. Most reviews are of this kind. That is to say that people of all sorts write them. Therefore, probably, it is very easy to fall into the habit, and very hard to see that you have done so. You read a book once or twice, or half read it ; various thoughts are awakened as you proceed, about the author,

## *Reviewing*

his subjects, his vocabulary, the influences he has felt, and, in addition to these, at the end you have some sort of general impression. When you come to write, you do not inquire into the history of your thoughts, or try to relate them; your object is to write without delay something continuous, and since some of the thoughts protrude too much for continuity you sacrifice them. The result is a piece of prose which only a man possessing a profound knowledge of you can accurately follow. What can anybody else do with your roundabout phrases, brought to birth by the union of unconsidered thoughts with memories of other reviews?

The more a man tries who was not born to write—unless he has an aim clearly before him—the worse he writes. Most reviewers have no aim clearly before them, except of covering space and putting the name of the book at the top. At best they want to get in a striking phrase, relevant or not. God help them. It is not a man's, certainly not a reviewer's, task, to better them, or persuade them that they could be bettered. Nor is it necessary here to attempt to throw light upon bad writing. I mention this class only because I believe that they hope to be interesting. They are distant, perhaps unconscious, disciples of Wilde's *Critic as Artist*. They are expressing themselves *apropos* of the book sent them for review: if they succeed, it is in this world a thing to be thankful for. The so-called review relating to one detail in the book, and then branching off to something which the reviewer has at heart, is justified if well done. Good writing is always justified. But this bad, interesting review is not of importance here. Both kinds are bad, because they are not reviews.

What, then, is a review? A review gives an account of an unknown book—its substance, aim and achievement; or it discusses a known book, or some point in it or connected with it, in a manner assuming some knowledge of it on the reader's part. To this second class belong most of the better reviews. Any good writer can write good reviews of this kind. But good reviews of the other kind are seen scarcely ever; for it by no means follows that if a good writer tries to produce them he will succeed. Few try, and perhaps the good writer tries least of all. He has established a scale of values, a system, a metaphysic, for which he is known among the scattered school of followers which at the same time he has created. For the most part he trusts to a few shorthand phrases, indicating to the intelligent that he likes a thing or

not, and, to some extent, how and why. This, of course, is valuable in proportion to the merits of the critic. According as he has a wide or peculiar knowledge of men, and things, and words, and holds a vigorous and not stereotyped view which has survived or sprung out of this knowledge, so must he be valued. At present he is not likely to reach very far. He will be read chiefly by literary people. The rest of the world, learned and unlearned, will go on discovering what suits them, unconsciously applying standards based on experience. Too seldom will the critic take trouble over writers who have, as it were, got out of hand—become popular; his temptation is thereupon to seek the faults which have led, in his opinion, to the popularity.

But the most difficult, and at the same time most practicable and useful review, is the one which gives some information about unknown books. To do this fairly with continuous prose books is not easy: with verse it is apparently so difficult that nobody attempts it. Reviewers are either too anxious to give a display of their own talent, or they prefer important-looking abstractions and generalities without reflecting on how far these will have any considerable meaning for the reader who has not made the reviewers his study. They are handicapped further by the fact that the tools of their trade are not really on the market at all. Practically no book is of any immediate use to them. To be able to employ Matthew Arnold's touchstones, except pedantically, is really the last test of culture: the man who applies them is usually, and roughly speaking, an ass. It is no common gift to be able to feel the greatness of great lines through and through, even after hearing that they are so from persons you have placed in authority. To feel what new lines have in common with them is what no man has done, so far as I know, while all sorts of men have shown that they can be deceived by superficial resemblances. No doubt the more a man truly knows of older literature, the better will be his judgment of the new. But mere scholarship, or the fact of having read, 'twixt waking and sleeping, only what was approved in older literature, is no qualification: true knowledge should put a man on his guard against imitations and superficial resemblances. The worst of it is that the critic is usually looking out for what is good or bad, along certain lines; whereas it is rather his business to find, like a plain man, "something to read"—as intense a pleasure as possible in reading,—not something

## *Reviewing*

that would, he imagines, be perfect to a different imagined being, though unreadable to himself. No man is a final judge of what he cannot enjoy, whether eggs, caviare, or castor oil, however brilliant he may be at telling us that what he cannot enjoy is bad. But by taking pains he can give an account of it.

A review giving an account of a book of verse is an object not too easy for any proud or accomplished man ; nor need any heroic degree of impersonality be sought after. Only the reviewer must seriously consider whether words like "striking and unique," "alive," "decadent," or "readable," coming from his pen, will, without abundant proof and illustration, have any weight outside his family circle ; whether it is any use informing us that the right book sometimes gets into the hands of the wrong reviewer, and that he fears this is now the case ; whether he or anyone else gains by quoting verses and saying that they show a sense of melody, with a comment that this is the most essential of a poet's gifts, and the aside that though Whitman thought metre of no importance his best lines happened to be metrical. So long as bad reviewers are not condemned to a pension and the loss of their fingers and, if necessary, their toes, so long these things will be done. Honesty is a difficult virtue. The reviewer must be airing scraps of knowledge, trying to create impression among inferiors, pretending to admire things which he does not like—which he would not read if he were not compelled—often for no better reason than that he could not do as well himself. Sometimes I have wished that there were more office boys turned on to reviewing. Better the honest opinion of a smart, pitiless, and unhistorically minded Cockney than all this rambling, hedging and ditching, half and half. As if office boys were more likely than anybody else to be honest and direct ! They would be striving to conceal their identity, writing like the ordinary reviewer. But if only reviewers could aim at honesty ! They need not return boring books to the editor ; they must live ; let them try to understand why they are bored and tell us, confessing also plainly what they most dislike, what they come nearest to liking, and so on. Everyone is declaring belief, or at least disbelief, in modern poetry ; no one admits that he does not like poetry or only likes Tennyson. Yet nearly all reviews of verse are either loosely complimentary or have a bantering tone as if the bards were tiny little odd unreal creatures who earn no wages and have no human

feelings. When a new book by an accepted verse writer appears, the reviewer's task is to compass some variation of the ordinary compliments. As to the unaccepted, it is Heads I praise, Tails I laugh. More often it is Heads, because those are the publisher's orders. No matter : mere praise is better than mere laughter, and the letter of praise does not exclude the spirit of criticism.

The reviewer lacks not excuse. In most cases he has no idea whom he is addressing, if anyone. He is writing in an indifferent vacuum. He does not care ; his editor does not care ; so far as he knows, nobody cares, provided he is not libellous, obscene, or very ungrammatical. Is he to address the author ? Is he to address readers who know the book reviewed, or readers who do not ? Is he to hold forth simply to his equals who happen not to write for a living ? These questions will come up and ought to be answered. A careful answer might help to turn reviewing from unskilled into skilled labour. No one wants to interfere with good writers ; I am speaking of the average reviewer. His unsupported opinion is mostly worthless. I believe it would be a useful and pleasant change if he were to cease expressing opinions and take to giving as plain and full an account of the book in hand, as time, space, and his own ability permit. The skill required would be of an order which no man need be ashamed to display, and few could achieve without labour. Gradually, efficient chroniclers would be, not born, but made. They might become as efficient as the best of the newspaper staff is held to be ; they might form a standard which plain, hurried men could reach by moderate efforts, and would not fall short of without disgrace. The pioneers would perhaps have a hard time in getting rid of all those degraded loose phrases caused by uncertainty, or ignorance, or imitation, all the words like the advertiser's 'unequaled' and 'absolutely pure.' Even the egoistic reviewer, even the egoistic reviewer with a following, might learn from this method. In any case he would not be superseded, while personality and a corresponding metaphysic and literary power are respected, and he would be served by a rank and file of decent workers, instead of being surrounded and confused by a rabble of ridiculous and unlovely muddlers.

EDWARD THOMAS

# INTRODUCTORY SPEECH

## Delivered at the First Poetry Matinée of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier

*On the 15th November last, the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier began its series of POETRY MATINÉES. The plan, the aim, and the spirit of these Matinées were stated in LA NOUVELLE REVUE FRANÇAISE for December 1913 by M. Henri Ghéon, its well-known contributor, in the following terms :*

**T**HE spirit in which this theatre was founded is known to you all. It is to serve an essentially dramatic art, an art inconceivable apart from the stage, and one that can be fully realised only on the stage. If the newest work of preceding generations has not met in the theatre, even from a highly cultivated public, with the reception that the literary qualities displayed would appear to demand, it is because that work, for the most part, was not of an expressly scenic nature, because it did not obey the organic laws of drama, and because it placed symbols and ideas before characters, the gratuitous play of images before the conflict of hearts, and pure poetry before action. Against all this we have taken our stand. A drama is not a poem in dialogue which may, if required, be played upon a stage ; it is a "being" altogether different from a poem, one made for emancipation from its creator's tutelage, and the greater the power of its creator the freer will it be from that tutelage. In the drama the poet does not speak in his own name ; he withdraws from the dialogue—far from seeking to appear, he hides himself ; he allows the logic of the characters to follow its course. Moreover, pure lyricism offers him a field vast enough for him to spread himself at ease without encroaching on neighbouring ground. Therein is confusion, an abuse of power that can no longer be permitted him.

## Introductory Speech

It would be a misunderstanding of our intentions, however, to accuse us of wishing deliberately to banish poetry from the theatre, since we acknowledge in poetry the living source of all emotion. But poetry must, we say, be subordinated to the drama—and, if it is to burst forth in the drama, let it draw all its strength from the internal virtue, from the objective virtue of the action. Everywhere else we are ready to grant it pre-eminence—better still: to give it the service that our life has consecrated to it. Hence these poetry matinées.

Certain people may object to these matinées on the grounds that the poem, as our time has made it—subtle, chaste, meditative—is not a thing that, in principle, may be recited before an audience; that it is like a delicate essence of flowers, impregnating the pages of the book, which should be inhaled secretly. “Why do you not leave it in the book,” I shall be asked, “the consolation, the exaltation of grave and solitary souls? Do you not dare go the full length of your principles? You preach the divorce of the poem as such from the drama: is it simply so that you may drag it immediately before the footlights? If the theatre is necessary to the drama, the book is necessary to the poem: in the one case an entire crowd, in the other one reader.” The poem, in fact, may be something intimate, and nothing but intimate, a voice seeking a confidant: it is the most precious kind, but it is not the sole kind—nor the most powerful either. Yet, restricting ourselves for the moment to this kind of poem (what is true of it will be all the more true of the others), when, around the poem, we hush all noise, do not be deceived, it is so that we may “hear” it better. And when we think that by way of our eyes, it penetrates right to the very heart of us like a mute phantom, there is not one of the words composing it that does not vibrate *physically* in our mind. In spite of ourselves, and however abstractly we may read, we give to it its accent and its tone. Outwardly, our lips remain closed, but it may be said that they recite to us within. In short, for a poem to exist, it will never suffice for it to have harmony of sentiments, of images and of ideas; this harmony is as though void, if before all there is no harmony of sounds. The most intimate poem is something sonorous. Even hushed, it speaks to the ear before speaking to the mind.

Do we betray it, therefore, if one day we chant it aloud? No,

### *Introductory Speech*

indeed. We thereby restore to it its natural and primitive form, the form in which it was born and modelled, both in Greece and in France, in the voices of the rhapsodists and of the *trouvères*, of whom every poet is the inheritor. In truth, in our empty room, whatever may be the oratorical force of the poem we are reading—the *Chanson de Roland* or the *Fêtes galantes*, the *Légende des Siècles*, or the *Grand Testament*—by the very virtue of the rhythm, we are, without our being aware of it, our own *trouvère*. . . .

But how many lovers of poetry find time to read, and that quiet which permits one to read in a low voice? Our best *trouvère* is ourselves, I do not deny: but life leaves him seldom available, and us rarely in the mood. These public readings will have no other aim than to bring together in the same room those who seek in vain for an hour of silence, and to constrain them to meditation. We shall obtain this more easily in company. And so far from our own emotion weakening before the masterpieces, it will, on the contrary, I dare hope, increase for each one of us from the emotion of all. Public readings answer a need of our time; they tend to set up an opposition to the surrounding tumult. Who knows but that the poem, by its enforced seclusion, runs the risk of losing, little by little, that authentic life which it owes to human speech, and which it will always find therein so long as speech is not divorced from poetry. We read too much with our eyes: in freeing poetry from the book, are we not restoring it to its true destiny? Finally, these readings will provide a useful test of the new poetry, which, by its many innovations in sonority and rhythm, demands of the reader a personal effort that, either on account of indolence or habit, he is not always willing to make. He must be made to hear this music that as yet he does not hear alone.

But, I repeat, these will be readings only. They are given from a stage because the voice carries better. You must forget that you are in a theatre. You are a circle in a drawing-room—and one of you gets up, opens a book and reads. Just as we require the dramatic art to be sufficient unto itself, and to make only that use of costume, of scenery, of lighting, of all the kinds of machinery, which will give a minimum of illusion and will underline the design of the play, so we will resolutely refrain from aestheticising poetry and from adding external charms to it; to enliven it with the aid of electric lights, coloured veils and *tableaux*



*vivants* is to place little reliance on its evocatory power. Oh! we do not disdain the spectacular—but neither poetry nor drama has, in our opinion, any concern with it. We offer you a bare text living in a human voice. One voice alone, or two, three and four voices alternated—if occasion arises, a real concert of voices. . . . But not the slightest attempt at scenic effects—except when it becomes part of our duty to restore some dramatic fragment or other, a necessary complement to our recitations. Thus there will be nothing to distract us from the words and their melody. These will be concerts of great French poetry, of the whole of French poetry from the first cry to its last modulation. There is enough surely to satisfy our delight.

Our general programme, which is in your hands, might lead you to believe, however, that the aim we pursue in these matinées is not exempt from dogmatism. This is not the case. It seemed to us that our duty, in this first year, was to avoid as much as possible all doctrinal comparisons, and to confine our intervention to the absolute respect of chronology. If that is a system, time has dictated it to us. For the past we have good guides, and we are almost certain, in following them, not to forget anything of capital importance. As for the present, it is easier to err. Therefore, as regards the latest comers among the poets, to whom we wish to accord the largest place possible, we have appealed directly to them; they will themselves organise their *séances*. We cannot, of course, in this first season welcome all the groups, only four or five of them; but the others will have their turn. We count on their patience.

It has been observed that we are devoting one-half of our programme to the whole of the French poetry of the past, from the origins to Baudelaire; and all the other half to the contemporary movement, which begins with Verlaine and Mallarmé. Some people, perhaps, deeming that we attach too much importance to our own time, will make fun of this inequality of treatment. We may reassure them. We shall not do anything so ridiculous as to weigh in the balance nine centuries of masterpieces against forty years of trials, on which as yet no judgment can be pronounced. But just as it is our ambition that our theatre should have a two-fold existence, rich with the whole of tradition (national, ancient and European), but also showing each day what can be done with the most recent works, so we refuse to allow this

### *Introductory Speech*

admirable new spring of our lyricism to be crushed beneath the weight of a past that is all the dearer to us because we do not intend to let ourselves be enslaved by it. Moreover, we are not so foolish as to suppose that we can exhaust the matter of the Middle Ages, of the Renaissance, of the Romantic period—our three great lyrical epochs—in a dozen *séances*. We shall follow broad general lines. We shall offer you examples worthy of admiration. We shall endeavour, in the phrase of Jacques Copeau, to place ourselves once more “in a state of sensibility” before the monuments that witness to our genius. We cannot be complete. We will try to be living.

Therefore, the talks, the lectures, the notices that will precede our readings, will in no way have the didactic character of a course. Everybody will speak of what he admires, and will apply himself to spread his admiration.

[*Translated by F. S. Flint*]

## ON TRANSLATING POETRY

IN a western suburb of London, at no great distance from the coal-yards contiguous to the railway sidings of Paddington station, may be seen a house bearing this motto in large letters above its doorway—“*Ce qui doit être sera.*” “What must be must,” I rendered it on first passing, reading its message as that of a fatalist and Stoic thinker, and then doubt assailed me. “What ought to be shall be,” I varied it, at once turning its author into one not at all resigned to things as they are, but sworn heroically to make the right prevail. But further deliberation revealed the rightness of my first impression, for the second interpretation would need *devrait* in place of *doit* to justify it.

This example, however, may stand as an illustration of the truth that, in translating, it is a small thing to know, etymologically, the literal equivalent of foreign words, the important thing being to understand their intention, and to render their *effect* in your own way.

This being so with a simple prose statement, the matter is obviously ten times more intricate when we come to poetry, where subtleties of sound are to be reproduced and the sense preserved, while duly conforming to the tyrannous exigencies of rhyme and metre. Let it be granted at once that it cannot be done; but since the whole reason of this paper is based on the assumption that it will be attempted, let us see how best to guard against futility.

In Leoncavallo's well-known operetta “*I Pagliacci*,” the strolling player invites the peasant rout to assemble for a performance “*a vente tre ore*,” the last word filling magnificently the swelling *finale* of the musical phrase to which it is fitted, and, by contrast with the meagre dignity of its bare meaning, achieving a fine effect of intentionally mock pomposity. In the English version of this, the tenor is made to sing

## *On Translating Poetry*

"at seven you're invited"; and the translation is bad, not from any disparity of meaning, but because two hard dentals are made to replace a soft *r* which is hardly more than a *liaison* between two open vowels. And this is done to the great hurt of the singer and his hearers—who are in this case surely the only people whom such a version can concern.

When we come to the translation of works of pure literature, and especially of poetry, the same difficulties persist, while the responsibilities of the translator are extended to a wider audience, and for more permanent reasons.

In the case of the interpretation of French, which is undoubtedly the foreign language best known among our countrymen, the apparent easiness of translation hides one of the greatest pitfalls, for we have filched from our Gallic cousins a good round hundred of common words which we now use to express meanings a world away from those of their native intention. The English translator who would set down *grief*, *large*, *resume* or *spiritual* as equivalents for the like words when found in his French text would produce a most unparadonable parody of his original. In other cases, where words common to the two tongues have retained identity of meaning, they are sometimes enhaloed by poetic suggestion in the one while connoting no more than their bare prose meaning in the other, so that their retention in translation, however correct literally, would be no less of an outrage. It may, indeed, almost be taken as an axiom, that words from a Latin or French source, so singularly apt for scientific exposition, from the exactness with which they define material substance or action, can never fitly be used in poetry, where words, to be effective, must carry us far beyond the limits of their dictionary schedule. To discover why it is that *build* and *keep* may go to the stirring of feelings that *construct* and *preserve* could never help to enkindle, would lead us into questions of psychology and the relation between language and racial sentiment; for the least cultured feel at once the incongruity of imported words when used in an appeal to those "simple, sensuous, and passionate" emotions that are at the bottom of all poetry. So that when Mr John Payne (to whose fine zeal and accomplishment all lovers of that splendid wastrel François Villon are for ever beholden) writes "*but I desist*" we are conscious at once of a dissonance which no plea of fidelity to the French "*Je me desiste*" can

altogether palliate. No version of poetry, however faithful, can be good which does not read like poetry : to reproduce a poet's precise wording is a very doubtful need, and, in any case, an impossible one ; to reproduce his *effect* may be done if we approach the task in prayer and fasting, steadfastly set on forgetting his actual words as soon as we have mastered their meaning, and got the massed sound of them tyrannously resonant in our ears. The best translators of poetry are, indeed, those who are least scrupulous of fidelity in detail ; they slur over the untranslatable and insinuate new words and turnings of the original thought that are so perfectly in tune with their models as to render them far less haltingly than meticulous followers of the text. The classic example of the recasting of old matter in a new mould is, of course, Fitzgerald's rendering of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, where the imaginative insight of the translator gave a new lease of life to a work which, on its native merits, was of quite secondary rank in the immortal choirs.

The real task of a translator is that of *re-creating*, and unless he can bring to his original as much as he takes from it, he had far better leave it alone. To a strict scholar this definition of translation will appear to be just what translation is not ; but, though the makers of mere "cribs" have their uses, they are not such as concern permanent literature, nor do they help us at all to a relish of its savour.

As an illustration of my argument I take a sonnet by Josephine Souлары, the well-known "*Rêves ambitieux*," numbered 289 in "The Oxford Book of French Verse" :

Si j'avais un arpent de sol, mont, val ou plaine,  
Avec un filet d'eau, torrent, source ou ruisseau,  
J'y planterais un arbre, olivier, saule ou frêne,  
J'y batirais un toit, chaume, tuile ou roseau.  
Sur mon arbre, un doux nid, gramen, duvet ou laine,  
Retiendrait un chanteur, pinson, merle ou moineau ;  
Sous mon toit, un doux lit, hamac, natte ou berceau,

Retiendrait une enfant, blonde, brune ou chataine.  
Je ne veux qu'un arpent ; pour le mesurer mieux,  
Je dirais à l'enfant la plus belle à mes yeux :  
"Tiens-toi debout devant le soleil qui se lève ;  
"Aussi loin que ton ombre ira sur le gazon,  
"Aussi loin je m'en vais tracer mon horizon."  
Tout bonheur que la main n'atteint pas n'est qu'un rêve.

## On Translating Poetry

It appears at once that the longer-syllabled line of the French sonnet has a lightness and speed of rhythm that could in no wise be rendered by the staid ten-syllabled line of the English sonnet-form, while the customary French pronunciation of words with a terminal *e* (when sung to music or recited in verse), unconsciously harking back to the penultimate emphasis of their Italian forbears, gives to *plaine, frêne, laine, chataine, lève* and *rêve*, an effect which is common to those rhymes in English known as double or feminine. Lastly, the sestet opens with an isolated couplet which cannot effectively be paralleled in the English sonnet form, where such a pairing of rhymes is met with only at the end. To sum up, we find that to give anything like a true echo of the poet's singing we must have (a) a longer line, (b) speedier movement, (c) an interspersion of feminine endings. We can hardly make these last rhyme as Soulayr has done, for such terminals are scarcer in English, and if our lines were so yoked they would be sure to chafe noisily against the coupling. Nor will a right music be got by using the same number of syllables to each line, for English lines are swayed by stress to an extent undreamt of in French prosody, and we cannot get lightness of movement without sharpness of accentuation.

Next we find that the sentiment to be expressed is the renunciation of all worldly pomp and wealth for the humbler but more perdurable joys of the hearthstone and heaven's free air. To render "*torrent, source* ou *ruisseau*" in English would sound queerly, for we have not that habit of nice differentiation which is always dominant in the best French, and in poetry especially we prefer to hint the thing by its effect, rather than to state it specifically. Again, how shall we get the effect of homeliness if we speak of planting an *olive-tree* in our imaginary domain? Would not such husbandry suggest to us the exotic and the sumptuous, known alone to the world that dawdles winter through on the Riviera, returning for the London season to the joys of the Row, and the glories of a box at Covent Garden? What would the author have said had he been English? *Thorn-bush* likely enough; for it is a tree as common with us as olives in Provence, and the staple of those hedgerows that are one of our most widespread joys. And then *enfant* cannot be rendered simply by *child*, for its accompanying adjectives will not reveal the sex as do the French ones; *lassie*, however, will do this

*On Translating Poetry*

for us, and bring with it the right homely accent. Here, then, is our version :

Had I but an acre of loam on hill or valley,  
Fed by a stream that fell or loitered by,  
There I'd plant an ash-tree, a thorn-bush, or a willow,  
There I'd build a low roof between me and the sky.  
On my tree a soft nest, feather-lined or woolly,  
There should hold a singing-bird—sparrow, finch or merle ;  
Underneath my own roof, a bairnie in the cradle  
Garlanding the pillow with her brown or yellow curl.

All I want's an acre ; and so to measure rightly,  
I would take the lassie bonniest to me :  
"Stand thou uprightly"— so should be my bidding—  
"Front the rising sunbeam." So surely should I see.  
"Far as thy shade on the grassy levels printed,  
Just so far my faring, no farther than the shade's"—  
All the lure of bliss that's far beyond fulfilment  
Holds no more for me than a fickle dream that fades.

And if these few precepts seem to have failed me in my own practice, I would still say with the preacher, "Do as I say, if not as I do," only bidding the translator bring a better skill to the exploit.

WILFRID THORLEY

# NEW BOOKS

## ENGLISH POETRY

(Full details of any of the volumes mentioned in this article may be found in one of the *Book Lists* at the end of each issue of POETRY AND DRAMA. The marginal notes refer to the pages on which extracts are quoted.)

### INTRODUCTORY

**D**URING this year I propose, as editor, to contribute to POETRY AND DRAMA a desultory record of my impressions of modern poetry. My opportunities for acting as guide and counsellor are, naturally, excellent; I am obliged to examine every volume of verse published, and to form an opinion on it. Whether I possess any further qualifications will transpire; if I do, perhaps they arise chiefly out of my apparent incapacities—the facts that I have no instinctive aptitude for orthodox criticism; that I dislike the practice of book-reviewing; that I am not a professional critic, and hence have never had to submit to the despotism of any literary advertisement manager.

I shall begin, after the manner of a lecturer, by dividing poetry into three classes—the indisputably good; the large middle class on which taste infinitely varies and disputes interminably rage; and the indisputably bad. This division is useful only for purposes of analysis; in practice the personal judgments of any two individuals seldom exactly coincide. For whereas very few persons would fail to place Shakespeare and Keats in the first class, Montgomery and Alfred Austin in the third, opinions so vary as to such poets as Byron, Francis Thompson, and even Ella Wheeler Wilcox, that their appreciators may place them with the same confidence in the first class as their depreciators in the third.

If opinions vary concerning dead poets, how much more do they, naturally, about living. Yet, though it is known to be almost impossible to apply any conclusive test to our contemporaries, even here a certain general classification is justifiable. I can easily decide, for instance, that about 75 per cent. of the volumes that I read are *bad*, indisputably in the third class; whereas certainly not more than 1 per cent. is in the



first. Thus an uncertain margin is left of about 24 in the hundred, consisting either of mere pleasant verse which stimulates no kind of comment, or else poetry that one would rather lay down a while in the subconsciousness before deciding its quality. For the professional critics such difficulties scarcely exist. Is it, I wonder, a revelation to anyone that in the majority of editorial offices preference is given to books whose publishers are advertisers in the paper, that favour is shown to friends and partisans of the paper, colleagues in the trade and great reputations that must not be impugned, that insipid critics are preferred provided they have two or three hundred *cliché* phrases at their command, or tired critics, sometimes too hungry to object to writing what they are told? Their sentences are quoted as "Opinions of the Press." Reputations are made like those of William Watson or Alfred Noyes. Every time such an author publishes a book, some trained person has merely to jot down a series of the conventional phrases:—"sustained inspiration," "finished craftsmanship," "essential quality of high poetry," "splendid and virile," "among the finest achievements in English poetry," "most conspicuous achievement of our age," "sounds depths only possible to a master," "never been surpassed," "noble," "notable," "felicitous"—we all know them so well that we do not trouble to pay the slightest attention to them. The criticism of poetry has been degraded and prostituted out of all recognition: it still remains genuine in only a few periodicals.

A popular, if the most difficult, mode of escaping responsibility is that elaborated by Oscar Wilde, which consists, briefly, in enlarging to an unlimited extent on the subject of the book under notice, instead of writing about the book itself. In *POETRY AND DRAMA* we are risking the imputation of cowardice; we propose, if possible, to evade criticism altogether. We will endeavour, by extracting certain passages from them, to allow the more significant volumes of each quarter to represent themselves, while in this Chronicle I shall make it my object to find the atmosphere of the quarter by reviewing its most characteristic events and describing its more remarkable volumes. My pronouncements will, I hope, not be intellectual, nor my allusions learned. I shall try to avoid frequent metaphors and images, rhetorical figures of speech, comparisons and long digressions. Whenever a book fails to provide

## *New Books*

me with material for comment I shall write about it literally, rather than metaphorically, *nothing*. I expect to be found very dull by the Intellects, and those whose tongues are of best Oxford hardware, and whose mere small-talk is waged in Hexameters. But I disbelieve in *literary* criticism, unless that of the greatest masters, just as I disbelieve in bookish poetry. In the young poet, the first process of assimilation produces imitation; after that his poetry must come to him through his own experience; otherwise he will cease to find it at all. Most versifiers continue, of course, all their lives to produce mere imitations. The majority of the 75 per cent. bad books mentioned above are compilations of the well-known phrases of other poets badly strung together without inverted commas, or any form of acknowledgment to their originators. Even were the indebtedness admitted, this form of literary theft would surely still be ignoble beyond excuse. Plagiarism is only excusable if the matter plagiarised be remoulded in improved form. I fail to understand why no literary journalist has ever taken upon himself the duty of systematically defending the inventions of the greatest English poets from abuse. Lately I found in one small volume alone the following phrases, and two or three dozen other similar ones, in contexts that can only be termed incorrect:—"fleecy clouds," "garish day," "azure sky," "sober garb," "hoary past," "laborious days," "cool retreat." Such expressions recollected in solitude by bad poets are ruthlessly mutilated to fit into their own insipid verses. Mr Yeats hinted recently that in the 'Nineties (of blessed memory) if any man wrote a bad poem his friends would cut him. The *New Age* critic is one of the few who attempts to castigate malefactors; he, however, usually picks out the wrong people. It is scarcely one of the duties of POETRY AND DRAMA to fulfil this office, except in glaring cases. Time and space permitting, we propose later to compile an occasional section, which we shall call "The Wastepaper Basket." We hope, however, to establish our credentials as a constructive force before we indulge too freely in the unedifying employment of scavenging rubbish.

## THE FLYING FAME

The most interesting event in the annals of recent poetry is the revival, or re-adoption, of the Chapbook and Broadside } by the *Flying*

*Fame*, and the Poetry Bookshop. The public seems immediately to have grasped the advantages of these forms of literature. The popularity, however, of the Flying Fame Sixpenny Chapbooks is probably due to the fact that four at least of them have been devoted to the beautiful poems of Ralph Hodgson. I shall not make the slightest attempt to describe these poems, nor those, published in the same format, by James Stephens. (See p. 69) It is my privilege in this Chronicle, on the rare occasions on which I am able to mention books of a price obviously within everyone's means, to spare myself vain description, and where I can unreservedly do so, to content myself with one confident and hearty recommendation of them to all lovers of poetry. This privilege I now indulge.

### “COLLECTED WORKS”

A second development of less recent date and of more doubtful advantage consists in the publication by living poets, when they have produced sufficient to make up one or two volumes, of their incomplete works in so-called “collected” editions. Just now a very large number of such collections are coming from the publishers. They convey a false impression of finality; also, it is a disadvantage for the buyer that previous single volumes be rendered, as it were, obsolete within a few years of publication. The executor or biographer should compile and edit the Collected Edition. It is disagreeable to think of the poet, unless perhaps in extreme old age, casting back his eyes in self-satisfaction on his past work and finding it good. He might better be thinking of what he will do than what he has done. The premature Collected Edition smacks of an overweening confidence in posterity, and risks an undignified back place on the lumber-shelf of the second-hand bookseller.

The stately firm of Macmillan is responsible for two such recent volumes, besides a new “Author's Annotated Edition” of Tennyson. Of late one seldom hears this great Victorian Laureate discussed, unless in controversial terms; though in the provinces and in the reading circles of the Poetry Society his poetry is revered and enjoyed. In the hope of reviving a dwindling youthful enthusiasm, I have re-read him almost from cover to cover. How one may envy his first admirers! What a prodigy he must have seemed! And now the

## New Books

younger generation sneers at him; his views are mostly effete, and Stephen Phillips, and other imitators, have almost ruined the sound of his blank verse for us. People say "Oh, but 'Ulysses'—surely *that!*" Then one turns to it, remembering one's first enthusiasm, only to find that one cannot ever feel it again. I must not dwell on this now; I shall revert at some future date to a discussion of the greater Victorians.

(See p. 71) It is too late to refer at any length to Æ's collected poems, which were published before the appearance of last quarter's *Chronicle*. I am reproducing several extracts from them, and, for the rest, it need only be said that such a Collection as this must be truly welcome to the admirers of a poet whose work seems hitherto, I scarcely know why, to have been somewhat inaccessible.

For the inclusion of Newman Howard's Collected Works in Macmillan's dignified Globe Edition of the poets I can find no excuse. Hitherto this Edition has been reserved for poets of established reputation. The work of Newman Howard is not particularly distinguished, though he tells us in his Introduction of "unstinted encouragement given in early days by Swinburne and Watts-Dunton, as also later by George Meredith." He also informs us that he has been ostracised by the fashionable coteries. He inveighs against the "foreign incubus heavy upon us," the "psuedo-realism" and "self-styled intellectuals" of our time. His particular odium is directed against Nietzsche. "The cult of the vulgar over-strapper dubbed 'superman' is in truth a dilettante atavism toward the barbaric; a shallow reaction from the deep stream of human tendency." Evidently he hates modern life and art, and in many respects he is to be sympathised with; but he might perhaps express his hatred in phrases somewhat pleasanter to the ear. His *Savonarola* is a fine play in the old manner, thoroughly readable, though not great poetry; there are several charming little songs in it. The poet is naturally in deep sympathy with the fiery Italian reformer. I am quoting from this play a passage to illustrate his gift of condensation.

(See p. 72)

Professor Dowden's Collected Poems have now been brought out in two volumes. (Vol. I., Original Poems; Vol. II., A translation of Goethe's *West-Eastern Divan*.) Can it be true that the author of the enthralling *Life of Shelley* was (Zeus preserve us!) a writer of hymns?

Yes, he was—and also of extremely commonplace sonnets and verses. The writer of Shelley's life was, himself, a devout believer! I quote a poem which I think I am right in calling his only one in which he questions Omnipotence, and even then rather shyly. Half-a-dozen out of his many sonnets are very good. Most of them were first published as far back as 1876, and some were included in 1893 in Samuel Waddington's *English Sonnets by Living Writers*, and also, I believe, in other Anthologies. On the whole, Volume II., containing the translation of the *West-Eastern Divan*, is more to be recommended (for those who cannot read German) than the original poems. (See p. 74)

Christianity has almost ceased to inspire the best poetry. Good devotional verse has become something of a curiosity. When someone told me the other day that Mrs Hemans had written some good poems I was so interested that I read her again to try and find them. Five years ago I should merely have laughed. Mrs Hemans, of course, is antediluvian, but it is hard to think of even Tennyson and Browning as daring writers, though they certainly must have appeared such to their contemporaries. It is instructive indeed to compare the reticence of Victorianism in referring to God, its veiled allusions and reiterated insistence on the Larger Hope, with our present flippant manner of raising and dismissing Him and all His attributes for amusement. Most of the poets of the 'Nineties even were still frightened of Jehovah; to-day He is constantly referred to without reverence, often without even scorn. Shelley held Him in a certain awe, though he distrusted and execrated Him; Nietzsche announced that He was dead; Swinburne cursed His corpse; Shaw has laughed Him into His coffin. One begins to feel it is time, perhaps, that He were left alone. Victor Hugo once caught and killed Him in a wood; but he scarcely knew what he had caught, for he could cry, when challenged to describe Him, "D'abord, quel Dieu?" This question I would ask the modern poet also, particularly when he indulges in large Platitudes with capital letters. The average little chap who laughs at Him is almost better than the big fellow who patronizes Him. I find Rupert Brooke's early sonnet *Failure* one of the finest embodiments in modern poetry of a fit attitude for the present generation towards its dethroned anthropomorphic deity.

But now we have suddenly gone straying beyond the range of our own civilization, stretching out our hands into the obscure East to a poet quite alien to us, whose lectures we have thronged to hear, whose books we crowd to buy, whom we plagued with adulation and sought to flatter with dinners and great speeches, and whom finally we crown with our inappropriate strictly Western Nobel Prize.

And when, in calm afterthought, we come to question ourselves, can we seriously answer that we have anything to learn from Tagore? Were we justified in hailing him as a world-teacher? Has he not acted rather as a temporary foil, a clever excuse under cover of which we may procrastinate facing ourselves just a while longer? And, even supposing he has something to give us, how can we expect to realize it? Among the foremost to throng him (apart from the few critics and poets who were in a position to appreciate his poetry as literature) were, of course, the pseudo-mystics and the large and increasing brood of seekers after exotic delights; next, I grieve to relate, came the whilom disciples of Laurence Hope, and last a straggling rout of feasters with "What does it all mean? Can you understand it?"

No. He tells us in *Sādhanā* what he means; and his revelation is only what many Easterns have sought to convey to us before—in vain, because it is not our own revelation. The boom was based on curiosity, and has ended in delusion. Fortunately, however, it has left us some fine literature, as we must truly admit now we are able to ponder the *Gitanjali*, *The Gardener*, and *The Crescent Moon* in leisure and calm. We can claim none of these books as masterpieces of English literature, but they are fine renderings, enabling us to speculate as to their beauty in the original tongue, if not to realize it. Could Goethe have been so well translated, he would serve us far better. Half a dozen Western masters still remain almost unknown to the public which mobbed Tagore. Already, however, as might be expected, it is blinking, and wondering what it has done.

(See p. 75)

MARGARET L. WOODS

The poems of Margaret L. Woods are now also published in a Collected Edition. Let us hope that in her case, at all events, the term need not be understood in a final sense. "Wild Justice" and "The

(See p. 78)

Princess of Hanover" seem to rank among the first hundred poetic dramas in our language. Opinion varies considerably as to their acting qualities. Yet, though, for official reasons, the "Princess of Hanover" is probably ineligible, may we not reasonably hope within the next ten years to find "Wild Justice" introduced into the regular repertory programme? It has been objected to this play that it focuses undue significance on events of mere local importance, failing to translate them into universal terms, that Gwyllim too closely resembles the Count Cenci of Shelley, that the atmosphere of gloom is protracted beyond endurance. The last objection may well emanate from those who find themselves temperamentally unsympathetic towards all such works, as, for instance, *Wuthering Heights* or *The City of Dreadful Night*. Personally, I find "Wild Justice" a drama of enthralling interest, of exceptional originality and power. "The Princess of Hanover" is scarcely less striking. The scenes are completely visualised, the characters are alive. The sordid details of the Hanoverian Court are represented with fortunate precision, glossed by no sentimentality. Each play is preceded by a ballad, catches of which, in the mouth of one of its characters, haunt the subsequent dialogue as a form of chorus. It is earnestly to be hoped that Mrs Woods has further dramas in contemplation. Her poems are singularly unequal. Her imagination seems to serve her better than her observation.

#### THE YOUNGER POETS

I now come to three recent books by the more notable younger poets. The lyrics in *Foliage*, by W. H. Davies, though they will probably not much increase his reputation, are fluent, loquacious, and delightful as ever. Their most conspicuous quality is sincerity. The poet makes little songs out of his personal experiences. Verse appears with him to have been an unavoidable accident; if he has ambitions he never shows them. Pity, good-cheer, love of nature and a jolly idleness are his inspiring instincts. He goes about the world swinging a stick, sharing a pot of beer, listening to a story (or telling one), grieving a little, laughing a good deal, and when he is doing none of these, he seems to be lying in a field. He reminds me, among others, of Wordsworth, who would perhaps have liked some of his lyrics almost as much as he liked his own. They have the peculiar quality

(See p. 81)

## *New Books*

about them of all good poetry, that one cannot tell why they are good, apart from the facts of their sincerity and their melodiousness. Some, of course, are dangerously facile; they are often so much alike that it is very hard to distinguish them in one's memory until one has read them many times.

While Davies's poems seem to have been written in a field, John Drinkwater's bear the mark of the study. All the lyrics in *Cromwell* are desk-poems. He is markedly conscientious in his choice of words. He is a disciplinarian, and has tutored himself cautiously into the finest precision. In conformity with the feeling of the time against epic poetry, he has composed a series of ten poems on the principal events of Cromwell's life with a Prologue, five Interludes, and an Epilogue. He preserves a strict formality both in general design and in detail.

(See p. 83) Every one of his thoughts reveal deliberation and perseverance. I quote one of the best of the poems which precede the Cromwell series in this volume, under the general title "Adventures."

(See p. 85) From Alfred Noyes, whose triumphal tour of the United States is apparently still in progress, comes *The Wine-Press, A Tale of War*. The English Press, in deference, no doubt, to the American, seems to have somewhat curtailed on this occasion its usual series of laudatory reviews. To those who enjoy a thrilling story, skilfully told, whether in verse or prose, I can recommend this one. Beyond this I find little in *The Wine-Press* to stimulate comment.

## ECHOES FROM THE 'NINETIES

(See p. 86) Richard le Gallienne, who has now, it appears, permanently settled down in the United States, sends us, after a lapse of four years, one more book across the water. He seems to have enlarged his scope, but the metres of his everlastingly rhymed poems are so jingly that it is impossible to read any long succession of them without one's brain becoming dulled to their meaning. In the strict convention of the Ivory Tower, there must be some excellent lyrics among the seventy in this book, but they are hard to distinguish by reason of the monotonously sustained, flawless technique of the whole. They are quiet and soothing company for a lonely hour. This is much to say of a book. There is no evidence that the author himself expects more.

Suddenly, while we were lamenting his illness and retirement, the



voice of Arthur Symons rises again out of the past. He, like Richard le Gallienne, belongs to the 1890's (that shadowy decline of the last century, so dim that literary histories must already be written about it) rather than to our time. The composition of the poems contained in the *Knave of Hearts* extends, however, over the period from 1894-1908. Here is still the formal delicate monotone; the lament for sins and ugliness, for the sharp pain of life, and bitter happiness of love; the reproaches against the lower self, the complaint for a new life. How different to Davies! It is all stale, yet in a certain sense dignified, and however we may now repudiate it, it is good reading. Half the volume, the better half, I think, consists of translations. Villon and Verlaine particularly suit his talent. (See p. 87)

Rudyard Kipling's *Songs from the Books* I need not dwell on at all at present. They can look after themselves until the moment comes to discuss them in detail. Some of our wisest prophets foretell that the next generation will *discover* Kipling (in which sense?). *Qui vivra, verra.*

#### CONCLUSION

A few books remain to mention. Herbert Sherring in *Nadir the Persian* comes to us with 276 pages of tales in verse and six pages of press notices about his past. I dipped into the tales of Scott and Byron to see if they were better than Mr Sherring's, and found, on the whole, they were—yet scarcely anyone now reads them.

From Stephen Phillips' new book, *Lyrics and Dramas*, I quote some extracts; also from Lady Margaret Sackville's *Songs of Aphrodite*; from *The Stricken King* of Horace Holley, which, though recently published, consists chiefly, I understand, of the poet's earlier work; from Evangeline Ryves' *Erebus*. The poems in this latter volume are preceded by the preface of its publisher, Elkin Mathews, in which he explains that, published ten years ago, two-thirds of the edition of this volume were lately found "packed away in danger of utter oblivion"—he therefore re-issues it. (See p. 89 and following pp.)

Such further recent books as it may be found inexpedient to deal with in this number are not necessarily precluded from discussion or quotation in future issues. I am, for instance, holding over until June several

## *New Books*

volumes from Ireland, including Katharine Tynan's *Irish Poems*, Dora Sigerson Shorter's *Madge Lindsey*, and Joseph Campbell's *Irishry*.

There remains only to mention a pretentious edition of Walt Whitman, entitled *Poems from Leaves of Grass*, illustrated by Margaret C. Cook. Such a book should not be allowed to pass without remonstrance. Firstly, it was Whitman's particular desire to be known by his whole work, and not published in a selected edition; secondly, the illustrations are, in my opinion, an insult to his memory.

I would ask those whom my opinions may occasionally offend to remember that these are purely individual, and that all personal judgments of poetry may be open to contention. For purposes of these Chronicles I am a human recording-machine, sensitive in truth, and therefore frail. POETRY AND DRAMA exists chiefly as a centre of experiment, a testing-shop for the poetry of the present, and a medium for the discussion of tendencies which may combine to make the poetry of the future. I have frankly confessed above that I can admire only a very small proportion of the present large output of published books. To this I must add that I believe radical changes will shortly take place in our standards, and that the poetry which the middle decades of this century will undoubtedly produce remains at present so dimly foreseen, that we may surely admit ourselves, poets and chroniclers alike, groping in an obscure land of shadows.

HAROLD MONRO

## NEW EDITIONS, REPRINTS, AND ANTHOLOGIES

NO one questions the desirability of a sound cheap edition of Blake's poems. Mr George Sampson's edition (Clarendon Press, 1s. 6d. and 2s.) is sound and cheap. It is virtually a corrected reprint of the Clarendon Press edition of 1905, with the addition of the unpublished *French Revolution*, a prophetic book hitherto known only to a few scholars. That is to say, it contains all of Blake's shorter poems, and notes on the various forms of them, together with the minor prophetic books and selections from the rest. The bibliographical introduction of thirty-five pages is lucid and vigorous enough to make the plainest man see the necessity for it. As for *The French Revolution*, it is the first and only surviving book out of seven, and is 306 pp. long. No other prophetic book is so easy to

read, no other is more fascinating, because it shows us Blake at the task of changing contemporary events into myths and contemporary men into gods.

The new editions of the poems of Sir Thomas Wiat (London University Press and Hodder & Stoughton, 2 vols., 21s. net) and of Marlowe's *Edward II.* are justified by their editing. Miss A. K. Foxwell gives us the readings of Wiat's own MSS., and puts MS. and printed variants in footnotes, pointing out how essential the poet's spelling and pronunciation were in an age of transition. An introduction, a commentary, and several appendices, fill the second volume. They incline towards longwindedness, but the work had to be done, and without Miss Foxwell's perhaps excessive admiration it might not have been done so thoroughly.

In Mr W. D. Briggs' *Edward II.* (David Nutt, 12s. 6d. net) about one hundred pages are occupied by the text of 1594, about two hundred by notes, and a hundred and twenty by an introduction on the development of the chronicle history. This introduction is a Harvard doctorate thesis of 1900, careful but not rich enough in ideas to avoid ponderosity and head-and-taillessness. Little that has occurred to Mr Briggs in studying the play can have been omitted from the notes, and the claims of the young reader have been duly considered.

Miss Eloise Robinson's *Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont* (Constable, 21s. net) is simply an edition of the manuscript volume of 1643, which Mr B. Dobell sold to Professor G. H. Palmer, of Harvard, in 1911. Some of the poems were published in 1749, with others from a second MS., and these were included in Grosart's *Complete Poems of Dr Joseph Beaumont*. Miss Robinson has added notes at the end on various readings. The poems are the work of a friend of Crashaw's, a High Church parson (Master of Peterhouse, and Regius Professor of Divinity at last), who was born in 1616 and died in 1699. He did nothing which was not better done by Vaughan, Traherne, Herbert and Crashaw, but he did similar things, not merely as an imitator, and is interesting as an average religious poet of his time.

Dr Gollancz's *Patience* (Oxford University Press, 2s. 6d. net) is a similar re-editing of a poem—an alliterative narrative version of the tale of Jonah, contemporary with *Piers Plowman*—which has already been printed and reprinted by the E.E.T. Society. Dr Gollancz has equipped his text with notes, a glossary, a page of facsimile and the Vulgate text of Jonah, with the Wycliffite version.

Miss Helen Waddell's *Lyrics from the Chinese* (Constable, 1913) are so well done, so much of a kind, and so few, that they count rather as original poems than as a Chinese anthology. They really add nothing to what Dr Giles and Mr Byng have already done in larger quantities, and though they are finer they are not excellent.

*The Later Poems of Alexander Anderson: "Surfaceman"* (Fraser, Glasgow, 5s. net) are of a kind which justify collecting only if the demands of his friends

## *New Books*

are strong and genuine. He died in 1909: he wrote nothing more characteristic than this:

We left the dear old home behind,  
And when the moon was glancing,  
We stood amid the low soft wind,  
To hear the feet still dancing.  
The moonlight fell upon her hair,  
Made golden still more golden;  
There are no pleasures half so fair  
As pleasures that are olden.

The same may be said of *Poems and Lyrics*, by Robert Nicoll (Paisley, Gardner), who has already an obelisk to his memory in Scotland. A centenary celebration having been arranged for this year, it may be assumed that there will be sufficient admirers for such verses as:

Whar' the purple heather blooms  
Amang the rocks sae grey—  
Whar' the muircock's whirring flight  
Is heard at break o' day—  
Whar' Scotland's bagpipes ring  
Alang the mountain's breast—  
Whar' laverocks liltin' sing  
Is the place that I lo'e best!

Miss Annie Matheson's *Little Book of Courage* (Gay and Hancock) "aims not so much at the qualities of an ordinary book as at the characteristics of a breviary or an armoury." It is a mixture of prose and verse which may be excused if it saves a man or woman from intemperance, crime, or suicide: not otherwise.

Here also are four anthologies of well-known kinds. Mr Padraic Colum's *Broadsheet Ballads* (Maunsel & Co., 2s. 6d. net) are love songs, miscellaneous ballads, and political songs, "selected from those that have been popular in the English-speaking parts of Ireland for the past hundred years," with notes and a vigorous introductory essay.

Mrs Tynan Hinkson's *The Wild Harp* (Sidgwick & Jackson, 7s. 6d. net) is to provide the Englishman with what he expects from Ireland, beginning with Mangan and ending with Dr Todhunter; and the introduction is in the softest Irish accents. It is a gift-book, decorated as such.

So is *Ships, Sea Songs and Shanties* (James Brown, Glasgow, 2s. 6d.). Edited by W. B. Whall, Master Mariner, it consists mainly of old favourites in old forms, which, Mr Whall assures us, were not got at the British Museum. It is illustrated by pictures of ships and pretty girls, which cannot be torn out without mutilating the songs.

Messrs Walter Jerrold and R. M. Leonard have collected every desirable variety of the art into *A Century of Parody and Imitation* (Oxford University Press, 1s. 6d. and 2s. net), for they include Shelley as well as Canning, Keats as well as Hood, Francis Thompson (parodying FitzGerald) as well as J. K. Stephen.

EDWARD THOMAS

## MISCELLANEOUS

LYRIC POETRY. By Ernest Rhys. (J. M. Dent & Sons, 5s. net.)

**E**NTHUSIASM, discrimination, and wide knowledge—these were the three qualities which alone could retain the readers' interest throughout a long treatise on English Lyric Poetry, and these qualities have always been conspicuous in Mr Ernest Rhys. When you take up this book you know well that you shall spend some hours in the company of a man who is not only a trustworthy student but himself a poet who will not be afraid to appreciate poetry with something more than intellect. In a word, there is nothing dry in this book, and there is nothing slovenly.

Mr Rhys begins with the earliest Saxon *scops* and closes with Henley and Andrew Lang. The difference between epic and lyric quality, he suggests, is the difference between emotion connected with the Past and emotion that is present. "‘Lyrical,’ it may be said, implies a form of musical utterance in words governed by over-mastering emotion and set free by a powerfully concordant rhythm. So soon as narrator or playwright, carried out of the given medium by personal feeling, begins to dilate individually on the theme, that moment he or she as surely tends to grow lyrical."

The professional critic may assume omniscience. For my part I gladly confess that in this book I have made my first acquaintance with some beautiful or interesting work.

It is pleasant to find that a fifth part of the book is about pre-Chaucerian poets. Most of us remember as little of Cynewulf, Bishop Grosseteste, or even Richard Rolle of Hampole, as we remember of Ethelred or Elfgiva. Chaucer, for most of us, is like the Norman Conquest. Perhaps I am not alone in having found our Saxon poets both difficult and dull. Not even Professor Dixon, in his book on Epic Poetry (a companion to this on Lyric), can make *Beowulf* really exciting. Mr Rhys is, at least, as likely as any man to send the amateur in search of the poems from which he quotes.

His chapter on Richard Rolle (early fourteenth century) is wholly delightful.

## *New Books*

Here is a poet with personality, a very romantic and fervent spirit. Here, too, is a metrist of surprising charm—for example :

Love is a light burden ; Love gladdens young and old ;  
Love is withouten pine, as lovers have me told ;  
Love is a ghostly wine that makes men big and bold ;  
Of love shall he nothing tyne, that it in heart doth hold.

Chapter X—"The First Scottish Poets"—is another attractive journey over regions mostly unknown. I suspect that here (as in the case of Lydgate, whom Mr Rhys admits to be usually uninspiring) we may be cheated by the author's fine discrimination. I suspect that only a very ardent reader would ever reach the passages that in quotation look so well. That is just the reason why such a book is so pleasant to read. You have the advantage of surveying our lyrical literature under the guidance of an expert. All the hard reading has been done for you by another, and you have only to taste the wine that he has crushed.

The Norman Conquest so widely modified English verse that it forms the first upstanding change. The second is the invention of printing. Then it was, as Mr Rhys points out, that poetry and music fell apart; then that verse became definitely decorative. From Chaucer we pass, by Skelton, Wyatt, and Surrey, to Edmund Spenser, from Spenser to the noonday splendour of our Elizabethans. Those who know well the lyric work of the time will take pleasure from Mr Rhys's subtle valuations, and to many readers the stanzas which he quotes from unfamiliar song-books will come as a new delight.

The subsequent history of our poetic literature is, of course, widelier known, but in his consideration of more modern poets Mr Rhys is not less interesting and engaging. The book, indeed, is a highly skilled survey of its subject, and the pages in it are so brilliantly set with fascinating quotations that it can serve as a charming anthology to the accompaniment of a delicate critical commentary.

CLIFFORD BAX

THE EIGHTEEN-NINETIES. By Holbrook Jackson. (Grant Richards. 12s. 6d. net.)

ONE of the greatest charms of living in the eighteen-nineties must have been the proud consciousness that they were not the eighteen-eighties. In the eighties social life seems to have been dominated by the "Haw, demme!" outlook; tradition in matters of conduct and thought was as suffocating, the laws of fashion were as rigid as in the days when Stendhal observed us. There were artists of course, but unless they were robustious figures with big incomes they lived in a narrow world by themselves, and were looked down on in a way which—thanks in part to the "nineties"—we should nowadays scarcely credit. And it is impossible to read an account of the period, particularly one so impartial as Mr Jackson's,

without realising the amount of spade-work already accomplished before it opened, by a man who—whatever his other qualities may have been—was certainly possessed of personal valour. Wilde boldly carried the battle against the “Haw, demme’s!” into their own homes. In the houses of the most intelligent of them he was to be found diffusing his infectious point of view, and the generation which immediately followed him was fired by the example of his daring to try rapturous experiments with life.

So the decade begins with a kind of intoxication of rebellion. If there was a thought one might not think, the young man of the eighteen-nineties rushed to think it; they had a mania for terrifying the bourgeois at all costs, a mania whose effects are only just beginning to die out and are still a danger to the very young. “Sin,” to the nineties, seems to have been invested with a delight which has probably vanished for ever, never to be recaptured. The artists of the Decadence sinned in face of the dead-weight of Victorian disapproval. And it is perhaps their joy in doing this, and the glamour which they contrived to throw over existence which still keeps much of their work alive. “To rise, to take a little opium, to sleep till lunch, and after again to take a little opium, and sleep till dinner,” that indeed “was a life of pleasure” when one considers the pious horror of the onlookers. To-day nothing could be flatter, in one sense, than these outmoded sins, amusing as they are to read about. Thanks to those who indulged in them, however, we can think what we like, and to an unprecedented extent we can do what we like. Action, with us, is governed rather by expediency than by fear of public opinion or a desire to outrage it. We do not take a little opium before dinner, because regular exercise has given us a good appetite and we intend to preserve it for a century at least. The rage for early and interesting deaths, for beautiful suicides, for the habit of drinking too many liqueurs because their colours are so utter, has entirely subsided, and a sanity has taken its place which the eighties were too intolerant to possess and for which the madness of the nineties was necessary in order to pave the way.

Whenever life gains a new excitement the arts seem always to flourish—the classical example of this being, no doubt, the Renaissance. One cannot read through Mr Jackson’s sympathetic and catholic volume without being struck by the variety and richness of the work produced, in every branch of art, during the period with which he deals. Apart from those artists to whom the term “decadent” particularly applies, who gave the period its special “note,” an astonishing number of men whose present reputation is assured, first came into prominence during the closing years of the last century. Rudyard Kipling and Bernard Shaw are among those who first attracted a widespread hearing during the nineties, while as Mr Jackson reminds us, these years saw also the publication of two novels of such far-reaching influence as *Jude the Obscure* and *Esther Waters*. In the lives of many of the giants whom Mr Jackson mentions, however, the nineties are just ten years like any other ten years. These eminent persons happened to flourish

## *New Books*

during the nineties, possibly adding to the interest of that time in the history of art, but they were not *of* them in the same intimate sense as some of the lesser people. A poet like Theodore Wratislaw, a realist like Crackanthorpe (who was surely twenty-one when he died, not thirty-one as Mr Jackson states), an artist like Beardsley, each in his way was more definitely characteristic of the nineties than were, for instance, Mr W. B. Yeats, Professor A. E. Housman or Mr Max Beerbohm.

The most interesting parts of the book are undoubtedly those chapters which deal with the ideas and people which, in the public mind, are most closely identified with the period—the chapters on “Shocking as a Fine Art,” on “Purple Patches and Fine Phrases,” on “Decadence,” on Wilde and on the “New Dandyism.” The short chapter on “The Minor Poet” will not please the many who will question what Mr Yeats and Professor A. E. Housman have done to be included in it, but apart from this, if Mr Jackson never tells us anything new, he always deals in a well-balanced, temperate and readable way with his fascinating subject.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING

JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE AND THE IRISH THEATRE. By Maurice Bourgeois. (Constable, 7s. 6d.)

THE great in literature nowadays are honoured with such commentary and criticism as formerly a man had to wait some hundred years to enjoy. Monsieur Bourgeois is quite in the modern tradition. He pounces upon Synge, and notes every fact about his life and works with a terrifying thoroughness. He counts every hair on his head, one might say. His labour in compiling this mass of details about the author of *The Playboy* must have been great. Of course the book is mainly gossip, the kind of harmless, trivial gossip that became popular with the growth of the journalistic interview, when the Harmsworths and Pearsons discovered the old maid that is hidden in all our bosoms.

Well, it is not M. Bourgeois' fault that he is a creature of his age. As a gossip-critic he is a very good one, thorough, industrious, possessing acumen and taste. Nor, indeed, is that part of his book which gives us a literary criticism of the Synge plays without merit. His judgments on the Irishman are delicate, and are evidently supported by a culture only possessed in this country by people who have either no inclination or no opportunity to make literary use of it.

Synge will go much further and fare much worse than this.

E. S.



# EXTRACTS FROM RECENT POETRY

From *The Bull*,  
by Ralph Hodgson

## OPENING STANZAS OF "THE BULL"

See an old unhappy bull,  
Sick in soul and body both,  
Slouching in the undergrowth  
Of the forest beautiful,  
Banished from the herd he led,  
Bulls and cows a thousand head.

Cranes and gaudy parrots go  
Up and down the burning sky ;  
Tree-top cats purr drowsily  
In the dim-day green below ;  
And troops of monkeys, nutting, some,  
All disputing, go and come ;

And things abominable sit  
Picking offal, buck or swine,  
On the mess and over it  
Burnished flies and beetles shine,  
And spiders big as bladders lie  
Under hemlocks ten foot high ;

And a dotted serpent curled  
Round and round and round a tree,  
Yellowing its greenery,  
Keeps a watch on all the world,  
All the world and this old bull  
In the forest beautiful.

Bravely by his fall he came :  
One he led, a bull of blood  
Newly come to lustihood,  
Fought and put his prince to shame,  
Snuffed and pawed the prostrate head  
Tameless even while it bled.

There they left him, every one,  
Left him there without a lick,

Left him for the birds to pick,  
Left him there for carrion,  
Vilely from their bosom cast  
Wisdom, worth and love at last.

From *The Song of Honour*, by Ralph Hodgson

OPENING STANZAS OF "THE SONG OF HONOUR"

I climbed a hill as light fell short,  
And rooks came home in scramble sort,  
And filled the trees and flapped and fought  
And sang themselves to sleep ;  
An owl from nowhere with no sound  
Swung by and soon was nowhere found,  
I heard him calling half-way round,  
Holloing loud and deep ;  
A pair of stars, faint pins of light,  
Then many a star, sailed into sight,  
And all the stars, the flower of night,  
Were round me at a leap ;  
To tell how still the valleys lay,  
I heard a watchdog miles away . . .  
And bells of distant sheep.

I heard no more of bird or bell,  
The mastiff in a slumber fell,  
I stared into the sky,  
As wondering men have always done  
Since beauty and the stars were one,  
Though none so hard as I.  
It seemed, so still the valleys were,  
As if the whole world knelt at prayer,  
Save me and me alone ;  
So pure and wide that silence was  
I feared to bend a blade of grass,  
And there I stood like stone.

There, sharp and sudden, there I heard—  
*Ah! some wild, lovesick singing bird  
Woke singing in the trees?  
The nightingale and babble-wren  
Were in the English greenwood then,  
And you heard one of these?*

From *Collected  
Poems*, by Æ

THE GREAT BREATH

Its edges foamed with amethyst and rose,  
Withers once more the old blue flower of day :  
There where the ether like a diamond glows  
    Its petals fade away.

A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air ;  
Sparkle the delicate dews, the distant snows ;  
The great deep thrills, for through it everywhere  
    The breath of beauty blows.

I saw how all the trembling ages past,  
Moulded to her by deep and deeper breath,  
Nearer to the hour when Beauty breathes her last  
    And knows herself in death.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER

Who is that goddess to whom men should pray,  
But her from whom their hearts have turned away,  
Out of whose virgin being they were born,  
Whose mother nature they have named with scorn,  
Calling its holy substance common clay.

Yet from this so despised earth was made  
The milky whiteness of those queens who swayed  
Their generations with a light caress,  
And from some image of whose loveliness  
The heart built up high heaven when it prayed.

Lover, your heart, the heart on which it lies,  
Your eyes that gaze and those alluring eyes,  
Your lips, the lips they kiss, alike had birth  
Within that dark divinity of earth,  
Within that mother being you despise.

Ah, when I think this earth on which I tread  
Hath born these blossoms of the lovely dead,  
And makes the living heart I love to beat,  
I look with sudden awe beneath my feet  
As you with erring reverence overhead.



THE JOY OF EARTH

Oh, the sudden wings arising from the ploughed fields brown.  
Showered aloft in spray of song the wild-bird twitter floats  
O'er the unseen fount awhile, and then comes dropping down  
Nigh the cool brown earth to hush enraptured notes.

Far within a dome of trembling opal throbs the fire,  
Mistily its rain of diamond lances shed below  
Touches eyes and brows and faces lit with wild desire  
For the burning silence whither we would go.

Heart, be young ; once more it is the ancient joy of earth  
Breathes in thee and flings the wild wings sunward to the  
dome  
To the light where all the children of the fire had birth  
Though our hearts and footsteps wander far from home.

From *Collected  
Poems*, by Newman  
Howard

FROM "SAVONAROLA," ACT III.

*Savonarola* : My son, how can I serve you ?  
*Usurer* (*with trepidation*) : An't please you . . . .  
God pardon me.  
*Savonarola* : Fear not, but speak. Your name ?  
*Usurer* : Luigi, the money-lender, pray God pardon.  
*Savonarola* : Who ask with deeds, not words, He will . . . .  
What's here ? (*Pointing to the bag of gold.*)  
*Usurer* : Gold, father.  
*Savonarola* : Or blood ?  
*Usurer* : Na, na ! My name is good :  
None pays but what he bargains at my table.  
But an you please to buy some candlesticks,  
Gold, father, gold,—for the altar at Saint Mark's,—  
So be you'll say for my little son that's dead  
Some four score masses, here's as many ducats.  
*Savonarola* : Luigi, Saint Mark's requires not gold nor silver :  
God's altars all are broken down with gold :  
Yet if I say the masses for your son,  
Will ye supply the lights ?  
*Usurer* : Na, that is nought !  
I'll more than that : one ducat buys your wax.  
*Savonarola* : Luigi, our candles at St. Mark's are three,

Truth, Justice, and Compassion. Not from you  
Shall four score ducats light them.

*Usurer* : " Na," ye say  
Ye will not say the masses ?

*Savonarola* : Yes, O Luigi :  
For your bambino masses shall be said :  
But there will be no lights : all darkness, Luigi.

*Usurer* : Ye cannot say a mass without the candles.

*Savonarola* : God sees by other lights than ours, my son.

*Usurer* : Na ! Na ! They'll say I will not pay the candles.

*Savonarola* : They'll say truth, my son.

*Usurer* : I'll make it five score : Come !

*Savonarola* : Not fifty buys them. Yet if you restore  
To Messer Baccio's widow your extortion  
That she may rear *her* little son, then, Luigi,  
The candles might be lit.

*Usurer* : Come ! Here be six score.  
Give her them, thou : I'll nought to do with her.

*Savonarola* : Think, Luigi : I might rob you of your gold.

*Usurer* : Na, father, we all know thee : come, come ! I'll  
trust thee.

*Savonarola* : You are poor, my son : you have no riches,—

*Usurer* : Eh ?

I'm not so sure I could not buy ye Pisa !

*Savonarola* (*continuing*) : And if I robbed you of your only  
wealth,

And you should stand a pauper before God,  
Crying to see your little son again,—

*Usurer* : Eh ? Eh ? What say ye, priest ? I will ! I  
will !

*Savonarola* (*continuing*) : And God should say you are too  
poor for Heaven,—

*Usurer* (*fiercely*) : I'll see him, aye I will. Here's ten score !  
Come !

Put ye that in the prayers.

*Savonarola* : We pray with deeds . . . .

Yes, Luigi, God *will* say ye are too poor :

Rags ! Rags of greed ! Heaven will not have such paupers !

But if this widow smiles on you, then God

Will see that smile in gold upon your soul,

And say, " Come, look upon your son again."

*Usurer* : "An't please you, father, come along with me :  
I'll make you widow glad.

*Savonarola* :                    My son, I will.  
So shall ye light the candles for your boy,  
And mass be said with candles once a week.  
No riches, O my son, ye take to Heaven  
Except your brothers' and your sisters' smiles.

From *Poems* by  
Edward Dowden

#### THE SINGER.

"That was the thrush's last good-night," I thought,  
And heard the soft descent of summer rain  
In the drooped garden leaves ; but hush ! again  
The perfect iterance,—freer than unsought  
Odours of violets dim in woodland ways,  
Deeper than coiled waters laid a-dream  
Below mossed ledges of a shadowy stream,  
And faultless as blown roses in June days.  
Full-throated singer ! art thou thus anew  
Voiceful to hear how round thyself alone  
The enriched silence drops for thy delight  
More soft than snow, more sweet than honey-dew ?  
Now cease : the last faint western streak is gone,  
Stir not the blissful quiet of the night.

#### DEUS ABSCONDITUS

Since Thou dost clothe Thyself to-day in cloud,  
Lord God in Heaven, and no voice low or loud  
Proclaims Thee,—see, I turn me to the Earth,  
Its wisdom and its sorrow and its mirth,  
Thy Earth perchance, but sure my very own,  
And precious to me grows the clod, the stone,  
A voiceless moor's brooding monotony,  
A keen star quivering through the sunset dye,  
Young wrinkled beech leaves, saturate with light,  
The arching wave's suspended malachite ;  
I turn to men, Thy sons perchance, but sure  
My brethren, and no face shall be too poor  
To yield me some unquestionable gain  
Of wonder, laughter, loathing, pity, pain,

Some dog-like craving caught in human eyes,  
Some new-waked spirit's April ecstasies ;  
These will not fail nor foil me ; while I live  
There will be actual truck in take and give,  
But Thou hast foiled me ; therefore undistraught,  
I cease from seeking what will not be sought,  
Or sought, will not be found through joy or fear,  
If still Thou claimst me, seek me. I am here.

From *The Crescent Moon*, by Rabin-  
dranath Tagore

#### ON THE SEASHORE

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet,  
The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless  
water is boisterous. On the wet seashore of endless worlds  
the children meet with shouts and dances.

They build their houses with sand, and they play with  
empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats  
and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children have  
their play on the seashore of worlds.

They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets.  
Pearl-fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships,  
while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They  
seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.

The sea surges up with laughter, and pale gleams the smile of  
the sea-beach. Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads  
to the children, even like a mother while rocking her baby's  
cradle. The sea plays with children, and pale gleams the  
smile of the sea-beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest  
roams in the pathless sky, ships are wrecked in the trackless  
water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore  
of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.

#### THE BEGINNING

"Where have I come from, where did you pick me up?"  
the baby asked its mother.

She answered half crying, half laughing, and clasping the  
baby to her breast,—

"You were hidden in my heart as its desire, my darling.

You were the dolls of my childhood's games ; and when with clay I made the image of my god every morning, I made and unmade you then.

You were enshrined with our household deity, in his worship I worshipped you.

In all my hopes and loves, in my life, in the life of my mother you have lived.

In the lap of the deathless Spirit who rules our home you have been nursed for ages.

When in girlhood my heart was opening its petals, you hovered as a fragrance about it.

Your tender softness bloomed in my youthful limbs, like a glow in the sky before the sunrise.

Heaven's first darling, twin-born with the morning light, you have floated down the stream of the world's life, and at last you have stranded on my heart.

As I gaze on your face, mystery overwhelms me ; you who belong to all have become mine.

For fear of losing you I hold you tight to my breast. What magic has snared the world's treasure in these slender arms of mine ? "

#### THE CHAMPA FLOWER

Supposing I became a *champa* flower, just for fun, and grew on a branch high up that tree, and shook in the wind with laughter and danced upon the newly budded leaves, would you know me, mother ?

You would call, " Baby, where are you ? " and I should laugh to myself and keep quite quiet.

I should shyly open my petals and watch you at your work.

When after your bath, with wet hair spread on your shoulders, you walked through the shadow of the *champa* tree to the little court where you say your prayers, you would notice the scent of the flower, but not know that it came from me.

When after the midday meal you sat at the window reading *Ramayana*, and the tree's shadow fell over your hair and your lap, I should fling my wee little shadow on to the page of your book, just where you were reading.

But would you guess that it was the tiny shadow of your little child ?

When in the evening you went to the cowshed with the



lighted lamp in your hand, I should suddenly drop on to the earth again and be your own baby once more, and beg you to tell me a story.

“Where have you been, you naughty child?”

“I won't tell you, mother.” That's what you and I would say then.

From *The Gardener*, by Rabindranath Tagore

44

Reverend sir, forgive this pair of sinners. Spring winds to-day are blowing in wild eddies, driving dust and dead leaves away, and with them your lessons are all lost.

Do not say, father, that life is a vanity.

For we have made truce with death for once, and only for a few fragrant hours we two have been made immortal.

Even if the king's army came and fiercely fell upon us we should sadly shake our heads and say, Brothers, you are disturbing us. If you must have this noisy game, go and clatter your arms elsewhere. Since only for a few fleeting moments we have been made immortal.

If friendly people came and flocked around us, we should humbly bow to them and say, This extravagant good fortune is an embarrassment to us. Room is scarce in the infinite sky where we dwell. For in the springtime flowers come in crowds, and the busy wings of bees jostle each other. Our little heaven, where dwell only we two immortals, is too absurdly narrow.

73

Infinite wealth is not yours, my patient and dusky mother dust!

You toil to fill the mouths of your children, but food is scarce.

The gift of gladness that you have for us is never perfect.

The toys that you make for your children are fragile.

You cannot satisfy all our hungry hopes, but should I desert you for that?

Your smile which is shadowed with pain is sweet to my eyes.

Your love which knows no fulfilment is dear to my heart.

From your breast you have fed us with life but not immortality, that is why your eyes are ever wakeful.

*New Books*

For ages you are working with colour and song, yet your heaven is not built, but only its sad suggestion.

Over your creations of beauty there is the mist of tears.

I will pour my songs into your mute heart, and my love into your love.

I will worship you with labour.

I have seen your tender face and I love your mournful dust  
Mother Earth.

From *Collected Poems*, by Margaret L. Woods

GENIUS LOCI

Peace, Shepherd, peace! What boots it singing on?  
Since long ago grace-loving Phœbus died,  
And all the train that loved the stream-bright side  
Of the poetic mount with him are gone  
Beyond the shores of Styx or Acheron,  
In unexplored realms of night to hide.  
The clouds that strew their shadows far and wide  
Are all of Heaven that visits Helicon.

Yet here, where never muse or god did haunt,  
Still may some nameless power of Nature stray,  
Pleased with the reedy stream's continual chant  
And purple pomp of these broad fields in May.  
The shepherds meet him where he herds the kine,  
The careless pass him by whose is the gift divine.

FROM "MARLBOROUGH FAIR"

*The Voice of the Lions*

*Sleeping Lion*: The dim o' the forest, the cavern dark!

Wait the drop o' the scarlet sun!

We'll up and away ere night's begun.

Oho, the glorious dark!

Day is dying above us—Hark!

*Waking Lion*: I have a dream. Will it never be done?

*Sleeping Lion*: Night on the veldt will be falling, night!

Comrade, have you no thirst to slake?

I smell, I hear the crawl o' the snake,

A monkey chatter in flight,

We too will hunt and will slay to-night!

*Waking Lion* : There's a thirst in my heart I may never slake.

*Sleeping Lion* : Shadows are creeping from boulder and bush  
(Up and follow me, comrade mine !)

With eyes of fire that suddenly shine.

What speeds to the river ? Hush !

Through the rustling reeds they trample and push.

*Waking Lion* : A nightmare of apes that chatter and whine

*Sleeping Lion* : To the water, comrade ! A silver space

Where stars are swimming. The draught is cool,

There's lapping and wading in shallow and pool—

Oho, how the ripples race

From the feet of the buck that are flying apace !

*Waking Lion* : Come nearer ! A hand's-breadth nearer, fool

*Sleeping Lion* : Eager and soft through the rushes creep !

The big bull antelope scents around,

He is off ! We are after him, bound on bound—

Oho for the flying leap !

On the neck of him, claw and fang struck deep !

*Waking Lion* : In my dream we whimper and crawl discrowned.

*Sleeping Lion* : Uplift a voice in the darkness, roar,

Comrade ! The round Earth owns its King.

He has slain, he has come to the banqueting,

The people tremble before

His sound, and are still to hear him roam.

*Waking Lion* : Brother, O Brother ! An ape is king.

### MARCH THOUGHTS FROM ENGLAND

O that I were lying under the olives,

Lying alone among the anemones !

Shell-coloured blossoms they bloom there and scarlet,

Far under stretches of silver woodland,

Flame in the delicate shade of the olives.

O that I were lying under the olives !

Grey grows the thyme on the shadowless headland,

The long, low headland, where white in the sunshine,

The rocks run seaward. It seems suspended

Lone in an infinite gulf of azure.

There were I lying under the olives,

Might I behold, come following seaward,  
Clear brown shapes in a world of sunshine,  
A russet shepherd, his sheep, too, russet.  
Watch them wander the long grey headland  
Out to the edge of the burning azure.

O that I were lying under the olives !  
So should I see the far-off cities  
Glittering low by the purple water,  
Gleaming high on the purple mountain ;  
See where the road goes winding southward.  
It passes the valley of almond blossom,  
Curves round the crag o'er the steep-hanging orchards,  
Where almond and peach are aflush 'mid the olives—  
Hardly the amethyst sea shines through them—  
Over it cypress on solemn cypress  
Lead to the lonely pilgrimage places.

O that I were dreaming under the olives !  
Hearing alone on a sun-steeped headland  
A crystalline wave, almost inaudible,  
Steal round the shore ; and thin, far off,  
The shepherd's music. So good did it sound  
In fields Sicilian, Theocritus heard it,  
Moschus and Bion piped it at noontide.

O that I were listening under the olives !  
So should I hear behind in the woodland  
The peasants talking. Either a woman,  
A wrinkled grandame, stands in the sunshine,  
Stirs the brown soil in an acre of violets—  
Large, odorous violets—and answers slowly  
A child's swift babble ; or else at noon  
The labourers come. They rest in the shadow,  
Eating their dinner of herbs, and are merry.

Soft speech Provençal under the olives !  
Like a queen's raiment from days long perished,  
Breathing aromas of old unremembered  
Perfumes, and shining in dust-covered places  
With sudden hints of forgotten splendour—  
So on the lips of the peasant his language,  
His only now, the tongue of the peasant.

Would I were listening under the olives !  
So should I see in an airy pageant  
A proud, chivalrous pomp sweep by me,  
Hear in high courts the joyous ladies  
Devising of Love in a world of lovers :  
Hear the song of the Lion-hearted,  
A deep-voiced song—and, oh ! perchance,  
Ghostly and strange and sweet to madness,  
Rudel sing the Lady of Tripoli.

From *Foliage*, by  
W. H. Davies

A GREETING

Good morning, Life—and all  
Things glad and beautiful.  
My pockets nothing hold,  
But he that owns the gold,  
The Sun, is my great friend—  
His spending has no end.

Hail to the morning sky,  
Which bright clouds measure high ;  
Hail to you birds whose throats  
Would number leaves by notes ;  
Hail to you shady bowers,  
And you green fields of flowers.

Hail to you women fair,  
That make a show so rare  
In cloth as white as milk—  
Be't calico or silk :  
Good morning, Life—and all  
Things glad and beautiful.

A MAY MORNING

The sky is clear,  
The sun is bright ;  
The cows are red,  
The sheep are white ;  
Trees in the meadows  
Make happy shadows.

Birds in the hedge  
Are perched and sing ;  
Swallows and larks  
Are on the wing :  
Two merry cuckoos  
Are making echoes.

Bird and the beast  
Have the dew yet ;  
My road shines dry,  
Theirs bright and wet :  
Death gives no warning,  
On this May morning.

I see no Christ  
Nailed on a tree,  
Dying for sin ;  
No sin I see :  
No thoughts for sadness,  
All thoughts for gladness.

#### DREAM TRAGEDIES

Thou art not always kind, O sleep :  
What awful secrets thou dost keep  
In store, and oftentimes make us know ;  
What hero has not fallen low  
In sleep before a monster grim,  
And whined for mercy unto him ;  
Knights, constables, and men-at-arms  
Have quailed and whined in sleep's alarms.  
Thou wert not kind last night to make  
Mé like a very coward shake—  
Shake like a thin red-currant bush  
Robbed of its fruit by a strong thrush.  
I felt this earth did move ; more slow,  
And slower yet began to go ;  
And not a bird was heard to sing,  
Men and great beasts were shivering ;  
And living things knew well that when  
The earth stood still, destruction then  
Would follow with a mighty crash.  
'Twas then I broke that awful hush :

E'en as a mother, who does come  
Running in haste back to her home,  
And looks at once, and lo, the child  
She left asleep is gone ; and wild  
She shrieks and loud—so did I break  
With a mad cry that dream, and wake.

From *Cromwell*,  
*and other Poems*,  
by John Drink-  
water

SEALED

The doves call down the long arcades of pine,  
The screaming swifts are tiring towards their eaves,  
And you are very quiet, O lover of mine.

No foot is on your ploughlands now, the song  
Fails and is no more heard among your leaves  
That wearied not in praise the whole day long.

I have watched with you till this twilight-fall,  
The proud companion of your loveliness ;  
Have you no word for me, no word at all ?

The passion of my thought I have given you,  
Striving towards your passion, nevertheless,  
The clover leaves are deepening to the dew,

And I am still unsatisfied, untaught.  
You lie guarded in mystery, you go  
Into your night, and leave your lover naught.

Would I were Titan with immeasurable thews  
To hold you trembling, lover of mine, and know  
To the full the secret savour that you use

Now to my tormenting. I would drain  
Your beauty to the last sharp glory of it ;  
You should work mightily through me, blood and brain.

Your heart in my heart's mastery should burn,  
And you before my swift and arrogant wit  
Should be no longer proudly taciturn.

You should bend back astonished at my kiss,  
Your wisdom should be armourer to my pride,  
And you, subdued, should yet be glad of this.

The joys of great heroic lovers dead  
Should seem but market-gossiping beside  
The annunciation of our bridal bed.

And now, my lover earth, I am a leaf,  
A wave of light, a bird's note, a blade sprung  
Towards the oblivion of the sickled sheaf ;

A mere mote driven against your royal ease,  
A tattered, eager traveller among  
The myriads beating on your sanctuaries.

I have no strength to crush you to my will,  
Your beauty is invulnerably zoned,  
Yet I, your undefeated lover still,

Exulting in your sap am clear of shame,  
And biding with you patiently am throned  
Above the flight of desolation's aim.

You may be mute, bestow no recompense  
On all the thriftless leaguers of my soul—  
I am at your gates, O lover of mine, and thence

Will I not turn for any scorn you send,  
Rebuked, bemused, yet is my purpose whole,  
I shall be striving towards you till the end.

#### CHALLENGE

You fools behind the panes who peer  
At the strong black anger of the sky,  
Come out and feel the storm swing by,  
Ay, take its blow upon your lips, and hear  
The wind in the branches cry.

No. Leave us to the day's device,  
Draw to your blinds and take your ease,  
Grow peak'd in the face and crook'd in the knees ;  
Your sinews could not pay the price  
When the storm goes through the trees.



From *The Wine  
Press: A Tale of  
War*, by Alfred  
Noyes

STANZAS FROM BOOK IV.

Headlong, headlong, down the hill,  
They leapt across their dead.  
Like madmen, wrapt in sheets of flame,  
Yelling out of their hell they came,  
And, in among their plunging hordes,  
The shrapnel burst and spread.

The shrapnel severed the leaping limbs  
And shrieked above their flight.  
They rolled and plunged and writhed like snakes  
In the red hill-brooks and the black-thorn brakes.  
Their mangled bodies tumbled like elves  
In a wild Walpurgis night.

*Slaughter! Slaughter! Slaughter!*

The cold machines whirred on.  
And strange things crawled amongst the wheat  
With entrails dragging round their feet,  
And over the foul red shambles  
A fearful sunlight shone.

And a remnant reached the trenches  
Where the black-mouthed guns lay still.  
There was no cloud in the blue sky,  
No sight, no sound of an enemy.  
The sunlight slept on the valley,  
And the dead slept on the hill.

STANZAS FROM BOOK VIII.

The embers of his hut still burned ;  
And, in the deep blue gloom,  
His bursting eyeballs yet could see  
A white shape under the apple-tree,  
A naked body, dabbled with red,  
Like a drift of apple-bloom.

She lay like a broken sacrament  
That the dogs have defiled.

*Sonia! Sonia! Speak to me!*

He babbled like a child.

The child, the child that lay on her knees . . .  
Devil nor man may name  
The things that Europe must not print,  
But only whisper and chuckle and hint,  
Lest the soul of Europe rise in thunder  
And swords melt in the flame.

She bore the stigmata of sins  
That devil nor man may tell ;  
For O, good taste, good taste, good taste,  
Constrains and serves us well ;  
And the censored truth that dies on earth  
Is the crown of the lords of hell.

From *The Lonely  
Dancer*, by Richard  
Le Gallienne

#### GREEN SILENCE

Silence, whose drowsy eyelids are soft leaves,  
And whose half-dreaming eyes are the blue flowers,  
On whose still breast the water-lily heaves,  
For all her speech the whisper of the showers.

Made of all things that in the water sway,  
The quiet reed kissing the arrowhead,  
The willows murmuring all a summer day,  
" Silence "—sweet word, and ne'er so softly said

As here along this path of brooding peace,  
Where all things dream, and nothing else is done  
But all such gentle businesses as these  
Of leaves and rippling wind and setting sun

Turning the stream to a long lane of gold,  
Where the young moon shall walk with feet of pearl,  
And, framed in sleeping lilies, fold on fold,  
Gaze at herself, like any mortal girl.

#### A BALLAD OF TOO MUCH BEAUTY

There is too much beauty upon this earth  
For lonely men to bear,  
Too many eyes, too enchanted skies,  
Too many things too fair ;

And the man who lives the life of a man  
Must turn his eyes away—if he can.

He must not look at the dawning day,  
Or watch the rising moon ;  
From the little feet, so white, so fleet,  
He must turn his eyes away ;  
And the flowers and the faces he must pass by  
With stern, self-sacrificing eye.

For beauty and duty are strangers forever,  
Work and wonder ever apart,  
And the laws of life eternally sever  
The ways of the brain from the ways of the heart ;  
Be it flower or pearl, or the face of a girl,  
Or the ways of the waters as they swirl.

Lo ! beauty is sorrow, and sorrowful men  
Have no heart to look on the face of the sky,  
Or hear the remorseful voice of the sea,  
Or the song of the wandering wind in the tree,  
Or even watch the butterfly.

From *The Knave  
of Hearts*, by  
Arthur Symons

### THE BROTHER OF A WEED

#### III.

I am beginning to find out there  
Are beings to be pitied everywhere.  
Thus when I hear, at night, an orphaned sheep  
Crying as a child cries, how can I sleep ?  
Yet the night-birds are happy, or I seem  
To hear them in the hollow of a dream,  
Whispering to each other in the trees,  
And through the window comes a leaping breeze  
That has the sea-salt in it. When I hear  
Crying of oxen, that, in deadly fear  
Rough men, with cruel dogs about them, drive  
Into the torture-house of death alive,  
How can I sit under a tree and read  
A happy, idle book, and take no heed ?

THE BROTHER OF A WEED

V.

Why are the roses filled with such a heat,  
And are so gaudy and riotously sweet,  
When any wind may snap them from the stem,  
Or any little green-worm canker them ?  
Why is the dawn-delivered butterfly  
So arrogant, knowing he has to die  
Before another dawn has waked his brother ?  
Why do the dragon-flies outshoot each other  
With such an ardour, knowing that the noon  
Will put away his shining arrows soon ?  
Why is the seed that, having got to corn,  
Must come to bread, so eager to be born ?  
Why is it that the joy of living gives  
Forgetfulness to everything that lives ?

TO MY MOTHER

When I bethink me how my life goes by,  
How gaily idle, what a painted thing,  
In revelry, and mirth, and wantoning,  
Desiring but the moments as they fly,  
And those fleet pleasures that are born to die  
Even at the instant of their blossoming :  
How of myself myself would fain be king,  
Yet what a sport of Fortune's winds am I ;

Then, Mother, I recall that blessed load,  
Half prayers, half hopes, you bore : to have a son  
Stedfast in honour, stablished in the faith,  
His life a calm preparedness for death.  
See, Mother, this is all that I have done  
With life you gave me to give back to God.

SONG

Why did I pick a nut in the wood  
That had a bitter core ?  
Now I will go into the wood  
No more.

Only if they come to you and say,  
Come, nutting-time is now?  
I will not tell them of the bitter nut  
That hangs for me on a bough.

From *Lyrics and  
Dramas*, by  
Stephen Phillips

THE FIREMAN

(An Impression of the Street.)

His foe is fire, fire, fire!  
Hark his hoarse dispersing cry,  
From his path asunder fly!  
Speed! or men and women die,  
For his foe is fire, fire!

His foe is fire, fire, fire!  
He is armed and helmed in brass,  
Let his thundering chargers pass;  
Be the iron Strand as grass,  
For their foe is fire, fire!

His foe is fire, fire, fire!  
On he rushes as in gold,  
Under him a chariot rolled,  
As in Roman triumph old,  
But his foe is fire, fire!

His foe is fire, fire, fire!  
Red the vault above him reels,  
Now the blistering stairway peels,  
But the battle-bliss he feels,  
For his foe is fire, fire!

*(Two verses omitted)*

His foe is fire, fire, fire!  
Bring him to the victor's car,  
Richer in his spoil of war,  
Than from Roman battle far,  
Who has triumphed over fire.

BEAUTIFUL LIE THE DEAD

Beautiful lie the dead;  
Clear comes each feature;

Satisfied not to be,  
Strangely contented.

Like ships, the anchor dropped,  
Furled every sail is ;  
Mirrored with all their masts  
In a deep water.

From *Songs of  
Aphrodite*, by  
Margaret Sackville

### THE FLIGHT

Following ! Following !  
I heard the horse-hoofs rise and ring  
And rise and fall again and beat,  
And strike the sand ; they had winged feet  
Those horses ! I could almost hear  
—As it seemed—a rush of wings draw near—  
Demons with great pinions spread  
To fall on me. On—on I sped !  
On I sped, swift as air,  
The wind tangled in my hair  
Dragged me forwards—I kept pace  
With the wind ; so fierce a race  
’Twixt death and life was never run.  
I cried : “ Now surely Death has won ! ”  
And yet I did not die—

Red sand,  
Burning hot on either hand !  
And the sun angry and red  
Fixed above my head,  
Motionless in the still sky ;  
There was no man in all the world save I,—  
Nor sound, save the following  
Horse-hoofs’ sharp rise and swing—  
And a whirr as of great wings behind  
Me dragged in the wake of the wind,  
With the whole world to ride in—grown  
Empty save for us alone—  
They who followed—I who fled !

*(Twenty-eight lines omitted)*

So I pressed on—whilst life began  
To fade from me and the tears ran  
Down my cheeks like fire as I

Heard the following horse-hoofs die  
Slowly, slowly away and cease—  
And I stood in the shadow of my trees,  
And through the high-arched doorway passed  
And swooning over the threshold cast  
My body down—safe, safe at last !

THE SHIP OF DREAMS

VI.

O ! soft impalpable  
Mist lightly drawn  
Over the sun's unseeing eyes !—  
How may one tell  
Whether 'tis eve or dawn  
Droops hesitating from the skies ?

The shadows flow  
About me broodingly, I turn  
My steps with head bowed low and wait  
Dumb in the outer court ; I dare not go  
To see if fires still burn  
Within the temple gate.

From *Erebus*, by  
Evangeline Ryves

TO A GNAT

Lost string from heavenly orchestra,  
Breath of ineffable fair things,  
Whispering upon an insect's wings,  
Faint from the infinitely far,  
The solo of a silver star.

You passed my ear. I vaguely stirred,  
Some subtle chord in me awoke,  
Unutterable Evening broke  
To fairy music ; that I heard  
Roamed far above the reach of word.

Repass my way, O sweet, strayed sigh  
From lingering Eve's enchanted dream,  
By twilit flowers' remotest gleam.  
You have fallen from Eternity  
As I have fallen, also I.

Pale spirits, steeped in holy dew,  
Rise to your errant violin.  
They shape a child, who once within  
A chamber veiled in dying blue  
Yearned unto you, grey gnat, to you.

O momentary, frail entity !  
You hint of what hath no Before.  
But somewhat came to close a door  
And left you whispered in the sky,  
You fragment of a mystery.

From *The Stricken  
King*, by Horace  
Holley

#### HOLIDAY

Take dulling sleep away,  
Too-anxious gods of labour !  
We laugh to scorn your gifts of calm repose.  
Bring rarer gifts than those,  
The garland and the tabor :  
Meadow and grove are bright with holiday !

O raise the wreathéd pole  
In ancient, pagan fashion ;  
Summon the piper and the fiddler round  
To wake with ardent sound  
Our deepest, dumbest passion,  
Silent too long in our devoted soul.

What though our bodies bow  
Or earthward droop our glances ?  
These are but servants to our heart's desire,  
Which catching secret fire  
From songs and May-day dances,  
The laggard limbs with eager grace endow.

Yea, every joy you give,  
Each soul-intoxication,  
Turns back the gathering tide of doubts and fears,  
Restores our jubilant years  
As by divine creation,  
And frees the rhythmic powers by which we live.



# CHRONICLES

## DRAMATIC CHRONICLE

LAST December I promised a hypothesis, but I have since lost interest in it because I have found a theatre in England which has not lost its innocence, and is not living from week to week in the desperate hope of success. It has lived for a year and has done good work—thirty-seven plays, with hardly one of them that does not bring life to the theatre. It is an important theatre, because the men in it never think of its importance; it is dignified, because they never think of its dignity; its work is good, because they always hope to do better, and in that hope achieve a surprising and delightful simplicity of which they will gain a greater mastery as time goes on. In the restless theatres of London time is wiped out of consideration altogether. The theatrists, like the Arabian Nights lady, tell stories night after night to stave off disaster, and, to save effort, they like, if possible, to tell the same story over and over again. Like dressmakers, they live by fashion, and the only change they know is the change of mood in the public. Even Mr Granville Barker does not seem fully to appreciate the truth that in the theatre the public is an accessory after the fact, and he becomes extravagant in his efforts to change their mood. I saw the *Midsummer Night's Dream* after a visit to Birmingham, and was distressed by its vulgarity, its uneasiness, its fundamental unhappiness. I never saw a stage so airless, and yet on the whole I never saw so good a performance of the *Dream*. But, giving the whole text with one hand, Mr Barker takes away its effect with the other. Both the acting and the decoration are, as it were, glued on to the text, so that it needs a horrid effort of the imagination to get at the play through the load of detail it is made to bear. Conceive your detail in reference to

### *Dramatic Chronicle*

the play and you help it, but if you use the play only as an excuse for an orgy of unbridled fantasy, then you strangle it, strike discords and divide the attention of your audience between the different kinds of entertainment set before them. Modern people have a base liking for looking at things, for watching so many things that they can see nothing. That taste can be satisfied by the kinematograph. It should not be satisfied by the performance of a Shakespearean play. I fancy the trouble here arises from a temperamental distaste for poetry or a profound misconception of it. To the ordinary mind a poet is a loose fish whose chief concern is the dodging of responsibilities. But the poet is one who sets himself a harder discipline than any he can find in the common ways of men. Take any of your realistic writers and tell them to write a fantasy, and they will take it as a licence to indulge in an orgy of inventiveness, a kind of drunken bout. See how they flounder when they deal with men above the ordinary! But when Shakespeare dealt with fairies, or ghosts, or enchanters, he was setting his imagination a harder (and therefore more delightful) task. The planes of being hem each other in, light each other up, fuse and vitalise each other. So in this marvellous *Dream* the three planes, nobles, peasants, and fairies, all converge in the summer night of love; but here in this production, though the planes are cleverly and distinctly marked, they are separate from each other and therefore dead. The ormolu fairies are a capital invention, but they are too elaborate in their dress, and worst of all, while they are pleasantly bizarre in gesture and movement, they are lamentably lacking in delight. One feels in the mind of the producer what one does not feel in the mind of the author of the play, who had a better understanding of the traffic of the stage than anyone now living, the effort to differentiate the planes; one sees, not nobles walking thus, peasants thus, and fairies in this wise, but actors told to do these things rather with reference to the scenery than to the play. That scenery is unimagined. It is the work of a man with a good eye for flat colour, but an astonishingly small sense of form. His designs cramp the play even more than the old realistic woods and rabbits of the silly tradition of our theatre. It is small service to Shakespeare to release him from one set of fetters only to clamp new irons on his work. It is no excuse to allege, as is perfectly true, that the production is amusing. The pleasure it gives

is not much higher than the pleasure given by *The Great Adventure*, or, to take an even better instance, *Peter Pan*. But the *Dream* should give the supreme pleasure of the theatre. Never was there so wholly the delight of joyous fantasy brought into the theatre, which is now so unworthy of the wonders in its storehouse, that it will not learn from its masterpieces. It is the first condition of the producer's existence that he shall be loyal to his dramatist. It is the disloyalty of the actors that has made such a mess of the theatre, and when the producer is disloyal then is confusion worse confounded. There is one performance in the *Dream* which has escaped Mr Barker's vigilance in suppressing Shakespeare's dramatic sense and sense of character and sense of humour in favour of his own busy inventiveness. That performance is given by the player who represents *Wall*. Absurd, but true; the moments when that player was delivering his speeches swept the elaborate contrivances of the rest of the production sheer out of mind. They were delivered with that clean humorous imaginativeness which simply fills the whole of a theatre with life. (Miss Wish Wynne does exactly the same service to Mr. Barker at the Kingsway.) That is the only power of the theatre. It is that which justifies it both as an institution and as a vehicle of art. It can transcend its limitations and excuse all its compromises and necessarily absurd conventions. It lives in almost every line that Shakespeare ever wrote: it dwells not, alas! in Mr Barker; indeed, it seems to be repulsive to him. How else could he have become so marvellously adroit in avoiding it? Even the old actors with their stupid theatrical instinct sometimes floundered into it and had their elaborate artificial personalities swamped by it. That was their strength, and it is just there that our reformers attack them. Again and again in this play where tradition was right, Mr Barker has suppressed his actors, simply because they were in the tradition, and in no case has he allowed the actors to use the only thing they possess, their power to act. The result is a series of maimed performances. Puck, for instance, is a mass of tricks without humour, like the sad buffoonery of an indulged child in an over-solemn family. "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" They have a masterly, lovely play, and they beslaver it with admiration when they should love it. Some young girls behind me at the performance kept on saying: "How original! How wonderful! I do admire that man." They meant Mr Barker, not

*Dramatic Chronicle*

Shakespeare, and they never said "How beautiful!" and they were never silent.

And another day I longed for silence. That was when I saw the *Music-Cure*. It amused me wearily. It was like watching a buffoon at a music-hall, who by long practice has learned how to make an audience laugh, but has no interest in the affair and is concerned only to keep his name in the bills. And such laughter is rather characteristic of our time. "The survival of the fittest!" it seems to say. "I have survived, therefore I am the fittest, and my name shall be writ large." I find that in most of the entertainments in London. It is in the Revues, but they are, God bless us, a thing of nought. It is just tolerable in the commercial theatres, but in the theatre of high pretension it is horrible. There is none of it in the Birmingham Repertory Theatre.

GILBERT CANNAN

# FRENCH CHRONICLE

*Poètes Fantaisistes.* I.—It seems that we have no words in English for “fantaisie” and “fantaisiste.” “Fancy” and “fanciful,” “fantasy” and “fantastic” do not convey the same sense. One could not, for instance,—at least, I would not—call Mr Walter de la Mare a “fanciful” or “fantastic” poet; yet he is the most truly “fantaisiste” living poet we have. However, my care at the moment is to present a few French “poètes fantaisistes,” let the English label be what it may.

First, chief and undoubted “prince” of these is M. Paul Fort, who has just published a *Choix de Ballades Françaises*, consisting of nearly six hundred closely printed pages and representing only about one-seventh of his whole work; and immediately following this selection the fifteenth volume of his “Ballades Françaises,” *Chansons pour me Consoler d'être Heureux* (Figuière, 6 fr. and 3.50). But M. Fort is not only a “fantaisiste” poet. Like them, he is gay and bantering only to become sad; sad to become gay; he is lucid and ironical; but he is tender; he has moments of disillusionment; but any next moment life may offer him a motive for intoxication. There is no other living poet who is so entirely a poet. You fear with each volume of his that appears that he publishes too much; but doubt is soon dispelled: his work is always poetic; often it is pure poetry, without qualification: and it is poetic because, even when he is least inspired, his speech is a poet's speech. Applied to any other writer, the word “poetic” might mean that he had presented merely some of the external aspects of poetry. But with Paul Fort emotion and its translation into imagery are so instantaneous—and simultaneous—that he never seems to quit the plane of poetry. M. Remy de Gourmont said of him that he was “une sensibilité toujours en éveil.” M. Paul Fort cannot walk down a street without encountering all the incidents and accidents of a poem. “Recommencer toujours à vivre,” he quotes from Guyau as an epigraph to one of his poems; “tel serait l'idéal de l'artiste: il s'agit de retrouver, par la force de la pensée réfléchie, l'inconsciente naïveté de l'enfant.” But Paul Fort needs no effort of thought to recover that artlessness; it is always with him, behind the poet, behind the artist, behind the man. And no other French poet has the command of his language that Paul Fort has; his

## French Chronicle

poems are rich in word and idiom ; they are intensely French. They are also superbly rhythmical. His poems are printed in their prose form, he says, in a note—which is a re-edition of the prefatory note to the *Roman de Louis XI.* of 1898—to *Chansons pour me Consoler d'être Heureux*, to prove the “superiority of rhythm over the artifice of prosody. It has been said that I ‘sacrifice’ my books to ‘the cause’ of this truth, which—if it were once recognised—would very much help to relieve our poet’s craft, would endow it with much more liberty, much more suppleness, and would allow of infinitely more personal discovery (*fantaisie*) in the traditional forms of French poetic language, which would be rejuvenated thereby. Thus the poet would be less inclined to think in fine lines : the expression of his thought would be translated directly into fine musical strophes, which to my mind are the characteristic of true poetry.” French critics have been at pains to show that M. Fort is in reality a very traditional poet, and that, granted certain licences of rhyme, elision, assonance, *et aliorum*, his poems conform to tradition. Be that as it may, M. Paul Fort’s range is astonishing. His *Choix de Ballades* contains “Hymnes, Chansons, Lieds, Elégies, Poèmes Antiques (Hymnes Héroïques, Eglogues et Idylles, Chants Paniques), Poèmes Marins, Odes et Odelettes, Romans, Petites Epopées, Fantaisies à la Gauloise, Complaintes et Dits, Madrigaux et Romances, Epigrammes à moi-même.” And each of these headings needs the kind of commentary given by M. Louis Mandin in his *Etude sur les “Ballades Françaises”* to enforce its full significance. Nor can I, in a Chronicle of this kind, do more than refer you to his books. But before I pass on to other poets, I should like to quote two of Paul Fort’s poems, the first from *Chansons pour me Consoler d'être Heureux*, for its movement and its melancholy.

### LA VOIX DES BŒUFS.

Grande voix des bœufs dans le soir, alors que, champ par champ, la terre sombre en ce gouffre où meurt l'espoir des sillons privés de lumière,

clames-tu la mort ou la vie? Cependant la lune est sans voiles. Un sillon rêveur te dédie, grande voix des bœufs, aux étoiles.

Quel bruit fait cortège à leur voix, quand les bœufs rentrent dans l'étable? Des millions d'épis à la fois se bercent au ciel admirable.

Ah ! tout n'est que silence enfin ! L'on entendrait mourir les dieux : du monde énorme est-ce la fin? La voix des bœufs est dans les bœufs

qui sort, au contact du matin, des étables vers l'aube fine et les droits sillons argentins lèvent.—Et tinte une clarine.

Le calme solaire à présent. Les troupeaux, en un mol murmure, seuls animeront l'air dormant sur le sommeil de la Nature.

Loin des moissons, dans les pâtures, avec douceur ils reprendront leur majesté devant l'azur, au profil vaporeux des monts.

Le calme est tombé plus profond. Un vent soudain couche l'herbage. Des frissons rident les fanons, montent jusqu'aux musles qui bavent,

jusqu'à ce Cri remplissant tout, les monts avec leurs bois sauvages, les quatre plaines jusqu'au bout, la voûte du ciel noir d'orage—

O voix des bœufs, hymne du soir aux heures où la terre sombre à l'abîme, entraînant l'espoir des sillons pris du froid des ombres,

clames-tu la mort de la Vie? Cependant la lune se lève. . . La glèbe en rêve te dédie, grande voix des bœufs, au seul Réve!

The second from *Île de France* (perhaps only Frenchmen can appreciate to the full M. Fort's local poems):

LA PETITE RUE SILENCIEUSE.

(Senlis)

Le silence orageux ronronne. Il ne passera donc personne?  
Les pavés comptent les géraniums. Les géraniums comptent les pavés.  
Rêve, jeune fille, à ta croisée. Les petits pois sont écosés.  
Ils bombent ton blanc tablier que tes doigts roses vont lier.  
Je passe de noir habillé. Un éclair au ciel t'a troublée,  
jeune fille, ou c'est donc ma vue? Tes petits pois tombent dans la rue.  
Sombre je passe. Derrière moi les pavés comptent les petits pois.  
Le silence orageux ronronne. Il ne passera donc personne?

And there is

GONESSE AU COUCHANT:

Gonesse embroche le soleil! . . . J'écris seulement ce que je vois. Rose est la page, sous la tonnelle, où glisse l'ombre de mes doigts.

Gonesse embroche le soleil avec la lance de son clocher. Ce que je vois de ma tonnelle est toujours vrai sans vous fâcher.

Attendez. . . sous la vigne vierge, qu'aperçois-je? une oie embrochée, de fleurs de flammes toute léchée, dans la cuisine de l'auberge!

Astre alléchant, oie délectable, Gonesse embroche deux soleils. Ma page est rouge sur la table. Buvons un coup de vin vermeil.

\* \* \* \* \*

## French Chronicle

*La Fantaisie* is no new thing in France. M. Alphonse Ségé declares in *Les Caractères de la Poésie Contemporaine* (Sansot, fr. 3.50), that it is "one of the most peculiar, the most constant traits of French poetry, a characteristic which might be said to be one of the essential marks of our national genius. . . . *La Fantaisie*—in France, at least—is distinguished by restraint and good taste. It is not sentimental acrobatics, any more than it is word-juggling. Half-serious and half-humorous, often gay, it can be sad on occasion. But, by nature, *La Fantaisie* loves frankness and ease; sometimes it wears the costume of the dandy, at others the picturesque habiliments of Bohemia. . . . Young and spruce, somewhat boastful, ready with words, graceful in gesture, bantering, lackadaisical. . . ." I cannot follow M. Ségé any farther; he allows his vein to run away with him (and since this book has been sent to us, it may be said now that, while presenting a true enough picture of the poetic activity of France to-day, it does so without distinction in its appraisal). Charles d'Orléans, Villon, Ronsard, Du Bellay, La Fontaine, Nerval, Gautier, Banville, Verlaine, and above all—forgotten, overlooked by M. Ségé—Laforgue, Rimbaud, Corbière, and M. Paul Fort himself: this seems to be the lineage of the younger Fantaisistes. There is a large number of them: André Salmon, Tristan Klingsor (Leclère), Alexandre Mercereau, Guillaume Appollinaire, Fernand Divoire, Henri Hertz, André Spire, Louis de la Salle, Max Jacob, Jean-Marc Bernard, René Bizet, Charles Perrès, Claudien, Fagus, Francis Carco, Tristan Derème, Jean Pellerin, Paul-Jean Toulet. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

M. Tristan Leclère (Klingsor) is a musician, an art-critic and a delicious poet. The hundred poems of *Schéhérazade* (1903), in which he says:

En rêvant de la princesse Grain-de-Beauté . . .  
Je mêle Samarcande et le Quartier Latin,  
Et j'ai toujours peur de voir au coin d'une borne  
Ou bien au bout d'un vers  
Un Haroun Al-Rachid coiffé d'un haut-de-forme,

have all the flavour of those other exquisite poems of Mardrus's *Mille et Une Nuits*, of which they are avowed imitations, but



imitations that owe their charm to the delightful fancy of a modern French poet. Again, the whole carnival of the "Fête Galante," the Harlequinade, the Fairy Tale and the Folk Song sweep through the pages of *Le Valet de Cœur* (1908); M. Leclère loves to take the refrains of the old songs and put new embroidery upon them. I regret that a moment's parsimony prevented me from buying his *Poèmes de Bohème* (1913), of which I have been unable to obtain a review copy. M. Francis Carco's description of M. Leclère's art (in the volume of *Vers et Prose* referred to later on) could not be bettered. "M. Tristan Klingsor (Leclère)," he says, "has created smiling and slender masterpieces out of nuances. He wears irony like a mask, and his personages, however motley they may be—arrant serenaders, amorous rogues, and dandies of Bohemia—have less grace than he. He crowns a skeleton with roses, and the beautiful legends he tells us are noisy with tears and laughter, with lays and bitter-sweet words, with barcarolles, declarations and vows. The nightingales of Spain enchant Kings' daughters. Scaramouche beguiles the fairest and Cupid laughs shamelessly in the wings." But M. Leclère has also the malice, the mockery and the salacity of the Gaul; and, it must be added, his tenderness, his sentimentality, and his melancholy. He is preparing a new book of poems, *Humoresques*, from which the following:

Je m'assieds dans l'herbe bleue :  
Qu'il est joli le trèfle blanc ;  
La fille embrasse le galant  
Et l'amour danse tout autour d'eux ;  
Qu'il est joli, le vieil enfant !

Où est le temps où moi aussi  
Je faisais l'amoureux,  
Le temps de Berthe et de Lucie  
Et de la femme du marchand de Dreux ;  
Où est le temps des cœurs tremblants ;  
Et de ma barbe noire et de vos blonds cheveux,  
Où est le temps ?

Derrière la haie les galants s'en vont  
Et l'amour à leurs trouses sourit ;  
La jeune herbe bleue tremble dans le vent  
Et moi, qui reste seul, je me morfonds  
A regarder le trèfle blanc

## French Chronicle

Et tirer sans répit les poils gris  
De mon menton.

\* \* \* \* \*

M. André Salmon has published *Poèmes* (1905), *Les Fêeries* (1907), and *Le Calumet* (1910). It has been said of him that, since Banville, no one has used more wit in the service of lyrical poetry; there is a technical—modern—difference only in the following example:—

Mister Clown assis sur un tambour  
Fume la pipe,  
Il est lugubre avec humour,  
Mais sa lippe  
Divertit Dolorès, la danseuse de corde,  
Et ce leur est un sujet de discorde.

Pourtant, huissier hippique à l'œil loyal,  
Cet excellent monsieur Loyal,  
Dans ses mains grasses a trois fois frappé.  
L'orchestre polonais y va d'un air huppé  
Et Dolorès sur la corde s'élançe,  
Lors il se fait un grand silence.

Et Mister Clown assis sur son tambour  
Suit du fond des tristes coulisses  
Sa vie, sa foi, son âme, son cœur et son amour  
Qui glissent  
Et tourbillonnent dans la lumière  
Selon les lois mathématiques  
Dont s'émerveille le vulgaire,  
Aho yes! les jolis yeux du Cirque!

Voici que ces amours se posent  
La jambe en l'air, en maillot rose,  
Et Mister Clown, homme précis, constate,  
En bien considèrent la pose,  
Que son amour, sa foi que rien ne peut abattre,  
Sa vie, son cœur, son âme tiennent dans le chiffre 4.

But M. Salmon is not always witty, funambulesque; he can be bitter, profound, imaginative, moving. He is—or was—a nocturnal poet:—

J'aime les nuits de mi-carême,  
Les cigares, l'or dispensé,  
Une écharpe, un miroir glacé,  
Et les violons de Bohème.

J'aime le feu, j'aime l'alcool,  
Et sur tes mortels yeux d'idole,  
Autour des cils en auréoles,  
La jaune malice du khol.

He has strange encounters in nocturnal taverns with criminals and prostitutes; the streets outside are full of adventure; and on the blue curtain of tobacco smoke in his lonely reveries he contemplates the unfolding of unworldly dramas. An exotic poet, he has seen and put into his poetry all the variegated and much-mixed life of Europe; sometimes, by a complication of the mind, dream and reality mingle:

Un soir, près de Fingal ou bien près de Moscou,  
J'ai vu trois déserteurs menant par une corde  
Viviane la fée au chapeau de lilas  
Que suivaient tristement Elisabeth la Sainte  
Et la reine Esclarmonde en robe de jacinthes;  
Je me souviens des vins que je bus ce soir-là.

And much more could be said of M. André Salmon.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here is another poem by M. Guillaume Appollinaire, whose *Alcools* I reviewed in December last:

MONPARNASSE.

O porte de l'hôtel avec deux plantes vertes  
Vertes qui jamais  
Ne porteront de fleurs  
Où sont mes fruits OÙ me plantè-je  
O porte de l'hôtel un ange est devant toi  
Distribuant des prospectus  
On n'a jamais si bien défendu la vertu  
Donnez-moi pour toujours une chambre à la semaine  
Ange barbu vous êtes en réalité  
Un poete lyrique d'Allemagne  
Qui voulez connaître Paris  
Vous connaissez de son pavé

## French Chronicle

Ces raies sur lesquelles il ne faut pas que l'on marche  
Et vous rêvez  
D'aller passer votre Dimanche à Garches  
Il fait un peu lourd et vos cheveux sont longs  
O bon petit poète un peu bête et trop blond  
Vos yeux ressemblent tant à ces deux grands ballons  
Qui s'en vont dans l'air pur  
A l'aventure

\* \* \* \* \*

M. Fernand Divoire, author of a satirical *Introduction à l'Etude de la Stratégie Littéraire*, has published *Poètes* (1908), *La Malédiction des Enfants* (1910), *L'Amoureux* (1912), chapters of a long poem of modern pain. MM. Alexandre Mercereau, André Spire, and Henri Hertz were three of the poets whose work was considered in the August, 1912, number of *our Poetry Review*. M. Hertz's *Apartés* were reviewed here last June. M. Louis de la Salle is the author of *Les Vaines Images* (1911). M. Max Jacob is, I am told, a mystery. M. Jean-Marc Bernard published last year *Sub Tegmine Fagi*, amours bergeries et jeux, which he promised (and forgot) to send to me. M. Charles Perrès is the author of *Les Bavardages d'Attila* and *L'Epouvantail et Saint François d'Assise*. I may get these books some day; but the pockets *minimorum poetarum* are not always well lined.

\* \* \* \* \*

M. René Bizet has just published *Le Front aux Vitres* (La Mêlée, fr. 1), which reveals a poet who is aware of what he owes to literary influences, who is anxious not to be taken in either by those influences or by his own sentiments, and who yet feels in giving way to both that he finds a sincere expression of himself:—

Nous buvions pour oublier quoi?  
Notre bonheur ou notre peine,  
Peut-être parce que Verlaine  
Buvait, étant ivre de foi.

Nous nous mentionnons pour le plaisir,  
Et nous trainions, vers les banquettes  
Des cafés, des cœurs de poètes  
Qui souffraient de ne pas souffrir.

His pictures are not blurred ; his melancholy is not a pose ; and his sentiments are not sloppy. In a word, his little book of verse does not bore you. M. Bizet's sources of inspiration are very much the same as those of M. André Salmon, but he is simpler :

TROIS NEGRES SUR UN BATEAU.

Sur le pont du steamer qu' incline  
Un tangage capricieux,  
Trois nègres tristes et frileux  
Ecoutent le chant des machines.

De longs pardessus fatigués  
Couvrent leur carcasse qui perce  
L'étoffe. Et la bise traverse  
Leurs pantalons effilochés.

Ils regardent je ne sais quoi,  
Désabusés et rachitiques,  
Et tendent leur dos à la trique  
D'un crépuscule amer et froid.

Là-bas le port se vêt de brume ;  
Un trombone d'orchestre las  
Nasille un air de Bamboula ;  
Des lampions lugubres s'allument.

Et soudain, comme en une fête  
Barbare, au bord de l'O'ango,  
Sur la musique à trémolos  
On voit danser les trois squelettes.

\* \* \* \* \*

There remains, then, of the list given above a little band of poets who really constitute the "fantaisiste" group: Claudien, Fagus, Francis Carco, Tristan Derème, Jean Pellerin, Paul-Jean Toulet (and M. Jean-Marc Bernard, and one or two others). They name each other in their verses, or dedicate their poems to each other. They form a small school therefore. But their work, published in plaquettes or in reviews, is not easy to obtain. A series of volumes, called *La Collection des Cinq* (Coulanges, Marseille, subscription only), is in course of publication which will make access to them easier. Two volumes have already appeared : *Au Vent Crispé du Matin*, by Francis Carco,

## *French Chronicle*

and *La Flûte Fleurie*, by Tristan Derème. These will be followed by *Mauvais Chemins*, Claudien; *Contrerimes*, P.-J. Toulet; *Familières*, Jean Pellerin. And an anthology of "fantaisistes" poems, with a preface by Francis Carco, occupies one half (70 pages) of the last number of *Vers et Prose*, tome xxxv. But, as I have no more space, I must return to these poets in my next article.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—*L'Homme-Fourmi*, Han Ryner; *Jules Renard*, Maurice Mignon (*Cahiers du Centre*) (Figuière, fr. 3.50 each); *La Pelouse*, Cécile Périn (Sansot 3.50); *La Mauvaise Aventure*, A. M. Gossez; *L'Art Héroïque*, Edouard Guerber; *Le Cirque Passionné*, Marcel Millet (Crès, 3.50 each); *Le Dessous du Masque*, François Porché (*Now. Rev. Fran.*, 3.50); *Nostalgies Françaises*, Daniel Thaly (*La Phalange*, 3.50); *Le Cœur du Sphinx*, Jeanne Myrsand (Basset, 3.50). REVIEWS.—*Mercur de France*, *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, *La Phalange*, *Le Temps Présent*, *Vers et Prose*, *La Vie des Lettres*, *L'Effort Libre*, *Poème et Drame*, *La Revue Critique des Idées et des Livres*, *La Renaissance Française*, *La Flora*, *Le Double Bouquet*.

F. S. FLINT

# AMERICAN POETRY

(THE CASE FOR THE DEFENDANT.)

I SUPPOSE not even an American could appreciate the grotesque humour of Mr Alford's misconceptions in his quasi-chronicle of "American Poetry" in the December number of *POETRY AND DRAMA*. For two reasons: The first reason is the American's absurd sense of humour, which has always been frightfully exaggerated; and the second reason is his equally absurd sense of honour, which it is impossible to exaggerate. But merely because Mr Alford's misunderstandings will not be taken at their full comic value, it does not follow that they must be taken seriously. If I were to take, as a base for an article on "English Poetry," one unrepresentative anthology, one mediocre poetic drama, and a dozen volumes by such "characteristic" contemporary poets as Arthur E. J. Legge, J. A. Mackereth, John Helston, Gerald Gould, and Edmund John, the resulting review would be an interesting literary curiosity. Mr Alford has done almost precisely this thing. He seems to be even less acquainted with current American poetry than a literary critic on an American newspaper. As far as his dictum on the nineteenth century is concerned, it is hard to pick a quarrel with him; when he says that "it begins with Poe and ends with Whitman," and that "the actual poetry of Holmes, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell combined, when compared with these two, could be put into half a dozen pages," one agrees, though tempted to ask Mr Alford why he slights Bryant, who wrote better lyrics than any of the New England group. One also wonders, in passing, whether Mr Alford has ever heard of Sidney Lanier, or the negro folk-songs of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, and whether Poe was any more an "exotic" than Keats.

But to come to the real meat of the matter, Mr Alford's chief complaint is that the American poets do not "feel the dignity or vitality of their own country," and that therefore they will not write about it. I reply, that it is quite true that Messrs Cale Young Rice, Herman Hagedorn,

## *American Poetry*

Clinton Scollard, Rhys Carpenter and most of the others do not express their country or themselves, but how could they? No one but Mr Alford has ever thought of them as American poets. Mr Rice is considered (if he is considered at all) not, as Mr Alford declares, "with much honour on the other side," but with an ironic pity. In short, he is considered not so much a dramatist as an anachronism. Messrs Hagedorn, Scollard, and Carpenter all write at length and adequately, but I doubt if even they contend that their verse is typical of America and the day.

But there is a new utterance making itself heard here which is racy and indigenous; sometimes, as in the case of James Oppenheim, it stammers and loses itself in jargon, but it is always searching; the poet of this group reveals himself always by revealing his environment. In no sense do the writers of this circle constitute a school; nevertheless they are a well-defined group, being actuated by similar though variously expressed motives. One of these poets is William Ellery Leonard, whom Mr Alford dismisses with the statement that his (Leonard's) poetry "shows itself in a profusion of capital letters, in such phrases as 'Primordial Earth,' 'O once again with Nature face to face,' and that it represents "the attempt to grapple with big ideas by a mind too small to compass them." In rebuttle I submit this sonnet, "The Insulting Letter," from "The Vaunt of Man" by Leonard:

Thanks for that insult.—I had too much peace :  
In the stone tavern down in yonder vale  
For a brief space too much of cakes and ale,  
Too much of laughter. An ignoble ease  
Had lured me from my vows and destinies.  
I had forgot the torrent and the gale,  
The cliff, the sunrise, and the forest trail,  
And how I throve by nature but with these.

Thanks for that insult.—For it was your pen  
Stirred the old blood and made me man again.  
And crushing your letter with all thought of you,  
Inviolat will and fiery dream, I rose ;  
Struck for the mountains, put my business through,  
And stood victorious over larger foes.

James Oppenheim is another one of the younger men whose prose, particularly in his later novels, is lifted by those large rhythms which



distinguished his *Monday Morning and Other Poems*. With all its consonantal harshness and technical imperfection, Mr Oppenheim's poetry gives one the very incoherent spirit of New York. John Hall Wheelock is another remarkable poet of the city; his *The Human Fantasy* was followed rapidly by *The Beloved Adventure* and *Love and Liberation*, and although neither of the succeeding volumes measured up to the first, there is enough material in any one of them for a lengthy and laudatory consideration. Here is a lyric—an American lyric, I venture to assert—which he calls "Sunday Evening; in the Boston Common":

Look—on the topmost branches of the world  
The blossoms of the myriad stars are thick;  
Over the huddled rows of stone and brick  
A few, sad wisps of empty smoke are curled  
Like ghosts, languid and sick.

One breathless moment now the city's moaning  
Fades, and the endless streets seem vague and dim;  
There is no sound around the whole world's rim,  
Save in the distance a small band is droning  
Some desolate old hymn.

Van Wyck, how often have we been together  
When this same moment made all mysteries clear—  
The infinite stars that brood above us here;  
And the gray city in the soft June weather  
So tawdry, and so dear!

Then there is the work of Joyce Kilmer, arresting with its naive and intense expression, though it still owes considerably to Edwin Arlington Robinson, who, next to Whitman, is the greatest influence in America at present and who is not even mentioned by Mr Alford; Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, whose *Rhymes to be Traded for Bread* contains much that none but an American of to-day could have written; John G. Neihardt, with his vibrant *Man-Song* and the more restrained *Stranger at the Gate*; Arthur Davison Ficke, George Sterling, Sara Teasdale, Zoë Akins, Edna Millay and half a dozen others—all trying to register their own times in terms of their own times.

Also Edwin Markham is still living (he whose *The Man with the Hoe* Mr Alford may remember); so is Bliss Carman, whose lusty *Songs of Vagabondia* and whose habitat make it safe to classify him among

## *American Poetry*

the Americans. Which brings to light the curious fact that a critic has written an article on American Poetry (beginning with the New England group and ending with Ezra Pound), and not once was the name of Richard Hovey mentioned. Mr Alford should really pay us another visit.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

---

### *The Editor of POETRY AND DRAMA.*

SIR,—I have read with much interest Mr John Alford's recent article on American verse, and I feel that possibly you and your readers, and even Mr Alford, may also read with interest a communication on the subject from one of us Americans, "to whom," as Mr Alford would say, "it belongs." I wish chiefly to endorse Mr Alford's statements. His article contains much truth, and if the critic, in displaying a quality of thought and expression about equal to that of the criticised, lends a somewhat comic effect to his contribution as a whole, that is not to be regretted. To be sure, many of the American writers of verse mentioned by Mr Alford are obscure, even in their own country; while he omits to mention several who are better known, and, in my opinion, better worthy to be known. Let me hasten to assure you, I am not one of them! But that is of little importance, really; even if Mr Alford has only read the worst of our recent poets, as seems likely, he has not missed much, nor gone far wrong. For his main contention is true. American poetry, with the exception of a few poems by men now dead, is insignificant.

This is a mystery, and one upon which great quantities of valuable, or at least comparatively valuable, paper and ink have been expended. I do not think the choice of subjects is to blame. It is, of course, ridiculous for Americans to write insipid verses about European antiquities and culture. It is as ridiculous as it is for Englishmen and Germans to write about Greece and Rome, or about American poetry. But the former absurdity, like the latter, does little harm, and Mr Alford should not allow it to annoy him. It is not even altogether an absurdity, for just as the northern barbarians, our common ancestors, were heirs to the Mediterranean civilisation, so we

westerners are heirs to that of Europe as a whole. And, to apply the test of practice, the only American lyric I can recall which seems to me great, Poe's *Helen*, depends upon an allusion to the classical past, which the poet, by some miracle, evidently really felt.

Yes, the poverty of American poetry, like many another observed fact, is a mystery. Why are there no great men at present? Why are nearly all contemporary plays maudlin or lascivious, or both? Why is art, in general, so bad? Why have the English, with all the sense of beauty and technique which they have exhibited in literature, produced hardly anything in sculpture or painting which it is even possible to look at without pain? And so forth. These are questions which the whimperings of critics bring no nearer to solution.

Yours, etc.,

CHARLES T. RYDER

Colorado Springs, U.S.A., *Feb.* 3, 1914.

[NOTE BY JOHN ALFORD.—Mr Untermeyer's complaint comes to this: that I have written on modern American poetry, and condemned it, taking for data a few books by inferior and unrepresentative authors and passing them off as typical and representative works. But if he will return for a moment, to my article, he will find that that is expressly what I did *not* do. If the books mentioned had been of a different order there would have been no need to disclaim the position of Chronicler, nor to write, "I am aware that there are many poets in America whose work has not been taken into consideration, and that those criticised are by no means all of the best"—an ambiguous sentence, I admit, which might mean either that there were other equally good if not better poets than those named, or that some of those named were of an inferior order to the rest. Either interpretation would be true, but the former was clearly the intention of the sentence. The obvious reason for criticising those contemporary authors particularly named was that theirs happened to be the only books recently submitted to *POETRY AND DRAMA* and handed over to me for review. The work of other contemporary poets did not seem, and has not since seemed, to me to be of sufficient merit or importance to remove the general strictures I then made. The title of the article was perhaps misleading. Self-confessedly, it had no right to that of "Chronicle," and as the inclusion of Professor Bronson's anthology necessitated some survey of the nineteenth-century poets and justified an examination and criticism of past and present tendencies, there was little choice but to call it "American Poetry."

## *American Poetry*

Thus the article assumed something of the nature of a compromise, from which, it appears, misunderstanding has arisen. The remedy for future occasions is clear. Let the authors or the publishers submit their books more fully, in order that the reviewer may be supplied with adequate data for a comprehensive chronicle. Whatever the opinions expressed, there can then be no cause for further misunderstanding and complaints about omission.

In the meantime, Mr Untermeyer has virtually thrown down a challenge. It is impossible in the short time and space now left at my disposal to take into consideration, in any manner which he would admit to be adequate, the work of the dozen or so authors he has brought forward. As, however, it is clearly desirable, in the circumstances, that this should be done, I am to have an opportunity of examining them in detail in the June number of POETRY AND DRAMA.]

# A LIST OF RECENT BOOKS

## ENGLISH POETRY

- A Ballad of Men, and Other Verses.* By William Blane. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)
- A Happy New Year, and Other Verses.* By C. E. de la Poer Beresford. (Spottiswoode, Eton College.)
- Aids to the Immortality of Certain Persons in Ireland Charitably Administered.* New Edition, with Poems added. By Susan L. Mitchell. (Maunsell. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Held over for review.]
- Another Book of the Sirens: Essays, Stories, Verses, etc.* By Rathmell Wilson. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Apes and Peacocks: Verses in Varied Vein.* By Norman Boothroyd. (Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)
- At Oxford, and Other Poems.* By Bernard W. Henderson. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)
- A Venture in Variety: Being Essays and Verse.* By George Duncan Grey, LL.D. (Lynwood. 2s. 6d. net.)
- A Woman's Reliquary.* (Cuala Press. 10s. 6d.)
- Bethlehem, and Other Verse.* By H. L. Hubbard. (Heffer. 1s. net.)
- Companionship: Poems.* By Adèle Warren. (Long. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Cromwell, and Other Poems.* By John Drinkwater. (Nutt. 5s. net.)  
[Reviewed under *English Poetry*, p. 52; quoted, p. 83.]
- Early Poems.* By M. A. (Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Echoes: A Book of Verse.* By A. L. H. Anderson. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Edela, a Queen of Hearts: An Epic.* By Sarah Benson. (Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Eve, and Other Poems.* By Ralph Hodgson. (Flying Fame. 6d. net; large paper, hand-coloured, 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, September, 1913.]
- Fishing Rhymes.* By G. L. Ashley Dodd. (Mathews. 2s. net.)
- Five New Poems.* By James Stephens. (Flying Fame. 6d. net; large paper, hand-coloured, 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed under *English Poetry*, p. 52.]
- Flowers from a Poet's Garden.* By J. H. Carpenter. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)
- From Across the German Ocean.* By Margaret Arndt. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Good-bye, and Other Poems.* By N. Tier. (Drane. 1s. net.)
- Intimations of Heaven.* By H. E. Walker. (Elliot Stock. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Irish Poems.* By Katharine Tynan. (Sidgwick. 3s. 6d. net.)  
[Held over for review.]
- Irishry: Poems.* By Joseph Campbell. (Maunsell. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Held over for review.]
- Lanyard Lyrics.* By R. P. Keigwin. Illustrated by P. L. Butt. (Simpkin. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Later Lyrics and Lays.* By Jennie Trenner. (Macdonald. 2s. net.)
- Later Poems.* By Emily Hickey. (Richards. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Lyrics and Poems.* By Edith Rutter Leatham. (Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)

- Love-Songs, and Other Verses.* By Jean B. Stephenson. (Published by the Author. 1s. net.)
- Madge Linsey, and Other Poems.* By Dora Sigerson Shorter. (Maunsel. 1s. net.)  
[Held over for review.]
- Man, Other Poems, and a Preface.* By Marie C. Stopes. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Merrie Carlisle and Poems of Tradition.* By Hugh Falconer. (C. Thurnam. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Moods of the Inner Voice.* By S. H. Twells, Jun. (Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Nadir the Persian, and Other Poems.* By Herbert Sherring. (Methuen. 6s.)  
[Reviewed under *English Poetry*, p. 52.]
- Narcissus: A Poem.* By Margaret Macewen. With Decorations by A. French. (Dent. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Odd Numbers.* By Robert Calignoc. (Bell. 1s. net.)
- Patriot or Traitor.* By Charles G. Fall. (Elliot Stock. 4s. net.)
- Phelim the Blind.* By Margaret Annie Pike. (Headley Bros. 1s. net.)
- Philomeia.* By Phyllis Gleadow. (Humphreys. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Frances Layland-Barratt. (Simpkin. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Horace Ward Chandler. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Poems: Vol. I., Original Poems.* By Edward Dowden. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed under *English Poetry*, p. 52; quoted, p. 74.]
- Poems and Miscellaneous Verse.* By J. W. Thatcher. (C. Taylor. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Poems and Sketches in the Lancashire Dialect.* By Edwin Waugh. (Heywood. 6d. net.)
- Poems for Leisure Moments.* By J. R. Penty. (Drane. 1s. net.)
- Poems in Five Phases.* By Charles Bridges. (Arrowsmith. 2s. net.)
- Poems, together with Ballads of Old Birmingham.* New Series. By E. M. Rudland. (Nutt. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Region of Lutany.* By Winifred Ellerman. (Chapman. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Rhymes of the Deep Sea.* By H. G. Dixey. (Simpkin. 1s. net.)
- Sa Muse S'Amuse.* By Wilfrid Blair. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Short Poems.* By Gertrude de la Poer. (Fifield. 1s. net.)
- Songs in Sail, and Other Chantys.* By C. Fox-Smith. (Mathews. 1s. 6d. and 1s. net.)
- Songs of Aphrodite, and Other Poems.* By Lady Margaret Sackville. (Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)  
[Quoted, p. 90.]
- Songs of Love, and Other Verses.* By T. Disney. (Ouseley. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Songs of Sports and Pastimes.* By Cyril Stacey. (Vinton. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Songs of Sunshine.* By Olive Linnell. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s. net.)
- Songs Satanic and Celestial.* By L. Spence. (Mathews. 1s. 6d. net; sewed, 1s. net.)
- Svold, a Norse Sea Battle.* By S. F. B. Lane. (Nutt. 2s. 6d. net.)
- St. Paul at Athens.* By Claud Field. (Bowes. 1s. net.)
- The Bull.* By Ralph Hodgson. (Flying Fame. 6d. net; large paper, hand-coloured, 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed under *English Poetry*, p. 52; quoted, p. 69.]
- The Blessed Company: Verses.* By Constance Arbuthnot. (Gardner, Darton. 1s. net.)
- The Conscience of a King, and Other Pieces.* By Paul Hookham. (Simpkin. 2s. 6d. net.)

*The Crescent Moon : Child Poems.* By Rabindranath Tagore. Illustrated. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

[Reviewed under *English Poetry*, p. 52 ; quoted, p. 75.]

*The Dear Land of the Heart : Poems.* By Arthur F. Bell. (Combridges. 3s. 6d. net.)

*The Doctor's Ride, and Other Poems.* By Janet E. Henderson. (Douglas, Edinburgh. 3s. 6d. net.)

*The Hidden Life : Songs of Faith.* By G. W. Briggs. (Jarrold. 1s. net.)

*The Living Chalice, and Other Poems.* By Susan L. Mitchell. New Edition, with Poems added. (Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.)

[Held over for review.]

*The Lonely Dancer, and Other Poems.* By Richard Le Gallienne. (Lane. 5s. net.)

[Reviewed under *English Poetry*, p. 52 ; quoted, p. 86.]

*The Mark of the East, and Other Verses.* By J. M. Symns. (Thacker. 3s. 6d. net.)

*The Message of the King, Ad Britannos, and Other Poems.* By James Storrie. (Gardner. 2s. 6d. net.)

*The Mystery, and Other Poems.* By Ralph Hodgson. (Flying Fame. 6d. net ; large paper, hand-coloured, 2s. 6d. net.)

[Reviewed under *English Poetry*, p. 52.]

*The Reveille : Varied Verse.* By H. P. Fitz-Gerald Marriott. (St. Catherine Press. 3s. net.)

*The Saga of King Lir : A Sorrow of a Story.* By George Sigerson. (Maunsel. 1s. net.)

*The Saviour of the World. Vol. VI.—The Training of the Disciples.* By C. M. Mason. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.)

*The Secret Hill : Poems.* By Ruth and Celia Duffin. (Maunsel. 1s. net.)

[Held over for review.]

*The Sign of the Tree.* By Harriet Mason Kilburn. (Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

*The Song of Honour.* By Ralph Hodgson. (Flying Fame. 6d. net ; large paper, hand-coloured, 2s. 6d. net.)

[Reviewed under *English Poetry*, p. 52 ; quoted, p. 70.]

*The Song of the V.A.D., with Legends of Sussex and Surrey, Old and New.* By "Commandant." (St. Catherine Press. 1s. 6d. net.)

*The Story of the Nativity, and Other Verses.* By Thomas B. Pollock. (Cornish Bros. 3s. 6d. net.)

*The Stricken King, and Other Poems.* By Horace Holley. (A. H. Bullen. 2s. 6d. net.)

[Quoted, p. 92.]

*The Upward Calling : Poems.* By P. Hurst. (Marshall Bros. 1s. net.)

*The White Gate, and Other Poems.* By Lorna Leigh. (Hewetson. 1s. 6d. net.)

*The White Rosary.* By Elsé Carrier. (C. H. Kelly. 6d. net.)

*The Wine Press : A Tale of War.* By Alfred Noyes. (Blackwood. 4s. 6d. net.)

[Reviewed under *English Poetry*, p. 52 ; quoted, p. 85.]

*Time and the Timeless.* By a Physician. (Glaisher. 2s. 6d. net.)

*Unto the West, and Other Poems.* By Edith E. Harris. (Hudson, Birmingham.)

*Wheat from Tares : A Narrative Poem.* By George H. Nettle. (Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)

*Willow's Forge, and Other Poems.* By Sheila Kaye-Smith. (Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)

## REPRINTS AND COLLECTED EDITIONS

- A Midsummer Night's Dream : Songs and Incidental Music.* Arranged and Composed by Cecil J. Sharp, for Granville Barker's Production at the Savoy Theatre, January, 1914. (Simpkin. 1s. 6d. net.)
- A Shropshire Lad.* By A. E. Housman. Illustrated. (Richards. Reduced to 3s. 6d. net.)
- Collected Poems.* By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Goschen. 5s. net.)  
[Reviewed, December, 1913.]
- Collected Poems.* By Grace Denis Litchfield. (Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Collected Poems.* By Margaret L. Woods. With Portrait. (Lane. 5s. net.)  
[Reviewed under *English Poetry*, p. 52 ; quoted, p. 78.]
- Collected Poems.* By Newman Howard. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed under *English Poetry*, p. 52 ; quoted, p. 72.]
- Erebus.* By Evangeline Ryves. Second Edition, with a Preface. (Mathews. 1s. 6d. net.)  
[Quoted, p. 91.]
- Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and Other Poems.* By Christina Rossetti. (World's Classics. H. Milford. 1s. net ; leather, 1s. 6d. net.)
- In City Streets and Country Lanes.* By Alexander Brown. (Fraser, Asher. 3s. net.)
- Joseph Beaumont : Minor Poems, 1616-1699.* Edited by E. Robinson. (Constable. 21s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 62.]
- Legends and Lyrics.* By Adelaide Procter. First and Second Series in one Vol. (Life and Light Books. Bell. 1s. net.)
- Lord Byron : Childe Harold, Canto IV.* Edited with Introduction and Notes by H. F. Tozer. (H. Milford, Clarendon Press. 1s. 3d. net.)
- Marlowe's Edward II.* Edited by W. D. Briggs. (Nutt. 12s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 62.]
- Matthew Arnold : Poetical Works, 1840-1869.* Introduction by Richard Garnett. (The Great Poets. Ward, Lock. 2s. net.)
- Merlin : A Middle-English Metrical Version of a French Romance.* By Harry Love-lich, Skinner and Citizen of London (c. 1450 A.D.). Part II. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossaries, by Dr Ernst A. Kock. (H. Milford. 15s. net.)
- Milton : Lycidas, L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso.* Edited by Oliver Elton. (H. Milford, Clarendon Press. 1s. net.)
- Poems.* By Arthur Hugh Clough. Sixth Edition. With Introduction by Charles Whibley. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By J. V. Rowe. Cheaper Edition. (Lynwood. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Poems and Ballads.* By Hermann Hagedorn. New Edition. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)
- Poems and Lyrics.* By Robert Nicoll. With a Memoir of the Author. Centenary Edition. (A. Gardner. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Representative English Comedies. Vol. II.—The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare : Ben Jonson, and Others.* With Introductory Essays and Notes. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)
- Robert Browning : Poetical Works.* (Oxford Edition. H. Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)



- Robert Fergusson : Scots Poems.* (Foulis. 1s. net.)
- Rose Windows. Book I.* By R. V. Heckscher. (Allen. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Shakespeare : Antony and Cleopatra.* Edited by G. W. Benedict. (Tudor Shakespeare. Macmillan. 1s. net.)
- Shakespeare : Richard II.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by G. S. Gordon. (H. Milford, Clarendon Press. 1s. net.)
- Shakespeare : The Tempest.* Edited by H. E. Greene. (Tudor Shakespeare. Macmillan 1s. net.)
- Shakespeare : The Tragedy of Cymbeline.* Edited by Horace Howard Furness. New Variorum Edition. (Lippincott. 15s. net.)
- Sir Thomas Wiat : Poems.* Edited from the MSS. and Early Editions by A. K. Foxwell. 2 Vols. (Hodder. 21s. net.)
- [Reviewed, p. 62.]
- The Book of Nonsense and More Nonsense.* By Edward Lear. With all the Original Pictures and Verses. (Warne. 5s. net.)
- The Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer.* The Text by W. W. Skeat. Illustrated after Drawings by W. Russell Flint. Vols. II. and III. (Lee Warner. £7 17s. 6d. the set of three Vols.)
- The Lays of Ancient Rome.* Lord Macaulay. Illustrated by Norman Ault. (Williams & Norgate. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Listeners, and Other Poems.* By Walter de la Mare. Second Impression. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Shepherdess, and Other Verses.* By Alice Meynell. (Burnes & Oates. 1s. net.)
- The Songs of the Ettrick Shepherd.* (Foulis. 1s. net.)
- William Blake : Poetical Works.* Edited, with an Introduction and Textual Notes, by John Sampson. (Oxford Edition of Standard Authors. H. Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)
- [Reviewed, p. 62.]

#### AMERICAN BOOKS RECEIVED

- Beyond the Stars.* By Charles Hanson Towne. (Mitchell Kennerley. 4s. net.)
- General William Booth Enters into Heaven, and Other Poems.* By Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. (Mitchell Kennerley. 4s. 6d. net.)
- The Little Book of Modern American Verse.* Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. (Houghton Mifflin. 4s. net.)
- The Poet, the Fool, and the Fairies.* By Madison Cawein. (Small, Maynard. 6s. net.)

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS

- Marjory May : More Verses.* By Isabel M. Carswell. (Gowans. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Simple Recitations for Infants.* By Ellen Rose. (E. J. Arnold. 1s. net.)
- The Browns : A Book of Bears.* Verses by B. Parker. Illustrated by N. Parker. Cheaper Edition. (Chambers. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Cubies ABC.* Verses by M. M. Lyall. Pictured by E. H. Lyall. (Putnam. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Way to Fairyland.* Verses by E. E. B. Illustrated by Elsie Winchcombe. (Buyers and Sellers Publishing Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

## ANTHOLOGIES AND RECITERS

- A Calendar of Verse.* With an Introduction by G. Saintsbury. New Edition. (Rivington. 1s. net.)
- A Century of Parody and Imitation.* Edited by Walter Jerrold and R. M. Leonard. (Oxford Poets. H. Milford. 2s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 62.]
- A Little Book of Courage.* By Annie Matheson. (Gay & Hancock. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 62.]
- An Anthology of English Verse, for Use in Schools and Colleges.* By A. J. Watt and S. E. Goggin. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. (Clive. 2s. 6d. net.)
- A Selection of Verses from the Manchester University Magazine, 1868-1912.* (Sherratt & Hughes. 4s. 6d. net.)
- Broad-Sheet Ballads. Being a Collection of Irish Popular Songs.* With an Introduction by Padraic Colum. (Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 62.]
- English Literature in Prose and Verse from Dryden to Burke.* Compiled by Edith L. Elias. (Harrap. 1s. 3d. net.)
- For Remembrance : Daily Selections from the Poems of Christina Rossetti.* Compiled by Frances Maclean. (Simpkin. 2s. net.)
- Harrow in Prose and Verse.* Edited by George Townsend Warner. Illustrated in Colour from Sketches by Arthur Garratt, and from Portraits. (Hodder. Buckram, 63s. net ; vellum, 105s. net.)
- Ships, Sea-Songs, and Shanties.* Collected by W. B. Whall. Third Edition, enlarged. (J. Brown. 3s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 62.]
- The Oxford Book of Spanish Verse : XIIIth-XXth Century.* Chosen by James Fitz-Maurice-Kelly. (H. Milford. Clarendon Press. 7s. net.)
- The Poet's Symphony : Being a Collection of Verses, written by some of those who in time past have loved music.* Arranged for the present time by George Hyde Wollaston. (Arrowsmith. 5s. net.)
- The Wild Harp.* A Selection of Irish Poetry by Katharine Tynan. With Decorations by C. M. Watts. (Sidgwick. 7s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 62.]

## TRANSLATIONS

- Aristophanes : The Acharnians.* As played by the Oxford University Dramatic Society, February, 1914. With Translation into English Verse by R. Y. Tyrrell. (Milford. 1s. net.)
- Dante : The Divine Comedy.* Translated by E. M. Shaw. (Constable. 8s. 6d. net.)
- Euripides : Bacchæ.* A Translation by F. A. Evelyn. (Heath, Cranston. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe.* Translated into English Verse by S. Jewett. (Putnam. 6s. net.)

- François Villon : Poems.* Translated by H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Goethe : West-Eastern Divan.* In twelve Books. Translated by Edward Dowden. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)
- Horace : Odes.* Translated into English Verse. (MacLehose. 4s. 6d. net.)
- Horace : The Odes and Epodes.* With an English Translation by C. E. Bennett. (Loeb Classical Library. Heinemann. 5s. net ; leather, 6s. 6d. net.)
- Lyrics from the Chinese.* By Helen Waddell. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 62.]
- Poems from the Portuguese.* With the Portuguese Text. Translated by Aubrey F. G. Bell. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Sophocles.* Translated into English Verse by A. S. Way. Part II. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Theodore de Banville : Ballades.* Translated into English Verse by A. T. Strong. (Macmillan. 3s. net.)
- The Rose Garden of Persia.* (Foulis. 5s. net.)

#### DRAMA

- An Age of Steel : Plays and Episodes.* By Evan Poole. (Heath, Cranston. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Change : A Glamorgan Play in Four Acts.* By J. O. Francis. (Sidgwick. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Four Dramatic Studies : The Lonely Woman, Hop-pickers, The Curt, Rosalie.* By W. Forthergill Robinson. (Blackwell. 1s. net.)
- Landed Gentry : A Comedy in Four Acts.* By W. S. Maugham. (Heinemann. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Mary Goes First : A Comedy in Three Acts, and an Epilogue.* By Henry Arthur Jones. (Bell. 1s. net.)
- Pastor Futurous : A Dramatic Idyll.* By John Huntley Skrine. (Longmans. 5s. net.)
- Placing Paul's Play : A Miniature Comedy in One Act.* By Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Downing. (F. Griffiths. 6d. net.)
- Smith : A Comedy in Four Acts.* By W. S. Maugham. (Heinemann. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Melting-Pot : A Drama in Four Acts.* By Israel Zangwill. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Misfortune of Being Clever.* Translated from the Russian of A. S. Griboyedof by S. W. Pring. (Nutt. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Pilgrim's Progress : A Sacred Drama in Four Acts. Adapted from John Bunyan's Immortal Allegory.* By W. Stephens. (F. Griffiths. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Prince's Predicament : A Romantic Comedy.* By Robert Arthur Dillon. (Greening. 6s.)
- The Snubbing of Fanny : A Play in One Act.* By Winifred St. Clair. (F. Griffiths. 6d. net.)
- The Tenth Man : A Tragic Comedy in Three Acts.* By W. S. Maugham. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d.; sewed, 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Way of the Heart : A Play in Three Acts.* By Amice Macdonell. (Allen. 6d. net.)

- The Wolf of Gubbio: A Comedy in Three Acts.* By Josephine Preston Peabody. (Longmans. 5s. net.)
- Three Plays: The Shadow, The Mother, The Secret Woman.* By Eden Phillpotts. (Duckworth. 6s.)

#### MISCELLANEOUS

- Aaron Hill, Poet, Dramatist, Projector.* By Dorothy Brewster. (H. Milford. 6s. 6d. net.)
- Browning and his Poetry.* By Ernest Rhys. (Poetry and Life Series. Harrap. 1s. net.)
- Burns.* By Lauchlan M. Watt. (The Nation's Library. W. Collins. 1s. net.)
- Castelvetro's Theory of Poetry.* By H. B. Charlton. (Sherratt & Hughes. 5s. net.)
- Coleridge and Wordsworth in the West Country, their Friendship, Work and Surroundings.* By Prof. Knight. Illustrated by E. H. New. (Mathews. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Euripides, the Rationalist. A Study in the History of Art and Religion.* By A. W. Verrall. New Edition. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Francis Thompson, the Preston-born Poet.* By John Thomson. (Simpkin. 3s. 6d. net.)
- George Crabbe.* Quain Essay, 1913. By W. Strang. (Hodder. 1s. net.)
- Johnson's Life of Dryden.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Alfred Milnes. (H. Milford. Clarendon Press. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Our Irish Theatre: A Chapter of Autobiography.* By Lady Gregory. Illustrated. (Putnam. 5s. net.)
- Paul Verlaine.* By Stefan Zweig. (Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Paul Verlaine.* By Wilfrid Thorley. (Modern Biographies. Constable. 1s. net.)
- Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate: Readings from his Poems.* By T. Herbert Warren. (Clarendon Press. 1s. net.)
- Sādhana: The Realisation of Life.* By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
- Schiller and his Poetry.* By William Henry Hudson. (Poetry and Life Series. Harrap. 1s. net.)
- Shakespeare's Hamlet: The Story of the Play concisely told.* Illustrated. (The Cinema Books. No. 1. S. Paul. 1s. net.)
- Shakespeare's Stories.* By C. and M. Maud. Illustrated. (E. Arnold. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Shakespeare: The Man and his Work.* Seven Essays. By Morton Luce. (Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Shakespeare to Shaw: Studies in the Life's Work of Six Dramatists of the English Stage.* By Cecil Ferend Armstrong. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)
- The Expositor's Dictionary of Poetical Quotations.* By J. Moffatt. (Hodder. 12s. 6d. net.)
- The Franciscan Poets in Italy of the Thirteenth Century.* By Frederick Ozanam. (Nutt. 6s. net.)
- The Old Miracle Plays of England.* By Netta Syrett. Illustrated. New Edition. (Mowbray. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Sonnets of William Shakespeare: New Light and Old Evidence.* By Countess Chambrun. (Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Through the Torii.* By Yone Noguchi. (Mathews. 5s.)
- Wordsworth and his Poetry.* By William Henry Hudson. (Poetry and Life Series. Harrap. 1s. net.)

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
<b>VARIA :</b>	<b>122</b>
Vicious Misrepresentation—Mr Balfour's Address—Frédéric Mistral—Keats Discoveries—A Dramatic Heresy.	
<b>POETRY :</b>	
Anna Wickham . . . . .	129
Maurice Hewlett . . . . .	137
John Gould Fletcher . . . . .	144
Francis Macnamara . . . . .	150
<b>DRAMA :</b>	
Edward Storer . . . . .	153
<b>STUDY :</b>	
On Impressionism . . . . . <i>Ford Madox Hueffer</i>	167
<b>NEW BOOKS AND CHRONICLES :</b>	
English Poetry . . . . . <i>Harold Monro</i>	176
Reprints and Anthologies . . . . . <i>Edward Thomas</i>	185
Biography . . . . .	189
Extracts from Recent Poetry :	190
New Numbers—The Anthology des Imagistes—The Sea is Kind : T. Sturge Moore—The Two Blind Countries : Rose Macaulay—Cubist Poems : Max Weber—Creation : Horace Holley—Collected Poems : Norman Gale—Irishry : Joseph Campbell—Aids to the Immortality of Certain Persons in Ireland : Susan Mitchell—Side Slips : Griffyth Fairfax.	
Dramatic Chronicle . . . . . <i>Gilbert Cannan</i>	205
Printed Plays . . . . . <i>Leonard Inkster</i>	207
French Chronicle . . . . . <i>F. S. Flint</i>	211
German Chronicle . . . . . <i>T. E. Hulme</i>	221
Contemporary American Poetry . . . . . <i>John Alford</i>	229
<b>A LIST OF RECENT BOOKS . . . . .</b>	<b>242</b>

## VICIOUS MISREPRESENTATION

**A**N extract from a pronouncement by Mr Alfred Noyes has just come to our notice. Mr Noyes, as is probably known to our readers, has recently been appointed to a "visiting professorship" in America; he has therefore been interviewed by the press on the subject of poetry; his utterances are delivered with the confidence of one in a position to form an opinion; they will have been read by thousands of people; he evidently fails, however, to realise his responsibilities, for he is guilty of the following mean and utterly unwarrantable misrepresentation:—

"The people who publish a magazine called POETRY AND DRAMA have what they call the 'Poetry Bookshop.' They hold meetings there, and they have provided 'simple, austere beds' for 'simple, austere' young poets from the country to sleep in. And the young poets from the country come with their long hair and flowing neckties and pose and read their own verses, and bring the contempt of the man in the street down on all poetry."

Now it is possible that Mr Noyes has in his turn been misrepresented by his reporter; nevertheless, in substance, he must have uttered something of the sort quoted. We are not admirers of Mr Noyes' poetry; it seems likely that his remarks were dictated by odium for POETRY AND DRAMA. Yet he was not speaking as a poet, but as a professor, and he should not have allowed his private grudges to influence his public pronouncements. We may add that Mr Noyes has never been to the Poetry Bookshop.

¶ POETRY AND DRAMA is published at the Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, Theobalds Road, London, W.C., quarterly on March 15, June 15, September 15, and December 15.

¶ Copies are procurable through all Booksellers and Newsagents.

¶ The Annual Subscription is 10s. 6d. post free to all countries.

¶ Outside contributions are considered, and the Editor will endeavour to return all declined MSS. if *typewritten* and accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

## MR BALFOUR'S ADDRESS

IN his recent presidential address before the English Association Mr Balfour elected to discuss the comparative advantages of prose and verse for argument. He examined Dryden and Pope at some length, but his discourse was chiefly interesting for his analysis of the particular pleasures of poetry. These he conceived to be derived from (1) "the melody of language," (2) "the satisfaction of seeing a difficult thing admirably done," (3) "the use of ornament and decoration in enrichment," and (4) "the power of compression, the power of producing intensity which poetry possesses in a degree far exceeding prose." That these are all sources of pleasure pre-eminently connected with poetry, we agree; its right to the title of poetry is, in fact, dependent on the extent to which it possesses them. But the tone of Mr Balfour's remarks suggested that in speaking of verse he had in mind only those regular and repetitive forms that have occupied the field of European poetry up to the last generation. With these we do not believe the characteristics of poetry enumerated by him have any exclusive connection. It is, at any rate, in this belief that much of the poetry of the day is being written, particularly in Italy and France, where *free verse* has such protagonists as MM. Paul Fort and Claudel. Mr Balfour avoided the difficulties of his subject, particularly in omitting to mention Whitman, who wrote didactic poetry in anything but regular metre. Milton in his day found it necessary to publish a prefatory note to *Paradise Lost* in defence of blank verse, which was then only customary in drama. We do not now consider a poem incomplete merely because it does not rhyme, and we are beginning to adopt the same attitude towards rhythm, not demanding authoritatively that there shall be the same number of stresses, at equal intervals, in each line. But there are still many who take it for granted that all poetry is also regular verse, and would follow Mr Balfour in speaking of using the one and choosing the other for certain purposes, without distinction. Perhaps it was this failure in definition which prevented him from arriving at any final conclusion. Certainly it is useless to discuss choice in a matter which lies outside that region; and as for verse, if it is not also poetry it does not much matter whether people argue in it or not.

## FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL

WE have to record with regret the passing away of a great man, Frédéric Mistral, who died on the 25th March last, at Maillane, his native town. To us English who have guarded hitherto the traditions of our tongue intact, the problem faced and solved by Mistral may seem a remote one; but in every part of Europe where there is and has been a struggle to maintain the integrity of a race, Mistral's life-work has been an inspiration:—Catalonians, Roumanians, Bohemians, Croatians, Swedes, Finns, Frisians, Flemish, and Irish, all those smaller races that are constantly under the menace of being swallowed up by some powerful neighbour, have found courage in what Mistral has done for Provence. It would be impossible to trace all the ramifications of his influence: he has been called the Civiliser. For he was not only the admirable poet of *Mirèio* (1859), *Calendan* (1867), *Lis Isclo d'Or* (1875), *Nerto* (1884), *La Reino Jano* (1890), *Lon Pouemo doù Rose* (1897), *Lis Oulivados* (1912); he was also the compiler of *Lon trèzor dou Félibrige* (1878-1885), a French-Provençal dictionary containing the results of many years of labour and of pilgrimages and interrogations of all kinds of Provençal folk; and he was the indefatigable champion of the Provençal people. His philological labours supplied him with the materials with which, like Dante, he created, in his poems, a new language out of the remnants of the old. His public work had one end and aim, the reawakening of the Provençal soul. For this purpose he founded a newspaper and the Museon Arleton with the money obtained from Academic prizes and from the Nobel award. He also founded and fostered the organisation known as the Félibrige. He gave his whole life to these and to Provence, and Provence repaid him with a homage such as no other poet has ever known. On his tomb, Mistral has had carved this epitaph:

NON NOBIS, DOMINE  
SED NOMINI TUO  
ET PROVENCIAE NOSTRAE  
DA GLORIAM.

There is no name, and only a few emblems serve to show that this is the grave of Frédéric Mistral, "poète et patriote provençal."



## KEATS DISCOVERIES

IN *The Times Literary Supplement* of April 16th last there appeared an article by Sir Sidney Colvin containing a newly discovered poem and "a couple of scraps" by Keats. The value of these poems is purely historical, as they can add nothing to Keats' reputation, nor to the æsthetic enjoyment of lovers of his poetry. Of greater importance are two hitherto unpublished sonnets which appeared in the *Literary Supplement* of May 21st. They were written on the occasion of an incident between Keats and Leigh Hunt (which was also commemorated in the "Hymn to Apollo," written later in contrition), and thereby possess some considerable biographical interest.

The incident is recorded in a note by Woodhouse, also hitherto unpublished, the first paragraph of which reads as follows:—

"As Keats and Leigh Hunt were taking their wine together after dinner, at the house of the latter, the whim seized them (probably at Hunt's instigation) to crown themselves with laurel after the fashion of the ancient bards. While they were thus attired, two of Hunt's friends happened to call upon him. Just before their entrance H. removed the wreath from his own brows and suggested to K. that he might do the same. K., however, in his usual enthusiastic way, vowed that he would not take off his crown for any human being, and he actually wore it, without any explanation, as long as the visit lasted."

Probably nobody would read the sonnets more than once for the pleasure of their poetry, but the occasion of their composition and their connection with the "Hymn to Apollo" must invest them with a certain glamour for all those who find in Keats a particularly attractive figure.

In reply to the suggestion by Mr Thomas, which appeared in *Varia* for March last, that the phrase "diamond jar" in Keats' Sonnet "On Leaving some Friends at an Early Hour," should read "diamond tiar," several correspondents have expressed an opinion that "jar" is correct, and was intended to convey the dazzle of the diamonds, which strikes on and *jars* the sense of sight. This theory is to our mind more ingenious than pleasing. Concerning Mr Thomas's other suggestion, that the inverted commas in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" should be printed at the beginning and end of the last two lines, instead of merely to include the phrase, "Beauty is truth—truth beauty,"—it is interesting to note that they are placed in the suggested manner in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

## A DRAMATIC HERESY

WHEN the general epithets applied to revues by those who labour for a good theatre are "stupid," "degrading," and "disgusting," to regard them as the possible matrix of a future great comedy has all the allurements of a contentious paradox. The thought of a moment shows them to be a criticism in burlesque of current life, and is this not, after all, the essence of comedy? "Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things," but that is not the fault of their kind, which is that of Aristophanes. Meredith said of him: "I would not ask him to be revived, but that the sharp light of such a spirit as his might be with us to strike now and then on public affairs, public themes; to make them spin along more briskly." And if our revues fail in this, is it not that they exhibit a criticism congruous to the tired mind seeking for trivial enjoyment, rather than to the normal, vigorous mind? Certes, they need development.

The English genius for comedy has not so far lain much in this direction. We tend to the comedy of character and manners; or of incident, which is farce. Our great comic playwrights have been of the stamp of Congreve, Sheridan, Wilde. Yet now and again we have had writers of revues from Greene onwards, notably Gay and Gilbert. "The Beggars' Opera" is an admirable product of this kind. Gilbert confused the issue; his "sharp lights" are incidental only, and his plays are marred by a sacrifice to plot, and by an alloy of sweet sentiment.

The truth is, it is not enough to hale before the tribunal of the comic merely the transitory clothing of our social frame; we must attack fundamentals also. This Aristophanes did, and Gay and Gilbert did not sufficiently: thus "The Wasps" lives, and "The Beggars' Opera" and "Iolanthe" droop. Our revues too literally devote attention to our clothing, and profit by the shape of Mr Churchill's collar. The Montmartre *cabarets artistiques* (so they are named) confine themselves too exclusively to purely political events, whereas the butt of the comic is social pretension. Nevertheless they are good, and have wit. Ours are a clumsy adaptation of theirs, but our early, racy comedy came from France, clumsily at first.

B. DOBRÉE

# POETRY

POEMS . . . . .	ANNA WICKHAM
THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE (Book II) . . . . .	MAURICE HEWLETT
CHEROKEE BALLADS . . . . .	JOHN GOULD FLETCHER
TO PELAGIA . . . . .	FRANCIS MACNAMARA

# DRAMA

HELEN . . . . .	EDWARD STORER
-----------------	---------------



# ANNA WICKHAM

## I.—THE SINGER

**I**F I had peace to sit and sing,  
Then I could make a lovely thing ;  
But I am stung with goads and whips,  
So I build songs like iron ships.

Let it be something for my song,  
If it is sometimes swift, and strong.

## II.—SEHNSUCHT

**B**ECAUSE of body's hunger are we born,  
And by contriving hunger are we fed ;  
Because of hunger is our work well done,  
As so are songs well sung, and things well said.  
Desire and longing are the whips of God—  
God save us all from death when we are fed.

## III.—TO A YOUNG BOY

**P**OOR son of strife—  
Child of inequality and growth—  
You will never learn, you have only to live.  
You will never know the peace of order,  
Routine will crush you.  
Safe toil has always thought of time,  
But you will work in utter concentration  
Fierce as fire.

You will find no steady excellence :  
You will spend your life in a ditch, grubbing for grains of gold.  
Remember, my dear son,  
That gold is gold.

You will find no steady virtue :  
You will live sometimes with holy ecstasy, sometimes with shoddy sin.

You will keep no constant faith,  
But with an agony of faithful longing you will hate a lie.

Life will give you no annuity,  
You will always be at risk.  
There is one technique, one hope and one excuse for such as you,  
And that is courage.

#### IV.—THE CHERRY-BLOSSOM WAND

*(To be sung)*

**I** WILL pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom wand,  
And carry it in my merciless hand,  
So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes,  
With a beautiful thing that can never grow wise.

Light are the petals that fall from the bough,  
And lighter the love that I offer you now :  
In a spring day shall the tale be told  
Of the beautiful things that will never grow old.

The blossoms shall fall in the night wind,  
And I will leave you so, to be kind :  
Eternal in beauty are short-lived flowers,  
Eternal in beauty, these exquisite hours.

I will pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom wand,  
And carry it in my merciless hand,  
So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes,  
With a beautiful thing that shall never grow wise.

## V.—BAD LITTLE SONG

**T**HE partner of my joys is so chaste  
And thrifty withal, he will not waste :  
From his schooled lips no wanton word,  
Exuberant speech is never heard.  
Though I am not uncomely, and not old,  
These pleasant things are never told.  
Sometimes I wish that I were dead,  
As I lie chill in my good partner's bed.

## VI.—THE WOMAN OF THE HILL

**I** WOULD be ever your desired,  
Never the possessed—  
Nor in this will of mine is wantonness expressed.  
The desired woman is most dear,  
The possessed wanton is too near.

I would be far on unattainable height—  
Always for knowledge, always for sight :  
While from your touch and kisses I am free,  
Our love is the high, perfect thing to be.

## VII.—THE COMMENT

**I**S it not clear that women waste  
Quite half their lives in keeping chaste ?  
Such time is lost in this endeavour,  
How have they leisure to be clever ?

### VIII.—SUSANNAH IN THE MORNING

**W**HEN first I saw him I was chaste and good,  
And he, how ruthless, pardoned not the mood.  
From one quick look I knew him dear,  
And gave the highest tribute of my fear.  
So I played woman to his male,  
How better could his power prevail!  
But his hot sense showed quick surprise,  
At the slow challenge of my shaded eyes.  
In a closed room what fires may burn!  
O my cold lover will you not return?  
To the high night I fling my prayer,  
Master of chariots drive me in the air!

### IX.—GIFT TO A JADE

**F**OR love he offered me his perfect world.  
This world was so constricted, and so small,  
It had no sort of loveliness at all,  
And I flung back the little silly ball.  
At that cold moralist I hotly hurled,  
His perfect pure symmetrical small world.

### X.—A SONG OF MORNING

**T**HE starved priest must stay in his cold hills.  
How can he walk in vineyards,  
Where brown girls mock him  
With kisses, and with the dance!  
You, O son of Silenus, must live in cities,  
Where there is wine,  
Where there are couches for rank flesh,  
Where women walk in streets.



But I will be a conqueror,  
Strong to starve and feast.  
I will go up into the hills.  
With club and flint I will fight hairy men.  
I will break a head as I throw down a cup ;  
I will spill my blood as I throw down wine at a feast ;  
I will break mountain ice for my bath ;  
I will lie upon cold rock, and I will dream.

Then I will come down into the cities,  
Slim, but for my great sinews.

And I will walk in the streets of women.  
The women will be behind their curtains,  
And they will fear me.

I will be strong to live beyond the law ;  
I will be strong to live without the priest ;  
I will be strong, no slave of couches.

I will be a conqueror,  
Mighty to starve and feast.

## XI.— SONG

**I** WAS so chill, and overworn, and sad,  
To be a lady was the only joy I had.  
I walked the street as silent as a mouse,  
Buying fine clothes, and fittings for the house.

But since I saw my love  
I wear a simple dress,  
And happily I move  
Forgetting weariness.

## XII.—THE SLIGHTED LADY

THERE was once a man who won a beautiful woman.  
Not only was she lovely, and shaped like a woman,  
But she had a beautiful mind.  
She understood everything the man said to her,  
She listened and smiled,  
And the man possessed her and grew in ecstasy,  
And he talked while the woman listened and smiled.

But there came a day when the woman understood even more  
than the man had said ;  
Then she spoke, and the man, sated with possession, and  
weary with words, slept.  
He slept on the threshold of his house.  
The woman was within, in a small room.

Then to the window of her room  
Came a young lover with his lute,  
And thus he sang :

“O, beautiful woman, who can perfect my dreams,  
Take my soul into your hands  
Like a clear crystal ball.  
Warm it to softness at your breast,  
And shape it as you will.  
We two shall sing together living songs,  
And walk our Paradise, in an eternal noon—  
Come, my desire, I wait.”

But the woman, remembering the sleeper and her faith,  
Shook her good head, to keep the longing from her eyes,  
At which the lover sang again, and with such lusty rapture  
That the sleeper waked,  
And, listening to the song, he said :  
“ My woman has bewitched this man—

He is seduced.

What folly does he sing?

This woman is no goddess, but my wife ;  
And no perfection, but the keeper of my house.

Whereat the woman said within her heart :

“My husband has not looked at me for many days—  
He has forgot that flesh is warm,  
And that the spirit hungers.  
I have waited long within the house,  
I freeze with dumbness, and I go.”

Then she stepped down from her high window  
And walked with her young lover, singing to his lute.

### XIII.— SELF-ANALYSIS

**T**HE tumult of my fretted mind  
Gives me expression of a kind ;  
But it is faulty, harsh—not plain,—  
My work has the incompetence of pain.

I am consuméd with slow fire,  
For righteousness is my desire ;  
Towards that good goal I cannot whip my will,  
I am a tired horse, that jibs upon a hill.

I desire virtue, though I love her not—  
I have no faith in her when she is got ;  
I fear that that she will bind and make me slave,  
And send me songless to the sullen grave.

I am like a man who fears to take a wife,  
And frets his soul with wantons all his life.  
With rich, unholy foods I stuff my maw ;  
When I am sick, then I believe in law.

I fear the whiteness of straight ways—  
I think there is no colour in unsullied days.  
My silly sins I take for my heart's ease,  
And know my beauty in the end disease.

Of old there were great heroes, strong in fight,  
Who, tense and sinless, kept a fire alight :  
God of our hope, in their great name  
Give me the straight and ordered flame.

#### XIV.—THE TIRED MAN

**I** AM a quiet gentleman,  
And I would sit and dream ;  
But my wife is on the hillside,  
Wild as a hill-stream.

I am a quiet gentleman,  
And I would sit and think ;  
But my wife is walking the whirlwind  
Through night as black as ink.

Oh, give me a woman of my race  
As well controlled as I,  
And let us sit by the fire,  
Patient till we die.

#### XV.—TO D. M.

**I** WITH fine words, wear all my life away,  
And lose good purpose with the things I say.  
Guide me, kind, silent woman, that I give  
One deed for twice ten thousand words, and so I live.

# MAURICE HEWLETT

## THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE

### BOOK II.\*

#### CURTMANTLE

Anarchy,  
1135-1154.

**L**ET mortal man make ready to weep  
At all times, ere good fortune flit !  
No sooner was that king dug deep  
For ever in his earthen bed,  
Forthwith from donjon, tower and keep  
Lift one by one a rascal head,  
And tongues were clackt, and whispers leapt  
Like forks of fire : " The Kings are dead—  
Up, chieftain, out ! " Forth Sarum stept,  
Bishop and knight, and like a cock  
Clapt wings and crow'd, as that which kept  
Peter asham'd of gibe and mock  
For many a day ere he became  
His master's gatekeeper and rock.  
They rise, they flare with sword and flame  
Out and abroad the country over ;  
Nor as, when hawks fall foul, the game  
And hedgerow finch may cower in cover,  
And very field-mouse take to his hole,  
May Hodge get screen from his wind-hover.  
Let lords of land take bloody toll,  
Let kings of it shed life like rain,  
The land must have Hodge body and soul :

\* Book I. appeared in POETRY AND DRAMA, No. 5, March, 1914.

To it! To it! To work again!  
 They skin the land, the castles rise,  
 The castles fall; o'er Sarum plain  
 The quick fire runs, the quick hare flies;  
 The Five Rivers flow red water;  
 Brother bites brother traitorwise,  
 And Lust, which is War's eldest daughter,  
 And Cruelty, which married Lust,  
 Breed curious vice from furious slaughter;  
 And Hodge must suffer as he must  
 To see his sons hung by the feet,  
 To see their brains pockmark the dust,  
 To see their fair flesh made dogs' meat;  
 And see his daughter grin in grief,  
 Naked and witless in the street,  
 Wreck of the lechery of a thief,  
 Ransackt and shockt, deflower'd and flung  
 Out like a dirty handkerchief  
 To lie betrodden in the dung.  
 Himseemed that Nature and the Air  
 Had art and part these shames among;  
 The murrain fester'd everywhere,  
 The sheep-scab; this year was a drought,  
 Next year the floods, all years despair.  
 And thus the reign of riot ran out  
 With King and Empress up and down;  
 A shout of triumph, then a rout.  
 Then came King Death and took the crown,  
 To add it to his goodly batch  
 Of such memorials in Hell town.

Renew, man Hodge, with yelm thy thatch,  
 Warm thy sore bones, the hour is plann'd  
 When thieves of men shall meet their match:  
 There comes a man to hold this land.  
 A freckled man, blinking and squat,  
 A crook-kneed man of fidgety hand,

In an old cloak and a vile hat,  
But Lord! a man! He had a prong  
To rend the scum from the yeasty vat  
Whose bubbles were men's breath, whose song  
Was *Thine is mine!* and *I bleed, I bleed!*  
Gasp of the poor, or grunt of the strong.  
But of his ordering and good heed,  
How he foil'd the robber lords,  
Buying shields as he had the need,  
Taking their money to hire their swords:  
Here is stuff for the chroniclers,  
Them that sweat deeds into words.  
Little of such high policy stirs  
Plowman Hodge in his green realm  
Of grassy hills and junipers.  
He spreads his straw, he pegs his yelm  
To mend his thatch; he snuffs the breeze;  
The wind comes warm, there's bud on the elm:  
Out and about! Good sap to your knees,  
Health to eye, to backbone marrow;  
Rid your acres at your good ease,  
Drive your plow, stand on your harrow  
What time your head-bow'd oxen trudge;  
While cow's in calf or sow's in farrow  
There's God in the sky to wink at Hodge,  
And King Curtmantle His world to scan  
Here below; and he'll not budge  
Tho' barons bicker and churchmen plan.

Scutage,  
1159.

Clarendon.

So to the beechwoods over the down,  
Where deer are twice the worth of a man,  
The King rideth to Clarendon;  
And Hodge may view him from the fields,  
Him with his bad hat for his crown,  
His tramping legions, his horses and shields,  
Pensels, priests and their sacraments:  
Such gapeseed the high world yields!

Thomas of  
Canterbury.

Like toadstools dimpling in the bents  
Rise in a night of miracles  
Towns and villages of tents—  
Hodge to Hob this wonder tells ;  
And of the prince of dark visage,  
Archpriest Thomas, riding the hills,  
Furtive before the King in his rage,  
Who wrings his nails to see him there  
And know his peer, with gage for his gage,  
And craft for his craft. For he can stare  
With eyes unheeding, vacant, mild,  
As if he saw God in the flickering air  
Shap't like a man or naked child,  
What time his master fumes and mutters,  
Or pads the floor like a wolf of the wild,  
Mouthing impotence, froths and splutters,  
Thinks to cow him, cries to be rid  
Of the pest he is. But that cry he utters  
Undoes full half of all he did.  
Desperate doing there lies before ye,  
Strong Plantagenet, hoarded and hid ;  
For that shav'd poll a crown of glory,  
Martyr's light on his politics,  
Tapers and gold for his feretory ;  
For you the smear of blood that sticks.  
Great doings at Clarendon !  
Nought to the man behind the quicks  
Cutting his lunch, or out in the sun  
Slipping the plow-share thro' the flints.  
King or Bishop, it's all one  
To goodman Hodge while the sun glints  
On kindling harness and crow's wing,  
And warms his back as he works his stints.

A King's  
way.

Now let him learn the way of a king.  
It was by Clarendon they say  
This King out at his goshawking,



Riding in the cool of the day  
 Up to the down, fell love-bitten  
 Before a maid call'd Ikenai,  
 A girl with a round face like a kitten,  
 Gooseherding in the common pasture,  
 With shy blue eyes and hair sun-litten,  
 As slim as a boy in her smockt vesture :  
 Young Ikenai plain Hodge's daughter !  
 But he must make himself her master ;  
 So men of his went out and bought her,  
 Since he must have her by all means ;  
 There was no way, her will was water ;  
 The paramount can rule the mesnes.  
 He did but as a king may do ;  
 The child was cow'd and made no scenes,  
 But took the use he put her to  
 And bore the burden of womenkind.  
 She gave him a son, or maybe two,  
 But one was a man of his father's mind.  
 And as for her, why, no one knows  
 Ought about her, or ought can find :  
 Ikenai, Hodge's girl, a rose  
 Flickt from the hedge for a man's breast,  
 Fading the while his way he goes  
 And dropt mid-journey. Guess the rest.  
 Here's enough of deeds in the shade.

Ikenai.

Curtmantle  
dies, 1189.

Better than many, tho' bad was best,  
 This King was, and his end he made  
 Even as his life had been. He died  
 Old, ill, forsaken and betray'd  
 In his castle by Vienne's tide,  
 Warring upon his fine tall sons,  
 Beaten and beggar'd of all but pride.  
*That* he had, to cover his bones.  
 Now of his sons I have nought to say  
 (When fools are kings the wise pen runs) :

Richard,  
1189-1199.

Richard the Minstrel, Yea-and-Nay,  
A hawk the Archduke lur'd with his lime ;  
Him that took life for a firework day  
And burnt himself out before his prime—  
Nought of him who lived and was dead  
Ere England knew him, for Hodge's rhyme.

John  
Lackland,  
1199-1216.

And what of Lackland, slugabed,  
That sold his kingdom to the Pope ?  
Little enough when all is said :  
Trust him to hang—with enough rope.  
Slugging, he lost his Normandy,  
So lords of lands had narrower scope,  
Since they must chose where they would be  
Masters of men, here or in France.  
That was his rope ; and the tall tree  
Was Runnymede's where they made him dance.

Runnymede  
1215.  
Barons'  
Business.

They call'd the tune, he needs must foot it ;  
Well might Hodge take the play askance,  
For all the triumph that they bruit it  
Brought little joy to him and his :  
Charter of Liberties they put it ;  
God knows it was not Liberty's.  
Liberty for a man to swing  
His villeins on his own park-trees !  
Freedom to make freedom a thing  
Not to be hop'd for ! If Hodge hears  
The pæan which the lawyers sing  
'Twere well he'd wax to plug his ears ;  
For this inspires their shrilling words,  
That lords of land shall be judg'd by their peers,  
And the terre-tenants—by their lords.

Hodge's  
Business.

Great hearing, Hodge, thy plow to speed  
The Baron's Carta Magna affords,  
Wrung, as by blood, from Runnymede.  
But Hodge, the man upon the hill,  
Hath other lack of instant deed ;  
He hath in house a young child ill,

And he must after the reeve's wife  
To tell him why it lies so still  
And burns, and burns—and dare the knife  
To cut the blanket out of its throat  
And give it back the breath of life.  
Or he must off to Halimote  
To hold (and be afraid of no man)  
His right and title to hedgebote,  
Or lay his lawful claim to common,  
Or find John Stot a plain cuckold,  
Or duck Madge Hern the foul-mouth'd woman,  
Blear'd, white and viperous, a scold.  
And what is Runnymede to him?  
And is King Richard dead and cold?  
Or is King John King Satan's limb?  
Or the Pope—innocent? Courage, verse,  
Here's an end. Make thy tackle trim.  
Times shall be better—ere they be worse.

# JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

## CHEROKEE BALLADS

To  
SEQUOYAH,

THE INVENTOR OF THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET,  
AND TO HIS OLD FRIENDS COHEÉ AND PINDEÉ,  
THE GHOST OF ABEH SÚ SA-WÓNDI  
DEDICATES  
ALL THAT IS HIS IN THIS SERIES.

### I.—THE THUNDERSTORM

**L**ET us cut the throats of the best men of the tribe :  
Let us lay rich offerings  
Upon the altars :  
For the gods with black arrows  
Are putting out the sun.  
Soon we shall hear their war-drum,  
Soon we shall see their fire-sticks,  
In the forest.  
Let us lay rich offerings before their feet,  
And crawl into dark caves,  
And hide  
Until they go away  
Heavy with spoil, to snore far off in the mountains.

### II.—IN THE TENT

**F**ROM the people of the red tents I took her :  
Her father, her brother,  
Her mother,  
Are stretched out in the dust.  
Now we are alone in my tent.

She has not said a word,  
But I feel her cold eyes  
Drawing me,  
Crazing me,  
Compelling me,  
Till my body begins to tremble, and I crawl a little nearer ;  
Though I see the bright blade of a knife half-hidden in her hand.

### III.—BEYOND THE CAMP-FIRE

**B**Y night, silently,  
I crawl towards their camp-fire :  
There are three of them,  
Two men and the woman that they took from me.

She knew my wolf-howl,  
And she warned him :  
But he drowzes now, for the trail to-day was toilsome,  
And his halfbreed is a coward.

Three arrows :  
The first, to her breast ;  
The second, to scare the yellow cur away ;  
The third, to lame him.

You gods, grant  
That he may die slowly and in torment,  
Seeing me watching  
At his side.

### IV.—THE DOTARD

**L**ONG ago  
This tribe was weak and small :  
Enemies surrounded us,  
Our chief was afraid.

I arose among you,  
I led you into battle ;  
The gods were good to us.

Many were the hearts of the warriors  
We ate that day,  
Great was the spoil.  
There are no such battles now.

Now I am toothless,  
And wrinkled.  
Age, like a vulture,  
Sits at my heart.

I see the young men smiling at my stories :  
The children aping my hobble :  
The young girls turning their backs.  
The chief no longer calls on me to speak in the council.

I will go alone  
To a great cave,  
Taking neither food nor water.  
I will close the entrance with a stone,  
I will lie down,  
Wrapping my robe about my body,  
And go to my fathers ;  
Having seen my shame.

#### V.—WOUNDED

**I** LIE alone  
In the forest,  
My leg broken  
By a spear.  
All about me sound yet the shrill yells of the battle.

If some enemy  
Should come near me,

I will stretch out as if I were lifeless :  
And when I feel his knife  
At my scalp-lock,  
I will rise suddenly and bite him in the gullet.

## VI.—RETREAT

**T**HE pale-faced warriors  
Pursue us  
Back to the mountains.

We leave behind us  
The marks of our passage :  
Farm-houses in embers,  
Fields in ashes,  
Groves in smoking ruin.

We leave also  
Gifts for our enemies :  
Men with maimed stumps,  
Women with hacked breasts,  
Babes that are slaughtered,  
Wells that are poisoned.

## VII.—THE DUEL

**I** LOVED Snow-Flower,  
But my friend  
He, too, sought her.  
We must fight.

We will sit down and smoke a pipe together :  
We will rise and shake hands for the last time :  
We will take our places,  
And close in with the tomahawk.

## VIII.—AFTER

**T**HE man you slew  
Died for love of me :  
You stabbed him treacherously  
Between the shoulders.

Ugh !  
I hate you :  
Go away before I stick this knife into you :  
Snarl, snapping cur ;  
Snivel, maimed scarecrow.  
Be off. My father could eat seven men like you at  
a mouthful.

## IX.—WAR-SONG

**T**HE ice breaks up on the river,  
The wild goose goes southward :  
Let us hold a council.

Let us break the peace-pipe,  
Let us dig up the hatchet,  
Let us paint our faces,  
And go out to war.

We are weary of the milky breasts of the women,  
And weary of the stale chatter of the village.

## X.—SONG OF VICTORY

**T**HE people of the Bear-Totem have fallen  
Before the people of the Tortoise.  
We are great.



Our prisoners are bound to stakes in the village,  
The young girls mock at them,  
The children throw blazing pine-knots.

We, in the chief's tent, debate the spoil.

Let us give rich buffalo-ropes,  
And many trophies,  
And ten beautiful maidens,  
To our ancestors,  
That they may not be wroth with us.

# FRANCIS MACNAMARA

## TO PELAGIA

**H**ERE I lying in your own garden,  
For me haunted by your absence, love,  
See you, feel you, as before never,  
As God knows you, know you in this place.

Whether in the years of heart's waking  
The more gave you or the more received,  
Walking under and between roses  
In view ever of your own grey hills? . . .

All that wilderness so near rising  
In rude terraces beyond your wall ;  
Stone and olive-trees, a grey patchwork  
As near green as will the olive go . . .

Miser of a tree, that spares beauty  
To leaf, branch, that blossoms not at all,  
Riches for the berry all saving :  
Has yet lovers, love does so abound !

—All things tender in those hills see I,  
The calm ocean or a maiden's breast ;  
See your eyebrows of a wild creature,  
Your glance haughty of the furry kind.

Were they lovely, though, till you loved them ?  
'Tis yours, sure, the mystery in them :  
Yours is the abundance, here roses  
Have learnt, multiplying sweetness, sweet.

Now I meet you in the long pathways,  
With flags bordered as with mermaid's hair ;  
Dappled by the sun through leaves piercing  
Like streams go they through the little wood.

Sweetbriar, honeysuckle loud greet me,—  
The old sweetness Cæsar will have known ;  
Here are ladies, though, will yield sweeter  
The white roses waiting to be wooed.

Windless days upon the grass lying  
I mark cherries ripen overhead ;  
Hear the sheep-bells on the roads, listen  
To frogs, crickets, and a tireless bird.

Daily, nightly in the grove sings he,  
The famed nightingale, and passes fame ;  
Others joining him, as weak runners  
In turn pace a champion in a race.

Pale by daytime, as the moon pale is,  
His song sounds, but when the darkness comes ! . . .  
Now I singing of him tire also,  
And him singing, as I found him, leave.

Days when troublesome the wind enters  
From pale, vacant places in the sky,  
Scattering the wealth of sounds varied  
His own music in the pines to sound,

Then I seek, as you have sought often,  
By rough paths the pinewood on the hill ;  
You I see as I survey, resting,  
The wide landscape and the village roofs.

All romance is in the road bending  
Away southward up the hill in front ;  
Westward is that peak whose shape's printed  
In all hearts that ever here grew old . . .

Oh ! substantial I'd again see you,  
On hill walking or in garden, love ;  
Flowers on the garden grave laying,  
A friend greeting in the village street. . . .

All's your kingdom, who have best loved it,  
A friend here of quality I'll have ;  
Come, my secret, and with me also  
Exchange being as with all this place.

# HELEN

*Characters :*

HELEN OF TROY.

MENELÄUS.

PARIS.

EVANDER, an officer of King Meneläus' court.

*Scene :* The palace of King Meneläus at Sparta.

EVANDER.—The queen has been told you are here, and now that she knows you await her and from whom you come, she may desire to see you at any moment.

PARIS.—I will serve her wishes.

EVANDER.—If she does not receive you she will surely send some gracious word that will give you pleasure, for all her thoughts and actions are full of grace and surprise. It gives the very rooms in which she dwells a beauty of their own that one notices if one returns after an absence.

PARIS.—Yes, I believe that, for no person who is good and beautiful can exist long in loneliness. One perceives them first through their servants and their friends. Once only have I been so near to Helen as I am now in speaking to you who constantly see her, and that was hundreds of miles from here, one night during my journey to Sparta. I fell into the company of a young man who had served at her court, and when I listened to him speaking of her, I came so near to her, that she seemed to give me her hand. I felt then that perhaps she was only an idea, a thing of the spirit.

EVANDER.—O no, she is much more than an idea. One is afraid of her, because her power is very great. It is impossible to be

indifferent to her. She will not allow it. If you think her cruel or proud, she will show you how kind and sweet she is.

PARIS.—I can see that you live in the light of her grace.

EVANDER.—Her smile is very beautiful, for it is the radiance of so many qualities. It envelops like sunshine. It is so triumphant that it makes one wonder what her grief would be like. It is its triumph which tells one that it is mortal.

PARIS.—And the king—is he happy?

EVANDER.—He is afraid. At times she will refresh him with her kisses or her smiles, and he becomes calm again, but soon the fear returns. He sees all the desires which she awakens, and feels how little of her life she has really lived, till it seems to him that he stands between her and the world.

PARIS.—Does she not love him then?

EVANDER.—Yes, she loves him. Never was man given such love, but he is afraid. He stands apart and takes what she concedes. Her love of him wearies her a little. She can love him with a slant of her eyes, with a turn of her head, with the shades in her voice. And she knows of those cities which would ask more of her, among whose ways even now her name is carried on triumphant words like a figure of Aphrodite herself borne through the streets in the festivals of spring.

PARIS.—The cities are greedy and their powerful inhabitants are avaricious of beauty. Against what else do they pile up their gold? Their distant praise—that must tempt her. She must feel at times in the night the throb of all that power beating in sympathy with her own heart. If one should come from those cities, where all but the strongest and the fairest are burnt away and fall into ashes by the walls, it would be as if one of her desires had become incarnate in the fury of her will.

EVANDER.—She well knows that one day such an envoy will appear with the mockery of triumphant love upon his face.

PARIS.—And she will follow him?

EVANDER.—Certainly she will follow him that she may fulfil herself. It must be. She knows the fates did not create such love to be wasted. But do not think that she is ever openly contemptuous of

Meneläus. She gives him all that he asks. If he is afraid to ask more, it is not her fault. Maybe in her chamber before her mirrors of silver, she may mock at herself, for she is no less impatient than patient, though to men and women she is serene.

PARIS.—You tell me all these things, and yet you do not astonish me. I seem to have known them before.

*(Regarding Paris attentively as the young man begins to interest him.)*

EVANDER.—And who are you? You seem very proud and secure. Have you lived in the cities of the world and learnt their wisdom?

PARIS.—I am not a man of cities, though some of their power is in my heart, with its sweetness, its strength, with those rare thoughts which only a few may learn, with that knowledge that is not for all.

EVANDER.—Such as one sees in the smiles of the elect. Are you then one of those set apart by the gods to execute the desires of other men in whom they would remain eternally sterile?

PARIS.—I feel that I have a happiness in my breast. The Cyprian goddess has said that great beauty shall come into my life.

EVANDER.—There is only one great beauty in the world.

PARIS.—And somewhere in the world is one great desire.

EVANDER.—If they should meet?

PARIS.—They are fated to meet. The goddess wills these happenings that the store of human love may be replenished.

*(Pause—looks to the left.)*

Who is it that passes by there carrying a golden box?

EVANDER.—It is the Queen's jeweller.

PARIS.—They say that her jewels are very wonderful.

EVANDER.—Yes, they are gathered from all ages and all countries. Each has a meaning and a history. Her rubies are impregnated with joy. No sorrow has ever touched them. Only the very young and the very fortunate have worn them.

PARIS.—Now someone passes carrying a lute.

EVANDER.—He comes from the Queen. He is her musician.

PARIS.—Beyond the pillars out in the courtyard there is a crowd of eager faces arising. What do they await with such expectancy?

EVANDER.—The moment when the Queen will show herself to them. Hither come every day those who feel the need for beauty in their spirits that their lives may not be vicious and embittered. The Queen comes out on to a balcony and they behold in her the glory of womankind.

PARIS.—Now there is a movement among the people as if a sudden joy were on the point of penetrating their spirits.

EVANDER.—This is the hour when she stands before them holding out her hands in love and knowledge as she does every day. In a moment they will go away in silence, scattering into every corner of the city, but there is scarcely a street which will not be purified by the radiance of beauty.

PARIS.—One can see now by their faces that she has gone.

EVANDER.—In a moment she will be here. She has shown herself to the people early to-day, for it may be that King Meneläus who has been travelling in a distant corner of Sparta will return before night.

*(Unseen either by Paris or Evander Helen has slowly entered behind them while Paris was speaking. She is calm and dignified. Evander perceives her first, but it is the silence that falls suddenly upon them which gives Paris the premonition of her presence. He turns to meet her gaze with quiet confidence. The two look at each other for a moment without speaking. With a slight gesture of her hand, Helen dismisses her officer.)*

HELEN.—You come to us as an envoy from Troy and the cities of the East?

PARIS.—It is they who send me here.

HELEN.—But their concern and yours is with King Meneläus, and not with me?

PARIS.—They have their concern of you too, for your fame has travelled far, and it may be by their unspoken wishes that I am here to pay a second homage.

HELEN.—What concern have these realms with me?

PARIS.—The concern that you give them. The image they form of you.

HELEN.—Do I give them these things? It is as if they had a right over me, almost as if you in their name had a right over me.



PARIS.—It is you who speak to the cities, not they to you. They are ever listening, and their senses are strangely alert. But they woo by silence.

HELEN.—I understand them and they me. Where there is understanding, all may follow. A word will create the spell of happiness; another word dropped like poison into a soul will spread over a whole kingdom and make it writhe in war. I understand my time, if my time understands me.

PARIS.—Understanding must come to it as the spring comes to intelligences that have been sleeping securely during the autumn.

HELEN.—There is a perfume of such a spring in your words, a sense of awakening. There comes to me the idea of a thought that has lain over-long in the quiet and peace, like the first point of a snowdrop stirring through the dead leaves that cover it.

PARIS.—That feeling too is with me. It seems to me that I have been exiled from my realm like a thought which is too powerful to inhabit the mind with peace. It must be sent forth wandering to satisfy that desire which enflames it, lest staying at home it should madden the whole mind. Alone in its strength and power it must make its way, it must realise the happiness it seeks or perish, unregretted and unwept, like an unavailing warrior whose bones are kissed by the sun.

HELEN.—Ah! but the hands go out unseen to welcome such an errant of loveliness. Each step of his journey is echoed in many hearts. His way is carpeted with garlands of impalpable dreams.

PARIS.—Yet none can help him.

HELEN.—No more than one can quicken the life blood at the heart of the dawn. (*Pause.*) There is a strange sense of silence about your words. They seem to fall out of stillness like birds out of the clear sky.

PARIS.—Your thoughts too are effortless and calm. You can watch things like a dreaming child, but you are not only made of dreams, and you are not a child. Behind all the peace, as one might see a violent action through a veil, move the ideas of war.

HELEN.—One wonders what it is against which one is in secret rebellion, against what enemy it may be that one longs to cast all the force of one's being.

PARIS.—A word sometimes will reveal him, stripping off the thin mask in which he is covered, and exposing the face radiant and triumphant as one would wish one's enemy to be.

HELEN.—A menace now embitters your words as if you had come here to do us an injury, as if you carried a mysterious poison about you, so subtle as to escape all our senses, a poison which would destroy our happiness and leave you at ease to rifle all its gold.

PARIS.—Who can say with what thoughts one's words are laden? One inspires them everywhere, tainted or purified, contemptuous or kind. I know that I am infected with the far-travelling fame of your beauty, faint images of which one perceives in the minds of many men. Nor do those ideas leave one, but they linger in the spirit. When I think of the many men I have known whose thoughts have turned towards you, I seem to be looking at you with a hundred eyes.

HELEN.—Touch too my hand. Now do I clasp the hand of many men whose envoy you so believe yourself to be. What is it but their lack of courage that keeps them from me?

*(Enter Evander carrying the golden crown of the king upon a cushion.)*

He is bringing the crown of the king whom we expect to-day from his journey.

*(As Evander walks across the room, he stumbles, and the crown falls to the ground.)*

O! he has dropped it! He has broken it! You shall die for this.

EVANDER *(crouching at her feet)*.—Mistress! mistress! pity! pity!

HELEN.—You shall die for this.

EVANDER.—Mercy! Queen, mercy!

*(Helen claps her hands to call the guard of two soldiers who appear at once.)*

HELEN.—Take him away.

*(Exit Evander with guard. Helen picks up the crown.)*

This is the holy crown of Sparta, full of the purest rubies of the East. Two of them are missing.

PARIS.—Here is one, and here is the other.

HELEN.—The sockets which held them are dented. It is a broken thing which I now hold in my hand. This is an omen. You bring us this omen. Is it not you?

PARIS.—Or the day that is passing, or anything that comes and goes.

HELEN.—You, who are you? One did not know of your existence an hour ago, and now you stand in the court of my king, filling the air with your scented words, and looking upon the broken crown of our land. O! what evil is coming to Sparta that you look at me so menacingly?

PARIS.—It is not with menace that I look at you. It is with the understanding that your beauty gives me.

HELEN.—My beauty, what right have you to speak of my beauty? It belongs to a thousand women far other than me—women who do not even know me, women who perhaps will never see me.

*(Paris walks over towards the jewelled sword of King Meneläus, which is hanging upon the wall of the room. He examines it.)*

PARIS.—His sword?

HELEN.—You must not touch it. It is more sacred than the crown. When he goes away from the palace, he leaves it there as the emblem of his will, which is the will of Sparta.

PARIS.—It is as if a third person had entered the room. Do you not feel the force of it? It is always others who compel us to see ourselves. It is others who come between us and our desires, so that we learn if we want them enough to take them.

HELEN.—You are right. We will not speak any more. You must leave me. The sword has cut away all the thoughts that were obscuring my spirit. See! I trample on them! I feel no longer a hundred ideas agitated in me. I feel only one.

PARIS.—It is the sword. The image of it is bound round your heart. You dare no longer be yourself. You press back the flowering heads of the thoughts that rise upward through your spirit.

HELEN.—No, it is not something vain and oppressive. It is something real. We women love the real things! We would chain ourselves to them, though the surge of life may pass over us, beating us, buffeting us.

PARIS.—But it is your spirit which must be held. None can lay hands on beauty, for that passes through all fingers like water or like flame. No man may hope to gather that to himself. It is fiercely contemptuous, and burns those who touch it with sacrilegious hands. It is vain even too much to admire it, for it consumes all lower things. It must be spent, it cannot be hoarded. Only by its death can it live. It must pour out of the soul never-ceasingly, like sunshine into the thirsty air.

HELEN.—His sword awakens faint echoes in my mind of the tramping of thousands of armed men. I can hear them coming on and on, stupid yet irresistible, a blind foolish force, like a wind-driven door shut in one's face. I feel like a white flower curled in indolent pride in their path, whose beauty can arrest them, filling the naïve faces with wonder and awe, their hot breath pouring upon it savage yet afraid.

PARIS.—One fears what one loves. Love is fear, a beautiful fear.

HELEN.—And courage—only misunderstanding? Is the world then, pierced to the heart by the sword of its gods? Is it then in agony, a tortured thing with all its beauties, but sighs, since to love is to be afraid?

PARIS.—It is a fear which one accepts with a smile like the terror of a child.

*(Goes over to the sword and takes it down and holds it in his hands.)*

HELEN.—What have you done? You have touched the sword.

PARIS.—How beautifully it is wrought! It is almost too fine a weapon to be the minister of death.

HELEN.—You have laid hands on Meneläus' sword in my court, before my eyes, and I am dumb. What magic do you bring with you, fair stranger, from beyond the mountains?

PARIS.—The magic of truth. It is a mirror I bring you to show you to yourself. And when you look upon the image you see there, you are silent out of wonder.

HELEN.—You speak freely. My good nature is not boundless.

PARIS.—It is not your good nature which suffers me to be here and allows me to speak to you as I do; it is something else in you which everyone feels, which saturates your very name so that it falls from the lips of men, rich in meaning.

HELEN.—And what is that?

PARIS.—Something in you that would rejoice and suffer, that knows no fear, that is free, something in you that cannot turn away from light.

HELEN.—And do you think you have shown that to me—who love all my beauty and am conscious of it in every atom of my body—for whom the day is not long enough and the nights of love too short?

PARIS.—How do you love your beauty then? Is it as a miser loves his gold?

HELEN.—Is it as a queen her kingdom? Is it as a mother her child whom she gives to the world with proud tears? Do you think I do not know its value and how it must all be given to others if it shall be of any worth to me?

PARIS.—Yet you stay in this silent palace and you close your ears to the call of the world.

HELEN.—When I hear that call I shall go.

PARIS.—Has no sound penetrated here? Has no morning dawned for you with a violent flush, full of summons and terror, no night evaporated into time leaving upon your soul an ineffaceable impulse?

HELEN.—Your words trouble me; they come from so far.

PARIS.—They trouble me, too.

HELEN.—What is happening? The moments are taking wings and flying fast. What is it that you have brought to our court? Some poison hides in your lips, some dangerous subtlety of your speech which infects the thoughts of others making them beautiful like things which are soon to die.

PARIS.—No, no, do not look at me. Look at yourself. Look into your own heart.

HELEN.—I cannot! I will not!

PARIS.—Bend a little the proud head, incline the eyes. Do not be afraid!

HELEN.—What is there? What shall I see?

PARIS.—Yourself. Do you fear yourself?

HELEN.—If I cannot look? If I will not? If I am saved by a forgotten tear? If an old sorrow has made me stronger than I imagine, one moment of my life of which you can know nothing, its memory buried so deep in me that I am scarcely aware of its existence?

PARIS.—I see no such thing in you. All is clear as crystal.

HELEN.—Your words dim it.

PARIS.—O no, it is not that.

HELEN.—Then if it is not that . . .

*(A trumpet is heard off. Paris speaks to himself.)*

It is the voice of my love speaking for me who cannot speak it yet. Terrible and strong it will be, like wild beasts, and tender as a flower. Whither will it cast me in the days to be when Helen shall drain all the life that must be hers, when I shall be as an ember held with her fingers to her unsatisfied heart?

*(Then, speaking to Helen)*

You seem afraid as if the trumpet had loosened a golden sound and driven it into your heart. You are pale and trembling. You no longer speak, as if all your words had been driven out of you and were lost, and you stand watching them fly away, desolate with grief-stricken arms. Clearly now I can see through your eyes into your spirit.

O give me your hand! It shall be but with the tips of my fingers that I touch you, for you seem so beautiful that I am afraid.

HELEN.—I feel as if all my words were set free and looked no more to me for guidance. There is only one escape, only one doorway.

PARIS.—Take it! Beyond is the illimitable air of the world.

*(The trumpet sounds again.)*

It is the King!

HELEN.—Yes, it is he.

PARIS.—Now there is little space in which our thoughts may move. The music of the clarion winds itself around us, pressing us closer and closer, till our hands, our fingers only surmount it. Ah, do not turn away! You cannot banish like that the thought which troubles you. It will pursue you all over the world taking a hundred different shapes, if you turn from it now. In flower, and in song you will perceive but the mourning emblems of the empire on which you would not set your seal as Queen. The beauty that the world asks back from you will fester in your heart. You will be so changed that all will fear you. Children will fly from you, and wild creatures turn away.

HELEN.—It is true. I am awakening from a long sleep. Be careful how you hold his sword.

PARIS.—It is very slender (*he bends it*), it would easily break. (*It breaks. Pause. They stand looking at each other*).

HELEN.—You have broken it.

PARIS.—It broke easily. Of what are you afraid? Don't you see what has happened?

HELEN.—Yes, I see what has happened. You stand with the broken sword of my king in your hands, and I say no word.

PARIS.—Your thoughts tremble back into silence.

HELEN.—No, they are not frightened. They are at peace. So often have they roved from my heart. They are still, like children who are happy at eventide.

PARIS.—We trust each other with words. Your words and mine against the world.

HELEN.—They are strong with the blood of a thousand hearts. They do not lie.

PARIS.—They flutter before us like doves. Let us banish them, for they are less than ourselves.

HELEN.—So that in silence I regard you, looking at my future through your eyes. . . . I hear the sound of the soldiers' feet.

PARIS.—The King is coming.

HELEN.—He will be here in a moment. Even now you grow less strange to me. In the new joy that fills my heart are the memories of sweet homely things, remembered fragrances of the earth, the familiar perfume of roses, the gold of sunlight, the ghostly silver of the stars.

PARIS.—When the King comes he will know that something has happened in his absence very quickly, as it was bound to happen. He cannot be unprepared.

HELEN.—Yes, he will understand when he sees the sword.

(*Meneläus enters quietly from behind them, and perceives his sword lying in two fragments on the floor.*)

MENELÄUS.—Who has broken my sword?

PARIS.—It broke in my hands. It was an accident.

MENELÄUS.—An accident! And who are you that bring about such accidents as this?

PARIS.—My name is Paris. I come from Troy and the cities in her suzerainty.

MENELÄUS.—How dare you break my sword? How dare you touch it?

PARIS.—It broke in my hands.

MENELÄUS.—Answer me! Answer me! Envoy from Troy. You will not speak. Helen, who is this youth whom you entertain, and into whose hands you place the honour of your husband, the honour of your country? You, too, are silent. O gods! what thing has happened since I have been away? Helen, if you are jesting with me, don't, for I am very weary after a long journey, and would have peace. O, you turn away from me as if I were an enemy. Am I then a thief in my own house?

Has something sinister happened in my absence that you dare not tell me? Has some evil fallen upon the kingdom? Is there a poison in the air that it will kill me if I take an incautious step to the right or to the left? Speak, speak, you two!

You are silent. Must I then be only welcomed on my return by my own words which seem to fall back from the roof and mock at me. Mockery and silence—those are the things that fill this tension. Something has happened, some evil has come to me. My happiness is to be shattered as my sword has been broken. Will you not speak, you two, you ghosts of yourselves standing over your own graves?

Must I become spectral, too, then, to converse with you and understand you? Must I put anger away, and pride and the love of my wife, and stand such another shade as yourselves ere you will admit me to your speech?

As a man I can lift no finger against you. My words pass through you as through air; my taunts would be lost in your silence.

If you then wish it, I will be such a pale shade as yourselves, as proud, as secure. Then this silence will be no more mysterious for me than for you. I, too, will enter the charmed circle, so cold, so white. (*Pause.*) O! not so cold and not so white, but scented as with the fragrance of



rose-leaves, and suffocating as the breath of wine, where I am no longer a stranger but an enemy.

Lovers! I know that music! Lovers! I see your faces! Lovers! I can hear the beating of your hearts. I can feel each pore of your beings closed tight against me, each sense sealed down against my senses with the seal of love. I see your eyes which will not see me. In vain would my words hope to penetrate your hearing.

I am alone.

Go you now out by different ways and meet while there is yet time, while I am still in the magic circle of your dreams. Go before the anger returns, the vain anger that cannot harm you since it cannot touch that which you cherish.

Go, while I breathe your breath, pulse with your pulsations, while the touch of your fever infects my blood and makes me too strange to be a man.

*(Paris and Helen go out by different exits.)*

Now they have gone, my strength will return, and I shall not be content to remain like a silent god with my unbearable grief. Blood must answer for this, and gold—the price of beauty.

A little while though I will bide alone with my sorrow, for a moment maybe the mightiest man in the world, for where is there such love of the world's fairest beauty as burns now here, where in all the earth are such great riches shut in so small a space?

*(He pauses a moment in thought, then resolution returns to him.)*

Guard there! Guard!

*(Goes out quickly.)*

END.

EDWARD STORER

STUDY : ON IMPRESSIONISM  
NEW BOOKS AND CHRONICLES  
A LIST OF RECENT BOOKS

# ON IMPRESSIONISM

## I.

**T**HESSE are merely some notes towards a working guide to Impressionism as a literary method.

I do not know why I should have been especially asked to write about Impressionism ; even as far as literary Impressionism goes I claim no Papacy in the matter. A few years ago, if anybody had called me an Impressionist I should languidly have denied that I was anything of the sort or that I knew anything about the school, if there could be said to be any school. But one person and another in the last ten years has called me Impressionist with such persistence that I have given up resistance. I don't know ; I just write books, and if someone attaches a label to me I do not much mind.

I am not claiming any great importance for my work ; I daresay it is all right. At any rate, I am a perfectly self-conscious writer ; I know exactly how I get my effects, as far as those effects go. Then, if I am in truth an Impressionist, it must follow that a conscientious and exact account of how I myself work will be an account, from the inside, of how Impressionism is reached, produced, or gets its effects. I can do no more.

This is called egotism ; but, to tell the truth, I do not see how Impressionism can be anything else. Probably this school differs from other schools, principally, in that it recognises, frankly, that all art must be the expression of an ego, and that if Impressionism is to do anything, it must, as the phrase is, go the whole hog. The difference between the description of a grass by the agricultural correspondent

## *On Impressionism*

of the *Times* newspaper and the description of the same grass by Mr W. H. Hudson is just the difference—the measure of the difference between the egos of the two gentlemen. The difference between the description of any given book by a sound English reviewer and the description of the same book by some foreigner attempting Impressionist criticism is again merely a matter of the difference in the ego.

Mind, I am not saying that the non-Impressionist productions may not have their values—their very great values. The Impressionist gives you his own views, expecting you to draw deductions, since presumably you know the sort of chap he is. The agricultural correspondent of the *Times*, on the other hand—and a jolly good writer he is—attempts to give you, not so much his own impressions of a new grass as the factual observations of himself and of as many as possible other sound authorities. He will tell you how many blades of the new grass will grow upon an acre, what height they will attain, what will be a reasonable tonnage to expect when green, when sun-dried in the form of hay or as ensilage. He will tell you the fattening value of the new fodder in its various forms and the nitrogenous value of the manure dropped by the so-fattened beasts. He will provide you, in short, with reading that is quite interesting to the layman, since all facts are interesting to men of good will; and the agriculturist he will provide with information of real value. Mr. Hudson, on the other hand, will give you nothing but the pleasure of coming in contact with his temperament, and I doubt whether, if you read with the greatest care his description of false sea-buckthorn (*hippophae rhamnoides*) you would very willingly recognise that greenish-grey plant, with the spines and the berries like reddish amber, if you came across it.

Or again—so at least I was informed by an editor the other day—the business of a sound English reviewer is to make the readers of the paper understand exactly what sort of a book it is that the reviewer is writing about. Said the editor in question: “You have no idea how many readers your paper will lose if you employ one of those brilliant chaps who write readable articles about books. You will get yourself deluged with letter after letter from subscribers saying they have bought a book on the strength of articles in your paper; that the book isn't in the least what they expected, and that therefore they withdraw their subscriptions.” What the sound English reviewer, therefore, has

to do is to identify himself with the point of view of as large a number of readers of the journal for which he may be reviewing, as he can easily do, and then to give them as many facts about the book under consideration as his allotted space will hold. To do this he must sacrifice his personality, and the greater part of his readability. But he will probably very much help his editor, since the great majority of readers do not want to read anything that any reasonable person would want to read; and they do not want to come into contact with the personality of the critic, since they have obviously never been introduced to him.

The ideal critic, on the other hand—as opposed to the so-exemplary reviewer—is a person who can so handle words that from the first three phrases any intelligent person—any foreigner, that is to say, and any one of three inhabitants of these islands—any intelligent person will know at once the sort of chap that he is dealing with. Letters of introduction will therefore be unnecessary, and the intelligent reader will know pretty well what sort of book the fellow is writing about because he will know the sort of fellow the fellow is. I don't mean to say that he would necessarily trust his purse, his wife, or his mistress to the Impressionist critic's care. But that is not absolutely necessary. The ambition, however, of my friend the editor was to let his journal give the impression of being written by those who could be trusted with the wives and purses—not, of course, the mistresses, for there would be none—of his readers.

You will, perhaps, be beginning to see now what I am aiming at—the fact that Impressionism is a frank expression of personality; the fact that non-Impressionism is an attempt to gather together the opinions of as many reputable persons as may be and to render them truthfully and without exaggeration. (The Impressionist must always exaggerate.)

## II.

Let us approach this matter historically—as far as I know anything about the history of Impressionism, though I must warn you that I am a shockingly ill-read man. Here, then, are some examples: do you know, for instance, Hogarth's drawing of the watchman with the pike over

## *On Impressionism*

his shoulder and the dog at his heels going in at a door, the whole being executed in four lines? Here it is:



Now, that is the high-watermark of Impressionism; since, if you look at those lines for long enough, you will begin to see the watchman with his slouch hat, the handle of the pike coming well down into the cobble-stones, the knee-breeches, the leathern garters strapped round his stocking, and the surly expression of the dog, which is bull-hound with a touch of mastiff in it.

You may ask why, if Hogarth saw all these things, did he not put them down on paper, and all that I can answer is that he made this drawing for a bet. Moreover why, if you can see all these things for yourself, should Hogarth bother to put them down on paper? You might as well contend that Our Lord ought to have delivered a lecture on the state of primary education in the Palestine of the year 32 or thereabouts, together with the statistics of rickets and other infantile diseases caused by neglect and improper feeding—a disquisition in the manner of Mrs Sidney Webb. He preferred, however, to say: "It were better that a millstone were put about his neck and he were cast into the deep sea." The statement is probably quite incorrect; the statutory punishment either here or in the next world has probably nothing to do with millstones and so on, but Our Lord was, you see, an Impressionist, and knew His job pretty efficiently. It is probable that He did not have access to as many Blue Books or white papers as the leaders of the Fabian Society, but, from His published utterances, one gathers that He had given a good deal of thought to the subject of children.

I am not in the least joking—and God forbid that I should be thought irreverent because I write like this. The point that I really wish to make is, once again, that—that the Impressionist gives you, as a rule, the fruits of his own observations and the fruits of his own

observations alone. He should be in this as severe and as solitary as any monk. It is what he is in the world for. It is, for instance, not so much his business to quote as to state his impressions—that the Holy Scriptures are a good book, or a rotten book, or contain passages of good reading interspersed with dulness; or suggest gems in a cavern, the perfumes of aromatic woods burning in censers, or the rush of the feet of camels crossing the deep sands, or the shrill sounds of long trumpets borne by archangels—clear sounds of brass like those in that funny passage in “Aida.”

The passage in prose, however, which I always take as a working model—and in writing this article I am doing no more than showing you the broken tools and bits of oily rag which form my brains, since once again I must disclaim writing with any authority on Impressionism—this passage in prose occurs in a story by de Maupassant called *La Reine Hortense*. I spent, I suppose, a great part of ten years in grubbing up facts about Henry VIII. I worried about his parentage, his diseases, the size of his shoes, the price he gave for kitchen implements, his relation to his wives, his knowledge of music, his proficiency with the bow. I amassed, in short, a great deal of information about Henry VIII. I wanted to write a long book about him, but Mr. Pollard, of the British Museum, got the commission and wrote the book probably much more soundly. I then wrote three long novels all about that Defender of the Faith. But I really know—so delusive are reported facts—nothing whatever. Not one single thing! Should I have found him affable, or terrifying, or seductive, or royal, or courageous? There are so many contradictory facts; there are so many reported interviews, each contradicting the other, so that really all that I *know* about this king could be reported in the words of Maupassant, which, as I say, I always consider as a working model. Maupassant is introducing one of his characters, who is possibly gross, commercial, overbearing, insolent; who eats, possibly, too much greasy food; who wears commonplace clothes—a gentleman about whom you might write volumes if you wanted to give the facts of his existence. But all that de Maupassant finds it necessary to say is: “C’était un monsieur à favoris rouges qui entraît toujours le premier.”

And that is all that I *know* about Henry VIII.—that he was a gentleman with red whiskers who always went first through a door.

III.

Let us now see how these things work out in practice. I have a certain number of maxims, gained mostly in conversation with Mr Conrad, which form my working stock-in-trade. I stick to them pretty generally; sometimes I throw them out of the window and just write whatever comes. But the effect is usually pretty much the same. I guess I must be fairly well drilled by this time and function automatically, as the Americans say. The first two of my maxims are these:

Always consider the impressions that you are making upon the mind of the reader, and always consider that the first impression with which you present him will be so strong that it will be all that you can ever do to efface it, to alter it or even quite slightly to modify it. Maupassant's gentleman with red whiskers, who always pushed in front of people when it was a matter of going through a doorway, will remain, for the mind of the reader, that man and no other. The impression is as hard and as definite as a tin-tack. And I rather doubt whether, supposing Maupassant represented him afterwards as kneeling on the ground to wipe the tears away from a small child who had lost a penny down a drain—I doubt whether such a definite statement of fact would ever efface the first impression from the reader's mind. They would think that the gentleman with the red whiskers was perpetrating that act of benevolence with ulterior motives—to impress the bystanders, perhaps.

Maupassant, however, uses physical details more usually as a method of introduction of his characters than I myself do. I am inclined myself, when engaged in the seductive occupation, rather to strike the keynote with a speech than with a description of personality, or even with an action. And, for that purpose, I should set it down, as a rule, that the first speech of a character you are introducing should always be a generalisation—since generalisations are the really strong indications of character. Putting the matter exaggeratedly, you might say that, if a gentleman sitting opposite you in the train remarked to you: "I see the Tories have won Leith Boroughs," you would have practically no guide to that gentleman's character. But, if he said: "Them bloody Unionists have crept into Leith because the Labourites,



damn them, have taken away 1,100 votes from us," you would know that the gentleman belonged to a certain political party, had a certain social status, a certain degree of education and a certain amount of impatience.

It is possible that such disquisitions on Impressionism in prose fiction may seem out of place in a journal styled *POETRY AND DRAMA*. But I do not think they are. For Impressionism, differing from other schools of art, is founded so entirely on observation of the psychology of the patron—and the psychology of the patron remains constant. Let me, to make things plainer, present you with a quotation. Sings Tennyson :

"And bats went round in fragrant skies,  
And wheeled or lit the filmy shapes  
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes  
And woolly breasts and beady eyes."

Now that is no doubt very good natural history, but it is certainly not Impressionism, since no one watching a bat at dusk could see the ermine, the wool or the beadiness of the eyes. These things you might read about in books, or observe in the museum or at the Zoological Gardens. Or you might pick up a dead bat upon the road. But to import into the record of observations of one moment the observations of a moment altogether different is not Impressionism. For Impressionism is a thing altogether momentary.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. It is perfectly possible that the remembrance of a former observation may colour your impression of the moment, so that if Tennyson had said :

"And we remembered they have ermine capes,"

he would have remained within the canons of Impressionism. But that was not his purpose, which, whatever it was, was no doubt praiseworthy in the extreme, because his heart was pure. It is, however, perfectly possible that a piece of Impressionism should give a sense of two, of three, of as many as you will, places, persons, emotions, all going on simultaneously in the emotions of the writer. It is, I mean, perfectly possible for a sensitised person, be he poet or prose writer, to have the sense, when he is in one room, that he is in another, or when he is speaking to one person he may be so intensely haunted by the memory or desire for another person that he may be absent-minded or distraught. And there is nothing in the canons of Impressionism, as I know it, to

## *On Impressionism*

stop the attempt to render those superimposed emotions. Indeed, I suppose that Impressionism exists to render those queer effects of real life that are like so many views seen through bright glass—through glass so bright that whilst you perceive through it a landscape or a backyard, you are aware that, on its surface, it reflects a face of a person behind you. For the whole of life is really like that ; we are almost always in one place with our minds somewhere quite other.

And it is, I think, only Impressionism that can render that peculiar effect ; I know, at any rate, of no other method. It has, this school, in consequence, certain quite strong canons, certain quite rigid unities that must be observed. The point is that any piece of Impressionism, whether it be prose, or verse, or painting, or sculpture, is the record of the impression of a moment ; it is not a sort of rounded, annotated record of a set of circumstances—it is the record of the recollection in your mind of a set of circumstances that happened ten years ago—or ten minutes. It might even be the impression of the moment—but it is the impression, not the corrected chronicle. I can make what I mean most clear by a concrete instance.

Thus an Impressionist in a novel, or in a poem, will never render a long speech of one of his characters verbatim, because the mind of the reader would at once lose some of the illusion of the good faith of the narrator. The mind of the reader will say : “Hullo, this fellow is faking this. He cannot possibly remember such a long speech word for word.” The Impressionist, therefore, will only record his impression of a long speech. If you will try to remember what remains in your mind of long speeches you heard yesterday, this afternoon or five years ago, you will see what I mean. If to-day, at lunch at your club, you heard an irascible member making a long speech about the fish, what you remember will not be his exact words. However much his proceedings will have amused you, you will not remember his exact words. What you will remember is that he said that the sole was not a sole, but a blank, blank, blank plaice ; that the cook ought to be shot, by God he ought to be shot. The plaice had been out of the water two years, and it had been caught in a drain : all that there was of Dieppe about this Sole Dieppoise was something that you cannot remember. You will remember this gentleman's starting eyes, his grunts between words, that he was fond of saying “damnable, damnable,

damnable." You will also remember that the man at the same table with you was talking about morals, and that your boots were too tight, whilst you were trying, in your under mind, to arrange a meeting with some lady. . . .

So that, if you had to render that scene or those speeches for purposes of fiction, you would not give a word for word re-invention of sustained sentences from the gentleman who was dissatisfied; or if you were going to invent that scene, you would not so invent those speeches and set them down with all the panoply of inverted commas, notes of exclamation. No, you would give an impression of the whole thing, of the snorts, of the characteristic exclamation, of your friend's disquisition on morals, a few phrases of which you would intersperse into the monologue of the gentleman dissatisfied with his sole. And you would give a sense that your feet were burning, and that the lady you wanted to meet had very clear and candid eyes. You would give a little description of her hair. . . .

In that way you would attain to the sort of odd vibration that scenes in real life really have; you would give your reader the impression that he was witnessing something real, that he was passing through an experience. . . . You will observe also that you will have produced something that is very like a Futurist picture—not a Cubist picture, but one of those canvases that show you in one corner a pair of stays, in another a bit of the foyer of a music hall, in another a fragment of early morning landscape, and in the middle a pair of eyes, the whole bearing the title of "A Night Out." And, indeed, those Futurists are only trying to render on canvas what Impressionists *tel que moi* have been trying to render for many years. (You may remember Emma's love scene at the cattle show in *Madame Bovary*.)

Do not, I beg you, be led away by the English reviewer's cant phrase to the effect that the Futurists are trying to be literary and the plastic arts can never be literary. Les Jeunes of to-day are trying all sorts of experiments, in all sorts of media. And they are perfectly right to be trying them.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

(*To be continued.*)

# NEW BOOKS

(Full details of any of the volumes mentioned in this section are given in the *Book Lists* at the end of each issue of POETRY AND DRAMA.)

## ENGLISH POETRY

### PASTEBOARD COVERS

IT would be no use trying to work up any great excitement about the poetry published this quarter. There is little to quote, less (if the use of Mr Galloway Kyle's expression be not too bad a joke) to "enthuse over." Out of the sixty or so volumes, however, a full dozen may be worth the attention of the reader of intelligence. The obsession that verse is *greater* than prose is still paramount, and hundreds of people (usually female) of inferior imagination seek to gain distinction for their thoughts by clothing them in rhymed jingle and a pasteboard cover. These comments are certainly not prompted by acrimony. If one be in love with poetry, can one prevent one's self disparaging its hateful counterfeit? And no honest-hearted person should object to being called a bad poet; only the basely vain will hiss and spit. There are dozens of other things to be besides Poet—tinker, tailor, soldier, etc., and all vocations may be well and ornamentally followed without writing verse. But the greatest profession for a person of clean and honest heart is living, and the most difficult. It is far easier to write verses about life than to live it simply and adventurously. Composing verses may be a jolly recreation, especially if one has friends who will listen to them—writing interesting poetry is another matter, being any kind of a poet another yet, and being a good poet . . . plenty has been written of that.

### MODERN INSPIRATION

This is not a time of *great* poetry. There are no dominating figures, few prolific producers, but a multitude of clever verse-writers, so *clever*, some of them, that it is almost impossible to distinguish the charlatan.

One should, if one is to preserve a clear judgment, be constantly reading the great poetry of the past and testing the new by it. Not that I would seek to classify current poetry according to its probable longevity. Critics frequently pose themselves the question: "Is it immortal?" They had better leave posterity its own discoveries. "Is it mortal?" were a more important question. Is it the transcription of personal emotions, or a composite of imagined ones, a counterfeit, a fake? For the fake in literature is as usual as in commerce. The poet has left his innocence far behind. He is, as it were, discovered. He mistrusts his own inspiration. Romance is so much twaddle; fact is mere science; nature can look after herself (we have learnt to enjoy the skylark without the poet's help; he can apparently tell us nothing new about it that we require to know). Like Hodge, he has been driven to the city. There he seeks a new inspiration, and if he cannot find it soon, with the impetuousness of the hustled townsman, he will manufacture it.

"Now," writes Arthur Quiller-Couch, "the Poet's way of apprehending the Universal is by keeping true to himself, attending to his soul's inner harmony, and listening, waiting, brooding with a 'wise passiveness' until the moment when his and the larger harmony fall into tune together." Again, "Poetry," writes Shelley, "is not, like reasoning, a power to be exerted according to the determination of the will. A man cannot say, *I will compose poetry.*" And again Quiller-Couch: "Nor does our Poet, unless he is a charlatan, pretend to bring home some hieratic message above the understanding of his fellows: for he is an interpreter. . . ."

*Poetry*, by Arthur Quiller-Couch (Fellowship Books, 2/- net).

## SIX BOOKS

The six publications to which I must give principal consideration this quarter divide themselves naturally into two groups. Three of them may be loosely classed together under the arbitrary term "Georgian"; that is, they belong to the tradition of English poetry, continuing in spirit and form the natural sequence of its development. These are:

*New Numbers* (by Lascelles Abercrombie, John Drinkwater, Rupert Brooke, Wilfred Wilson Gibson).

*The Sea is Kind* (by T. Sturge Moore).

*The Two Blind Countries* (by Rose Macaulay).

## *New Books*

The other three are actually of less importance, if potentially of greater significance, for the fact that they emanate from rebels and are wilfully, precociously, provocatively outside the tradition. These are :

*Imagistes* (an Anthology).

*Creation* : Post-Impressionist Poems (by Horace Holley).

*Cubist Poems* (by Max Weber).

## “GEORGIANS”

*New Numbers* is a co-operative quarterly publication of which I have before me the first two issues. Out of the 108 pages 58 are assigned to Lascelles Abercrombie, and undoubtedly the most interesting thing (See p. 190) in them is his play (in No. 2), “The End of the World.” But, like most of his other work, it emanates rather from the intellect than from the imagination. Its conception is clear ; its technique is adequate ; its detail is full and rich, but it leaves a final impression rather of manufacture than of inevitable inspiration. It is the precise opposite of impressionism. Detail brims over from its lines. It is difficult, hard, tough. One imagines the average reader baffled by it. Even the rhythm of his blank verse, so individually his own, is an obstacle. In this play, as in most of his others (Deborah being a notable exception), all the characters speak in the same manner. They do not seem like separate persons. The exigencies of a new blank verse and the thoughts in the author’s own mind obliterate the details of their personal emotions. It is to be hoped that he will leave the dramatic form for a while. One wishes that the *Imagistes* might permit themselves to be more natural, might trim their thought down less ; one desires Mr Abercrombie, on the other hand, to expand his less, to convey his emotions by hint or atmosphere as often, at least, as by complicated detail.

Yet, if his characters speak mostly in the same manner, certainly their collective speech is different to any other in modern literature. Like John Masefield, he is conferring a great service by the wholesale introduction of colloquial words into our poetic language. The aims of the *Imagistes* were set forth in POETRY AND DRAMA, No. 2. It is interesting to have this opportunity of comparing their methods with those of the four poets who have combined in the production of *New Numbers*. John Drinkwater still confines himself to the traditional

language of poetry. W. W. Gibson and Rupert Brooke, like Lascelles Abercrombie, are palpably on the side of an increasing freedom of vocabulary. So far, however, each with one exception, they are scarcely well represented. The former is almost at his best in a poem called "The Gorse." But his tendency towards the commonplace and the sentimental is becoming very marked. Rupert Brooke in "Heaven" (See p. 191) reproduces the best ironical style of his earlier poems. The bad commercial organisation of *New Numbers* is to be noted. It is, on the one hand, neither actually reserved for special private circulation, nor, on the other, properly distributed to the trade; review copies are sent out, and the public is stimulated to buy it, but given no clear idea as to how it is to be obtained.

### IMAGISTES

While the poets of *New Numbers* are enlarging the scope of English poetic language, the *Imagistes* are at present narrowing it. It is (See p. 192) curious that our most studious experimenters in free rhythms should belong to the most exotic and esoteric group of the time. Their poetry is for students of technique; the general public is only admitted by favour. Their inspiration, with a few exceptions, is Greek, Roman, Japanese, Chinese, French, German, anything but English. The American section of the group is less exotic, but seldom less esoteric. At present the *Imagistes* are accomplishing more in theory and precept than in practice. Technically their volume is of immense interest and importance, æsthetically of great delight. As a representative compilation of the work of the group (F. S. Flint perhaps excepted) it is gravely deficient. Some of the best poems of Ford Madox Hueffer, Ezra Pound, and W. C. Williams are, however, I presume, purposely excluded that the volume may more strictly represent the theories of its compilers. I am glad at least that Ezra Pound's "The Return," undoubtedly his best poem, is there. The poems of Richard Aldington and of H. D. appear for the first time in book form. Faint, shadowy, cool, almost, it must be said, mellifluous, their few words enmesh images, hint, imply, suggest; seek, while never too hotly pursuing, find, but never definitely articulate; hold you out their meaning, but withhold it before you grasp; tantalize you if you are dull, irritate you if you are violent, exasperate you if you are blunt or too English. F. S. Flint is scarcely less subtle, but far more definite.

## *New Books*

He, like the others, is probably over-reticent; his work is genuine, careful and attractive, but not memorable. The poetry of Ezra Pound has often been discussed in the pages of this periodical. Ford Madox Hueffer is the most fluent of the group, though it might not appear so from the single poem by which he is represented here. Those who choose to read *New Numbers* and the *Imagistes Anthology* will have a fair chance of estimating for themselves the two newest and most forward movements in English poetry.

### T. STURGE MOORE

T. Sturge Moore is well represented in his new volume. Of its sixty-nine poems twenty-one have never been printed before, thirteen have appeared in periodicals, and the remainder were included in previous volumes dating back as far even as *The Vinedresser* (1899). In "The Sea is Kind," which occupies its first 30 pages, Mr Moore has once again expressed himself through the personalities of a group of semi-realistic mythical and idyllic figures, nymphs, goatherds and shepherds, talking a rhythmical language (peculiarly his own), ejaculating comments on life and human nature, breaking suddenly into long digressive descriptions: he has created a little fabulous world, apparently far away, actually in the very centre of our own. The (See p. 194) poems chosen for quotation represent him, I think, in his very best mood, though the first two are reprinted from a child-volume, *The Little School* (1905; now out of print). The first represents what the poet, though possessing abundantly, often neglects to express, namely, an instinctive joy in lifeless objects, an intimacy with their use, exact knowledge of their significance, a love, approaching adoration, for them as emblems of the life of man. The second and third are like little hymns in praise of the human creature, blood, limb and muscle, soul and deed. Unlike that of Imagistes and other modern groups, Mr Sturge Moore's manner is, at its best, that of the simple and pure song, well rhymed, happy and attractive. *At its best*, I think; but more than half his verse is rather difficult reading, and presupposes in the reader a knowledge of the classical myths, which is a disadvantage.

### AN INTERESTING WOMAN-POET

The poetry of Rose Macaulay, which may have been noticed by those who read the *Westminster* and the *Spectator* (her six novels are known



to a considerable public) comes to us in its collected form as a lovely surprise; her first book is one which I find it difficult to describe in the restrained manner necessary in such a composition as this Chronicle. Her "blind countries" are the two regions, neither defined nor exactly perceived, of reality and dream. We are living partially in each; we are never precisely aware of their boundaries, and we step unexpectedly, at any moment, over from one into the other. She writes in the Cambridge manner; she is of the school of Rupert Brooke and Frances Cornford: also the influence of Walter de la Mare is not merely apparent, but quite obvious. I am quoting at some length (See p. 197) from this book, and I should like to quote more still: I find it peculiarly pleasant and stimulating. Her verse forms are mostly regular; her technique is not particularly strong: one of its few surprises consisting in crowded syllables, protracted rhythm and delayed stresses often in the penultimate lines of stanzas where an ordinary iambic line might have been expected, imitative, doubtless unconsciously, of Mr de la Mare. This poetry is impressionistic without being impressionism. I should think Miss Macaulay has little aptitude for writing in free verse; she is evidently helped by rhyme and rule, and whereas the poetry of most free-verse-writers is subjective, and the impression and expression are represented as coincident, most of this is objective, and will be looked upon by the free-verse-writer as mere literary exercise. But Miss Macaulay has a technique of idea such, I think, as may be found in no current free verse except possibly in that of some of the Imagistes.

#### CUBIST POEMS

Max Weber, for instance (but we are given to understand in the Foreword to his book that he is still a beginner), thinks in so disordered a manner that he can scarcely be taken seriously. Yet it is well indeed that experimenters should carry on the spade-work without intermission. Some of Mr Weber's work strikes me as mere thin Whitmanese. About ten of his poems read genuine enough, and are interesting. (See p. 198)

#### "POST-IMPRESSIONIST" POEMS

I find, however, Horace Holley's poems among the most interesting this quarter. Why can he have called them "post-impressionist"? As applied to Mr Holley's poetry the term seems even more meaning- (See p. 199)

## *New Books*

less than usual. Here is that rare creature, a modern English free-verse-writer, who does not apparently despise his public, keeps his tongue out of his cheek, and insists on being taken seriously. His inspiration is principally, but not necessarily, urban; he is cosmical, but not excessively. I have returned to his book several times, and, unlike most of its kind, it stands re-reading. Influences are slight; there is little Whitman and less Browning. Mr Holley watches nature and natural events with the eyes of a man of the new world. His sensibility is modern; his worst fault is probably carelessness. If I thought he would stop here I would be loath to praise him, but from his attitude one may judge he will surely develop.

(See p. 201) Norman Gale, on the other hand, is stationary, and apparently contented to remain so. I hope I have not done him an injustice in quoting so short an extract; yet I believe it represents his actual position. His poetry has admirers. He is by preference unoriginal. One may read his 240 pages of *Collected Poems*, but there will be absolutely nothing to say about them.

## IRISH POETS

There is a little batch, chiefly held over from last quarter, of seven volumes by Irish poets. There are people who desire so much to like poetry from Ireland that they keep themselves, by preference, indifferent to its faults, just as there are people who at the mere sound of certain literary names will raise a pæan of grandiloquent praise, just as there are people who, if poetry looks or sounds very simple, or if it be Roman Catholic, or if it lilt like some old popular song, cry out immediately that it is admirable. Thus Katharine Tynan has a following, but her verse has become so commonplace, sentimental and monotonous, that one guesses those who praise it must have fallen into an insouciant dreamy habit of doing so without realising what their own words mean.

(See p. 202) *Irishry*, by Joseph Campbell, is, however, an entertaining set of impressions by a close observer and keen patriot. "Hardly a corner of Ireland," he writes, in his Preface, "but has contributed something to this pageant of types that stand for the nation to-day"; and "Artists are fortunate in that the colour of Irish life is still radiant. . . . There is blood everywhere. . . ." Mr Campbell's local colour is strong, but not brilliant.

*Irishry*, and Susan L. Mitchell's *Aids to the Immortality of Certain Persons in Ireland* are, I think, the most interesting books of the batch. (See p. 203) I am quoting from the latter a page of most pleasant satire, and may any amateur theatre-manager have a laugh at himself!

Thomas MacDonagh's *Lyrical Poems* are beautifully produced (except for their cover). They are restrained and very careful. He uses words almost with fear. I cannot find beauty in them. Mrs Shorter's narrative poem, "Madge Lindsey," has received complimentary praise in the press. Its rhythm has some interest, but the story is not a good one, nor does it carry conviction, not being the product either of inner experience, or of accurate observation, or right imagination.

The chief interest of most of these Irish books is in their Hibernianism. Ireland having produced a modern literature of her own, it is well the tradition should be carried on by a number of minor poets. Modern Scotch "Poesy" is mostly the worst stuff, and Ireland is to be congratulated (quite apart from her two or three excellent living poets) on maintaining a much higher standard than Scotland.

R. C. Trevelyan's operatic fable, *The New Parsifal*, is difficult to read, but I think it is worth perseverance. It hardly compares with similar dramatic skits of the standard of, for instance, John Davidson's "Scaramouch in Naxos"; some of Gilbert also is surely more powerful: nevertheless there is good fun in it.

Among the five new books in the Vigo Cabinet Series, Margaret Cropper's verses show some originality; Edmund Vale's "Elfin Chants" are too strongly influenced by Poe, but the four "Railway Rhythms" at the end of his volume are something new, and if he develops this vein he should write poems that would make good reading aloud.

In Griffyth Fairfax's *Horns of Taurus* I do not find anything that I much like; but his volume of "clerihews," *Sideslips: A Collection of Unposted Postscripts, Admissions and Asides*, has some amusing things, particularly the "Matrimonial Series" and the three entitled "The Perfect Host."

(See p. 204)

For the rest, there is some very horrible rubbish this quarter; verse that is so derived that one gasps; verse that is so commonplace that

## *New Books*

one drops to sleep reading it. Wilfred Thorley's *Florentine Vignettes* are better than most of it. They are probably old work ; he has some good ideas, but his use of the Hiawatha metre can scarcely be numbered among them. In Robert Calignoc's *Odd Numbers* there is occasional intelligence mixed with much arrogant bluster. The usual big volume of narrative poems comes, this time, from Charles Stratford Catty. These are not up to the standard even of Herbert Sherring's volume last quarter. Mr. Catty's chief influence is plainly Browning. Finally the Rev. E. E. Bradford publishes a narrative poem, "In Quest of Love," describing his adventures among boys through Europe, Northern Africa and the Near East, together with other homosexual poems of no particular merit, but certainly more daring than the similar ones in his last volume.

I do not think I have passed over anything that was worth noticing. Most of the books I have not mentioned (apart from those intentionally held over) cannot well be of interest to others than their authors themselves, and a few relations and friends. The books issued by Mr Galloway Kyle under the trade name of Erskine Macdonald I am unable to judge, as they are all withheld from me because this periodical once contained remarks which he interpreted as sneers at one of his authors. Mr Kyle's motives are admittedly commercial, yet he is wronging both himself and his authors. One of the guiding principles of this paper is candour ; he should grasp that, were he by chance to publish some good poetry, he would be depriving it of what in trade phraseology is called a "free advertisement." The copy of *A Cluster of Grapes*, noticed below by Mr Thomas, had to be bought.

I am glad at all times to receive letters from authors who consider themselves unfairly treated. The sale of minor poetry is of course very hard to influence ; the public is not usually misguided in judging average fiction more interesting than average poetry. It is important, however, that the qualities of the latter should be discussed often, impartially, and as openly as possible, and any points raised by correspondents will receive attention, if they seem worth it, in these quarterly notes ; though I must add that my space is limited.

HAROLD MONRO

## REPRINTS AND ANTHOLOGIES

THE anthologist should take either the best things, or the representative things, or everything of a particular kind or several kinds. He should offer us what we lack, skill or opportunity to find for ourselves, or he should make an arrangement of pieces in order to give us some special pleasure or to drive home some point. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" virtually told the multitude what it ought to like. The culture of a whole age lay behind it. It was useful and delightful, and it was a force. It earned popularity. Mr E. V. Lucas' "Open Road" was a graceful arrangement, genially broken up. It bore the mark of personality and a purpose. It also earned popularity. The "Early English Lyrics" of Messrs. E. K. Chambers and Arthur Sidgwick was the work of special knowledge accompanied by taste. But nobody without special knowledge could for more than a short time pretend to enjoy many things in it. It could not become popular. There are no such books before me.

The editor, who is also the publisher, of *A Cluster of Grapes: A Book of 20th Century Poetry* (Erskine Macdonald, 3s. 6d. net), does not reveal any authority, skill, or novel idea. One of his claims is that he is not running a clique, the implication being that "Georgian Poetry" was the work of a clique, although it is a fact that the contributors were not personally known, when it was made, either to one another or to the editor. Now a clique is interesting, but Mr Macdonald does not represent a clique. Neither does he represent the whole age. For though he includes many good names—too many old-established names—and some interesting ones, nobody who knew the ground, and was not commercially concerned, would claim that these poets are either the best or the most characteristic that could be fitted into a hundred pages. They are A. E., A. C. Benson, Anna Bunston, G. K. Chesterton, Frances Cornford, John Galsworthy, Eva Gore-Booth, John Gurdon, Thomas Hardy, Ralph Hodgson, W. G. Hole, Laurence Houseman, Emilia Stuart Lorimer, James Mackereth, Walter de la Mare, Alice Meynell, Will Ogilvie, Stephen Phillips, Eden Phillpotts, D. Sigerson Shorter, Arthur Symons, Evelyn Underhill, and Margaret L. Woods. The poets themselves have chosen the poems. Within the book Mr Macdonald does not call these the "foremost" poets. In fact, he regrets "the absence abroad" of potential contributors who would also have been foremost, and, conscious of the incompleteness, he hints on the wrapper that other volumes may follow. The advertisements, however, plainly state that these are "the twenty-three foremost living poets." This may not be the serious statement of Mr Galloway Kyle, but the exaggeration of the advertisement department of Mr Erskine Macdonald. Such exaggeration is customary among advertisers of goods that do not recommend themselves, and

is inconsistent with the remark that "the finest lyric work of our day needs no further introduction." The advertiser, in fact, is not addressing the same "discriminating lovers of the high poetry that is the touchstone of beauty" as the editor. They might know that this "Cluster" had long been forestalled by the larger clusters of Miss Royde Smith and Mr Walter Jerrold. He is addressing rather those who are willing to take the advertiser's word this is a book "to enthuse over." The plain fact is that it contains chiefly good or interesting things, yet as whole is uninteresting and unnecessary, because it is without principle or personality. Anyone could have made such an anthology, though perhaps no one else would have said he had "collated" it.

Mr Ernest Rhys' "*New Golden Treasury*" (Dent, 1/- net) is a very different thing from the old, setting aside the fact that it is supplementary, and gives many examples from periods before and after Palgrave began and left off. It is, of course, very interesting; it contains specimens from "Regions Cæsar never knew"; and the person who really masters it and Palgrave will be a paragon of taste and learning. But, as Mr Rhys says, his boundaries "are more open." He has doubtless always pleased himself. The difficulty is that he has done it in a hundred different ways. He has anthologised "as the linnet sings." Whether the culture of an age or a decade is behind it, I don't pronounce. But I feel that a great many people could have produced a similar cornucopæia with the help, of course, of Mr Rhys' "fine, careless rapture." It is too good, too rich, too sweet. On the other hand, it has to be remembered that the name of Mr Rhys and of "Everyman" will insinuate all this various beauty into the ends and depths of the earth, and really the only pity is that he has been able to include so few recent poets, and mostly those very well known.

Mr C. B. Wheeler has edited Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" (Oxford University Press, 2s. 6d. net.) with additional poems which include the whole of Fitzgerald's "Omar," Arnold's "Scholar Gypsy," Morris' "Haystack in the Floods," etc. Mr Rhys has tried to use "the singing note in the verse" as a test. Mr Wheeler has been less embarrassed. His business is with notes, of which he gives two hundred pages. Some are good, as where he points out lines omitted or meddled with by Palgrave, though he does not reinstate these lines. Wherever he gives information briefly he is good, but this he cannot always do. Thus the note to "To stoop to your fist," is "To come at your call like a hawk in the mediæval sport of fowling," which seems to me cumbrous, and either unnecessary or not precise enough. Then when he translates "dissolve me into ecstacies" by "'melt me into transports,' sc. of religious fervour," I do not see that he helps Milton. And how many children, even if they believe him, will be the wiser for hearing that, historically, of course, the birth of Christ cannot have taken place in the winter? Mr Wheeler also suffers from the necessity of very often saying this kind of thing: "As a recognition of his poetical merit, an

appreciative government made him an exciseman in 1789." This is less useful than the eulogies which he has cut out of Palgrave's notes. It is scarcely more accurate to say that "with a hey and a ho" is "one of the meaningless lines inserted, by way of refrain, into the songs of the period . . ." He has also, by the way, substituted "the west wind" for Palgrave's "spring wind," as an explanation of "Favonius." And when it comes to ingenuity he is not inexhaustible. Thus when Lodge writes :

Her paps are centres of delight ;  
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly flame,  
Where Nature moulds the dew of light  
To feed perfection with the same :  
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Mr Wheeler says: "I can only conjecture that Rosalynde's breast is conceived as giving out a soft radiance ('the dew of light'), which goes to complete the sum of her perfections." Lodge was probably thinking of the origin of the Milky Way.

Miss Irene Osgood and Mr Horace Wyndham have probably intended simply to give pleasure in *The Winged Anthology* (John Richmond, 3s. 6d. and 5s.). They do not give all the poems written about birds and butterflies, nor the best ones, nor representative ones, but simply any ones. Thus Mr Fred E. Weatherley appears as the author of a song called "The Linnet." It is not poetry, and it bears no relation to the bird of that name. Anybody that ever wrote about the lark had apparently a chance of getting into this volume. Every kind of carelessness is well exhibited here. Unless only good poems were to be included, Jefferies' stanzas on the chaffinch should not have been left out. Not only are they left out, but a ridiculous imitation of chaffinch song by the Duke of Argyll is put in. Then to make up four poems relating to the cock, two relating to the black grouse or black cock are collared. Good poems have been admitted. Among living poets, W. H. Davies and John Freeman contribute, but the volume can please only those who are indifferent to poetry but sometimes need a quotation about birds.

Claiming to consist of "choice selections from southern poets from colonial times to the present day, edited by Jennie Thornley Clarke," *Songs of the South* (Alexander Moring, 5s. net.) is very much worse. It includes Poe, who was a poet; Sidney Lanier, who is usually accepted as one; and John Bannister Tabb, who was a sober artificer. But for the rest they are such a crowd that Mr Madison Cawein shines among them like Venus among lampblacks. The ladies write like this:

"Angel faces watch my pillow, angel voices haunt my sleep,  
And upon the winds of midnight shining pinions round me sweep;  
Floating downward on the starlight, two bright infant forms I see,  
They are mine, my own bright darlings, come from Heaven to visit me."

The gentlemen write like this :

“ Oh, drearily, how drearily, the sombre eve comes down !  
And wearily, how wearily, the seaward breezes blow !  
But place your little hand in mine—so dainty, yet so brown !  
For household toil hath worn away its rosy-tinted snow . . . ”

When Mr Joel Chandler Harris says in his introduction that many of these things “have already taken their place as favourites in the public mind,” I do not believe him. The whole thing is either a joke or a shameless commercial enterprise. It is, however, a genuine anthology, culled from obscure corners, from magazines, even from manuscripts, and might serve as a foundation for a monumental anthology of the worst poetry.

The best parts of Miss Lewes' charming little book *Life and Poems of Dafydd ab Gwilym* (Nutt, 2s. 6d. net.) are those where she gives plain prose renderings of the originals. But these are very few. Most of the translations are in the worst possible translator's verse. Altogether it is a surprising volume for the year 1914. Borrow's chapter on the bard in “Wild Wales” is much better reading and tells about as much, and Borrow's own verses are just the sort for Miss Lewes. If the book, which is cheap and popular in style, is meant to convince the English reader that Dafydd really was as great as people say, it will fail. It merely suggests a unique poet, strangely compounded of chivalrous elegance and woodland wildness ; but that had already been suggested.

The *Poems* (1848-1870) by Charles Kingsley (Oxford University Press, 1s. 6d. net) is simply a reprint, without editing or notes. Meredith's *Selected Poems* (Constable, 1s. net) is likewise a reprint of the selection of 1897, a very good one.

EDWARD THOMAS



## BIOGRAPHIES

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON. By Everard Meynell. (Burns and Oates. 10s. 6d.)

FRANCIS THOMPSON. By John Thomson. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 2s. 6d.)

THE LIFE OF MATTHEW PRIOR. By Francis Bickley. (Pitman. 7s. 6d.)

THERE are hardly two poets in our literature more opposed to each other in temperament and style than the two subjects of these biographies. For Thompson was an example of the poet existing by the force of his genius and making no peace with the world ; Prior a poet only when occasion served—a fair-weather poet.

The success of Francis Thompson's poetry is a little to be wondered at in modern times, for all its materials, its old-fashioned mysticism, its mediævalism are not to the taste of the age. It has succeeded in spite of all these things. The essential poetry in his verse has triumphed.

This life of his makes curious reading. It is sad, pathetic, even a little eerie, for poor Thompson was a ghostly creature, stunted and cheated of his birthright in the world by cruel circumstances. We cannot help thinking what a glorious poet we should have had if Thompson had found earlier in life than he did love, sympathy, and society. But such speculations only vex. We have as it is in him something precious and rare. Mr Meynell writes of his old friend with understanding. He treats of him intimately, caressingly even, and without pedagogy. There is a manner of biography which consists in hailing up the person under review as if he were about to undergo judgment and possibly sentence. Mr Meynell's biography exhibits the very reverse of that principle. He reveals to us the tenuous, mysterious life of Thompson with great sympathy but without hero-worship. His book will be the fount of all future biographies.

Mr Bickley gives us the life of Matthew Prior with the imperturbable ease of the journalist. It is interesting, it is correctly written, and it is just like a hundred other such lives. Prior was really more diplomat and courtier than poet, but he had at times a dainty fancy and a light wit of a kind that is not too common in our literature. He is a type of the man who is not dissatisfied with life, whose delight is in trifles, whose attitude is Horatian ; while Thompson is of those whose imagination is for ever transcending their experience.

The third of these biographies, the small volume on Thompson by a namesake and fellow-townsmen, burns with a local patriotism that is very praiseworthy. It is a Preston man's praise of another Preston man. It is concise, accurate, but contains nothing new, either biographically or critically.

E. S.

# EXTRACTS FROM RECENT POETRY

From *New Numbers* . . . FROM "THE END OF THE WORLD." By *Lascelles Abercrombie*

*Merrick* :                    'Twas bound to come sometime,  
Bound to come, I suppose. 'Tis a poor thing  
For us, to fall plumb in the chance of it ;  
But, now or another time, 'twas bound to be.—  
I have been thinking back. When I was a lad  
I was delighted with my life : there seemed  
Naught but things to enjoy. Say we were bathing :  
There'd be the cool smell of the water, and cool  
The splashing under the trees : but I did loathe  
The sinking mud slithering round my feet,  
And I did love to loathe it so ! And then  
We'd troop to kill a wasp's nest ; and for sure  
I would be stung ; and if I liked the dusk  
And singing and the game of it all, I loved  
The smart of the stings, and fleeing the buzzing furies.  
And sometimes I'd be looking at myself  
Making so much of everything ; there'd seem  
A part of me speaking about myself :  
" You know, this is much more than being happy.  
'Tis hunger of some power in you, that lives  
On your heart's welcome for all sorts of luck,  
But always looks beyond you for its meaning."  
And that's the way the world's kept going on,  
I believe now. Misery and delight  
Have both had liking welcome from it, both  
Have made the world keen to be glad and sorry.  
For why ? It felt the living power thrive  
The more it made everything, good and bad,  
Its own belonging, forged to its own affair,—  
The living power that would do wonders some day.  
I don't know if you take me ?

*Sollers* :                    I do, fine ;  
I've felt the very thought go through my mind  
When I was at my wains ; though 'twas a thing

Of such a flight I could not read its colour.—  
Why was I like a man sworn to a thing  
Working to have my wains in every curve,  
Ay, every tenon, right and as they should be?  
Not for myself, not even for those wains:  
But to keep in me living at its best  
The skill that must go forward and shape the world,  
Helping it on to make some masterpiece.

*Merrick*: And never was there aught to come of it!  
The world was always looking to use its life  
In some great handsome way at last. And now—  
We are just fooled. There never was any good  
In the world going on or being at all.  
The fine things life has plotted to do are worth  
A rotten toadstool kickt to flying bits.  
End of the World? Ay, and the end of a joke.

HEAVEN. By *Rupert Brooke*

Fish (fly-replete, in depth of June,  
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)  
Ponder deep wisdom, dark or clear,  
Each secret fishy hope or fear.  
Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond,  
But is there anything Beyond?  
This life cannot be All, they swear,  
For how unpleasant, if it were!  
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good  
Shall come of Water and of Mud;  
And, sure, the reverent eye must see  
A purpose in Liquidity.  
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,  
The future is not Wholly Dry.  
Mud unto mud!—Death eddies near—  
Not here the appointed End, not here!  
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time,  
Is wetter water, slimier slime!  
And there (they trust) there swimmeth One  
Who swam ere rivers were begun,  
Immense, of fishy form and mind,  
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;

And under that Almighty Fin,  
The littlest fish may enter in.  
Oh ! never fly conceals a hook,  
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,  
But more than mundane weeds are there,  
And mud celestially fair ;  
For caterpillars drift around,  
And Paradisal grubs are found ;  
Unfading moths, immortal flies,  
And the worm that never dies.  
And in that Heaven of their wish,  
There shall be no more land, say fish.

From *The Anthology des Imagistes*

TO [A] GREEK MARBLE. By *Richard Aldington*

Πόντια, Πόντια,  
White grave goddess,  
Pity my sadness,  
O silence of Paros.

I am not one of these about thy feet,  
These garments and decorum ;  
I am thy brother,  
Thy lover of aforetime crying to thee,  
And thou hearest me not.

I have whispered thee in thy solitudes  
Of our love in Phrygia,  
The far ecstasy of burning noons  
When the fragile pipes  
Ceased in the cypress shade,  
And the brown fingers of the shepherd  
Moved over slim shoulders ;  
And only the cicada sang.

I have told thee of the hills  
And the lisp of reeds  
And the sun upon thy breasts,

And thou hearest me not,  
Πόντια, Πόντια,  
Thou hearest me not.

SITALKAS. By *H. D.*

Thou art come at length  
More beautiful  
Than any cool god  
In a chamber under  
Lycia's far coast,  
Than any high god  
Who touches us not  
Here in the seeded grass.  
Aye, than Argestes  
Scattering the broken leaves.

By *F. S. Flint*

London, my beautiful,  
it is not the sunset  
nor the pale green sky  
shimmering through the curtain  
of the silver birch,  
nor the quietness ;  
it is not the hopping  
of birds  
upon the lawn,  
nor the darkness  
stealing over all things  
that moves me.

But as the moon creeps slowly  
over the tree-tops  
among the stars,  
I think of her  
and the glow her passing  
sheds on men.

London, my beautiful,  
I will climb  
into the branches  
to the moonlit tree-tops,  
that my blood may be cooled  
by the wind.

I HEAR AN ARMY.     By *James Joyce*

I hear an army charging upon the land,  
And the thunder of horses plunging ; foam about their  
    knees :  
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,  
Disdaining the rains, with fluttering whips, the Charioteers.

They cry into the night their battle name :  
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.  
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,  
    Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long grey hair :  
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.  
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair ?  
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone ?

FAN-PIECE FOR HER IMPERIAL LORD.

By *Ezra Pound*

O fan of white silk,  
    clear as frost on the grass-blade,  
You also are laid aside.

TS'AI CHI'H.     By *Ezra Pound*

The petals fall in the fountain,  
    the orange coloured rose leaves,  
Their ochre clings to the stone.

From *The Sea is  
Kind*, by T. Sturge  
Moore

BEAUTIFUL MEALS.

How nice it is to eat !  
All creatures love it so,  
That they who first did spread,  
Ere breaking bread,  
A cloth like level snow,  
Were right, I know.

And they were wise and sweet  
Who, glad that meat tastes good,  
Used speech in an arch style,  
And oft would smile  
To raise the cheerful mood,  
While at their food.

And those who first, so neat,  
Placed fork and knife quite straight,  
The glass on the right hand ;  
And all, as planned,  
Each day set round the plate,—  
Be their praise great !

For then, their hearts being light,  
They plucked hedge-posies bright—  
Flowers who, their scent being sweet,  
Give nose and eye a treat :  
'Twas they, my heart can tell,  
Not eating fast but well,  
Who wove the spell  
Which finds me every day,  
And makes each meal-time gay ;  
I know 'twas they.

#### DAVID AND GOLIATH.

With half his arm in running water  
David groped for rounded pebbles ;  
Kneeling by the brook he sought there  
Till he found that five were good :  
Oh ! that I had been by then,  
When at last he upright stood,  
Choicest of the sons of men !  
While round his feet in rippling trebles  
Water crooned across the pebbles.

He was young and fair to see  
In his shepherd's dress ;  
His spirit and his limbs felt free,  
Quit then of their late distress  
When he, caged in king Saul's casque and gaunt  
war suit,

Had said, " I cannot go in these,  
Since their use I have not tested "—would not  
do it  
Even a king to please.

He left that clear and purling water ;  
Only one of his five stones  
Did he use, yet mighty slaughter  
On the Philistines ensued :  
Oh that I had heard the shout,  
When that stone had been proved good—  
Done its work beyond a doubt !  
Which ended felled Goliath's groans,  
And no need for further stones.

It is always good to be  
Where long-sighed-for things  
Are done with that felicity  
Every hero with him brings,—  
When he must be up and doing, steps forth lightly,  
Nor needs fear's casque and mail to don,  
Sure, he who acteth simply, bravely, rightly,  
Hath trustier armour on.

FROM A SEQUENCE ENTITLED " THE DEED."

II.

No sight earth yields our eyes is lovelier than  
The body of a naked strong young man.  
O watch him course the meadows flecked with shade  
Beside the stream, before his plunge be made !  
Then watch him ridge the water to its brims  
With rhythmic measure while he gravely swims ;  
And watch him issue, shining even more,  
Run, leap and prove himself upon the shore,  
Intent to warm his limbs and have them dry,  
Making great efforts, seeming as he would fly.  
Ah ! he can fill an hour up in this way  
And never hear a voice within him say  
" Why art thou not at work ? " for it is true  
That all he is approves what he doth do.



From *The Two  
Blind Countries*,  
by Rose Macaulay

THE ALIEN

Mazily wandering through a blind land,  
As a sailor gropes a strange shore,  
Continually would he stop and stand,  
His ear to a door.

Shadows and droll shapes thronged him about,  
But he cared no whit for them all ;  
He, all alone in that crazy rout,  
Heard through the wall.

As the sea beats on a fog-bound beach  
A clamouring whispering broke,  
And against the shaken door surged the muffled speech  
Of a world of folk.

But if they called him they were not heard,  
And he might cry to them in vain ;  
Between them and him not the least small word  
Could pass again.

Only through a crack in the door's blind face  
He would reach a thieving hand,  
To draw some clue to his own strange place  
From the other land.

But his closed hand came back empty,  
As a dream drops from him who wakes ;  
And naught might he know but how a muffled sea  
In whispers breaks.

. . . . .

On either side of a gray barrier  
The two blind countries lie ;  
But he knew not which held him prisoner,  
Nor yet know I.

THE THIEF

When the paths of dreams were mist-muffled,  
And the hours were dim and small  
(Through still nights on wet orchard grass  
Like rain the apples fall),

Then naked-footed, secretly,  
The thief dropped over the wall.

Apple-boughs spattered mist at him,  
The dawn was as cold as death,  
With a stealthy joy at the heart of it,  
And the stir of a small sweet breath,  
And a robin breaking his heart in song  
As a young child sorroweth.

The thief's feet bruised wet lavender  
Into sweet sharp surprise ;  
The orchard, full of pears and joy,  
Smiled like a gold sunrise ;  
But the blind house stared down on him  
With strange white-lidded eyes.

He stood at the world's secret heart  
In the haze-wrapt mystery ;  
And fat pears, mellow on the lip,  
He supped like a honey-bee ;  
But the apples he crunched with sharp white teeth  
Were pungent, like the sea.

And this was the oldest garden of joy,  
Living and young and sweet.  
And the melting mists took radiance,  
And the silence a rhythmic beat,  
For the day came stealing stealthily,  
A thief, upon furtive feet.

And the walls that ring this world about  
Quivered like gossamer,  
Till he heard, in the other worlds beyond,  
The other people stir,  
And met strange, sudden, shifting eyes  
Through the filmy barrier. . . .

From *Cubist*  
*Poems*, by Max  
Weber

HAZE

Haze, haze, haze,  
Warmed, heated, dried, burnt,  
Blurred by wind-mist seething the air,  
Air hanging air wet over the hills,  
Air moist, damp, pressing air,

Gray molten hills and valleys  
Contours, masses, finesses, gone,  
Haze, haze, haze.  
This late hour past noon.  
Life stilled, action stopped,  
Ambition and purpose waiting,  
For but one cool breeze.  
Now haze, haze, haze,  
Man and trees and animals  
All with drooped heads,  
And brows drenched with sweat,  
Now haze, haze, haze,  
Waiting for one cool breeze.

I AM DRINKING TEA

Night's stillness comes,  
Fatigue calling rest  
Before and after—my kitchen  
Stillness in, stillness about  
My footsteps and utensils touch I hear,  
Pauses,—breath-rest,—waiting,  
Water seething—now boiling,  
I am drinking tea.  
My friends—my pots, always with me.  
Here and before here,  
Here and before here—  
Ah—the late evening hour,  
Summer's night coolness,  
Tea and air and stillness and song,  
Summer's joy—  
In my kitchen I am—  
I am drinking tea.

From *Creation*, by  
Horace Holley

THE DREAMER

God the Father in His easy chair pondering the great book  
of Vision  
Lets fall a casual hand the while He broods tremendously  
the word ;  
And on his little stool beside the human child, restless for  
play,

Takes the slack fingers in his busy grasp,  
Fondles them, tracing the great philosophic lines and wrinkles  
And rubs his cheek against the palm, kissing it all over with  
a sudden fondness ;  
But fallen from his little stool, and crying aloud,  
Pulls at the casual Hand and whimpers for a word, a glance,  
All in vain, now and for ever ;  
For God the Father is quite lost in the terrible endless Vision,  
And from the height whereon He broods sunk in His easy  
chair,  
Only the casual Hand falls down, the slack, forgetful fingers,  
Tear-wet or kissed, gently relax, nor close the Book, nor lift  
the child.

### THE CROWD

Fed from the gloom of night-strewn barren streets  
And gorged from the gloomier night of barren homes,  
The heavy, corpulent crowd  
Enormously sprawls the house of carnival,  
Mute as a foeless, mateless sea-deep monster  
Heaving through livid, phosphorescent caves  
Its bulk of terrible hunger seeking prey.  
As one great staring Thing the brutal crowd,  
Passion distended,  
Rolls ponderously out its whole length,  
The avid, pitiless will of huddled men  
Absorbing into one vapid, bottomless soul  
Its long-craved prey of pleasure.

The dancers flutter, dazzling Its vacant eye ;  
These girls with shining trays of heaped fruit  
And wines from the world's mad reckless south  
Steep drowsily Its wandering senses ;  
Deafened by changing music, It grows partly glad.  
How did I come a part of this huge Thing,  
Myself so harmless ?  
Yet I too fled from my own hateful gloom,  
From many a biting sorrow,  
Gladly forgetting myself and others  
To surge with these the warm sleek blazing house,  
The house of carnival.

So the monster dies, Its bloated power

Dissolves in tears. I look and deeply know  
The secret parts, like me, of the corpulent Thing,  
The avid men and women of the crowd.  
And O these dancing girls, this glittering fruit  
The Thing glutted its empty heart upon,  
'Twas all the broken pieces of old joy,  
The fragments of our man and woman dream  
Which, blindly coming together,  
We sought amid these changing lights and sounds  
To take, to gather up, fragment by fragment,  
And shape into one conscious soul again.

I, when the rear gate of my life opens,  
From all such tragic hypocritic days  
Shall turn to the far mountain of my secret will,  
That stark, still place, to build a small cottage there  
Beside a whispering brook,  
To sit alone and think of many things.

From *The Col-  
lected Poems* of  
Norman Gale

FIRST STANZAS OF A CREED.

God sends no message by me. I am mute  
When Wisdom crouches in her farthest cave ;  
I love the organ, but must touch the lute.

I cannot salve the sores of those who bleed ;  
I break no idols, smite no olden laws,  
And come before you with no separate creed.

No controversies thrust me to the ledge  
Of dangerous schools and doctrines hard to learn ;  
Give me the whitethroat whistling in the hedge.

Why should I fret myself to find out nought ?  
Dispute can blight the soul's eternal corn  
And choke its richness with the tares of thought.

I am content to know that God is great,  
And Lord of fish and fowl, of air and sea—  
Some little points are misty. Let them wait.

From *Irishry*, by  
Joseph Campbell

LOAFERS.

If highest Heaven were no more  
Than this: an undulating floor  
Of flowering furze and lawny grass;  
White clouds, like ships, that pass and pass;  
An April sun warming my neck;  
Two corbies playing at pick-a-back;  
A lark trilling, a butterfly  
That mounts and falls and flutters by;  
My Thoreau open at "*Walden Pond*";  
Blue hills of mystery beyond—  
'Twould be enough. Or, having this,  
Who'd die to win more perfect bliss?

And who's the wiser? I, or he  
Who props a wall at Eden Quay,  
And spits innumerable between  
His drinks? while April like a queen  
Rides over noisome lane and street,  
Bringing the breath of meadow-sweet,  
Of flowering furze and daffodils  
That toss their beauty to the hills,  
Of wall-flowers, purple, brown and red,  
And Solomon's-seal with drooping-head,—  
And Liffey's ooze meanders rank,  
For all her touch, 'twixt bank and bank.

Heaven is peace. The key is found  
In sightless air, unheeded sound,  
Or such like atrophy of sense  
When consciousness is in suspense:  
The climbing thoughts lulled to a sleep  
Of grey forgetfulness, like sheep  
Gathered to fold: when near is blent  
With distant, and the skyey tent  
Of clouds and trilling larks and sun  
And earth and wind and God are one.  
He's even wise, who props a wall,  
And cares not if it stand or fall!

From *Aids to the  
Immortality of  
Certain Persons in  
Ireland*, by Susan  
L. Mitchell

FROM "THE VOICE OF ONE."

*Bates (animated)*: That's it, that's it, simplicity's the thing;  
Art is choked up by over-furnishing.  
To make life simple is my whole design—  
I who spend years upon a single line,  
Setting a letter here, a comma there—  
Surely simplicity's my only care.

*Barton*: No doubt, no doubt; the thing is this, we want  
A theatre and all the usual plant.

*Bates*: The usual plant! that's just the very thing  
We must avoid; no over-furnishing.  
The play must tell by mere force of Art—  
This is a matter I have much at heart.

*Barton*: You must have clothes and properties and that,  
Or else your plays will fall completely flat.

*Bates*: Had I the heavens' embroidered clothes indeed,  
My stage and actors would no others need.  
But these gay clothes long since in rain did fall,  
So I won't hear of any clothes at all.

*Barton*: You mean accessories, properties, and such,  
You will not have your actors dress too much?

*Bates*: The passionate pulse of life is beating slow,  
The wizard lips of life are murmuring low.  
I gaze upon wan Beauty's shaken hair,  
Actors and clothes and—everything are there!

*Barton*: What do you mean? Why, Bates, you must be mad.  
And will you wreck our drama for a fad?  
Think you I will good money fling away  
To make the British critic holiday?

*Bates*: You're sordid, Barton, vulgar, and that's worse.  
Money I leave to publishers, of course.  
Of gold and silver little do I know,  
But to my plays the gabbling world shall go.

*Barton*: Faith, and I think they'll go there without me,  
I leave you to your spectral company. (*Exit in a rage.*)

*New Books*

From *Side Slips*,  
by Griffyth Fairfax

THE PERFECT HOST

I.

We received with unmixed delight  
Your refusal for Wednesday night,  
And the party at present,  
Promises to be quite pleasant.

II.

We missed you by design ;  
It was a notion of mine.  
As soon as we heard the wheels  
We all took to our heels.

III.

I remember to my sorrow  
That you are due to-morrow :  
Still the train you insist  
On coming by doesn't exist.



## DRAMATIC CHRONICLE

THE unhappy chronicler, searching for dramatic activity in the London theatre, finds that he can ask no more than the question, "How doth the busy Ethiop?" and the question is not worth answering. Mr Knoblauch adopts the manner, and most of the methods, of the kinema playwright to produce *My Lady's Dress*; Mr Shaw, whose complexion grows darker with the years, impudently invites his audience to pretend to be shocked at a mere word; Mr Zangwill borrows from the greatest of literature to excite himself and his audience into the belief that his melodrama has meaning—(it has intention, but that is not the same thing); Mr Galsworthy seems almost to have forsaken the drama of character for the play upon stage effects, a tendency that showed first in *The Silver Box*, in the unfair scene in which a window is thrown up, and the action of the play stopped, for the crying of a child to harrow the feelings of the audience. That child has grown up and driven the protagonists in the Galsworthy theatre off the stage. In the *Mob* that child appears on the stage; it also makes noises "off," as a regiment of Highlanders, a crowd, a dreaming lady wailing. That child is simply Mr Galsworthy stepping outside his play and addressing his audience, not in the manner of Sir James Barrie, who says, "Here's a juicy bit about a mother, or a long-lost son, or a baby," but as one crying, "Feel, feel, you wretches! I'll make you feel!" And he does make some people squirm, others sad, others angry, but he can move none. None are moved but with high pleasure, and does not that make it clear that good art moves, while bad art melts you? And if you demand that the art of the theatre shall move you, and so enlarge your emotional nature, will you not avoid the theatre in London altogether? Will you not lose faith in a man like Mr Barker, who, for all his brave efforts of the past, can come to the dreadful achievement of depriving you of the poetry, the moving power of *The Midsummer Night's Dream*? In another

### *Dramatic Chronicle*

art there have been men like Dickens, who can move their readers into laughter, but only melt them into tears; let you out of the prison of your fear and shyness, only to clap you into it again. In the theatre the most successful melter has ever been the master of the situation, and the theatre is the strongest stronghold of bad art, and it is that stronghold that our young enthusiasts are bent upon storming. But, behold, the theatrists throw up another earthwork. There are men incapable of moving an audience who yet despise, or affect to despise, those who aim at melting. These provide for an intellectual excitement, or rather, since the intellect is noble and not easily to be deceived, a pricking of the intelligence. How generous is genius to transcend these sorry aims and to resist not the evil of them! It was not so base a theatre as ours, that for which Mozart composed the music of *The Magic Flute*, but base enough. How easily that music bears all the folly and triteness of the rest of the theatre with it in its beautiful flight! *The Rosenkavalier* is a foolish comedietta compared with it—grossly, dully amorous; unscrupulous, sentimental; at bottom, like all sentimentality, callous and vulgar, and ungenerous; giving nothing, but bartering pleasure for applause. That is the conduct, practised, with varying degrees of competence, in our theatres. It is the native conduct of the Ethiopians. They must barter, for they cannot meet audiences on any other terms. *Pygmalion*, *Potash and Perlmutter*, *The Great Adventure*, the late production of *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, *My Lady's Dress*, are nothing but barter. In the revues, ladies like Miss Ethel Levey and Miss Elsie Janis, comedians like Frank Tinney and Robert Hale, rise, by their delight in their work, above barter. They are artists using their own personalities; triumphing by their exuberant vitality. But in the theatre our other artists, however gifted, seem to give way before the effort of creating a work of art, and they bid unscrupulously and with no delight for applause. A generation is arising which is too vigorous for that traffic. It prizes its applause, and is not to be tricked out of it. It is seeing more and more clearly the difference between being moved and being melted. Already, in Paris, that generation has created a delicious theatre in the Rue du Vieux Colombier. That lead will be followed. The old theatre of barter will be powerful for a long time to come. Americans and cosmopolitan Jews will write its kind of play, a

kind which young men growing up in the freshly hopeful atmosphere of this country will never be able to write. As for genius, should genius arrive, the Ethiopians could never recognise it.

GILBERT CANNAN

## PRINTED PLAYS

*An Age of Steel : Plays and Episodes.* By Evan Poole. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley.)

*Between Sunset and Dawn : A Play in Five Scenes.* By Hermon Ould. (Sidgwick. 1s. 6d. and 1s.)

*Damaged Goods : A Play.* By Brieux. Translated by John Pollard. With a Preface by Bernard Shaw, and a Foreword by Mrs Bernard Shaw. (Fifield. 1s. net.)

*Dusk : A Play.* By Robert Vansittart. (Humphreys. 1s. net.)

*Four Dramatic Studies.* By W. Fothergill Robinson. (Blackwell. 1s. net.)

*Idle Women (A Study in Futility): In One Act and Two Scenes.* By Magdalen Ponsonby. (Humphreys. 1s. net.)

*Loving As We Do, and Other Short Plays.* By Gertrude Robins. (Werner Laurie. 1s. net.)

*Over the Hills : A Comedy in One Act.* By John Palmer. (Sidgwick. 6d.)

*Philip's Wife : A Play in Three Acts.* By Frank G. Layton. ("Stephen Andrews.") (Fifield. 1s. net.)

*Playing with Love.* By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by P. Morton Shand. Together with *The Prologue to Anatol.* By Hugo Hofmannsthal. Rendered into English Verse by Trevor Blakemore. (Gay and Hancock. 2s. 6d. net.)

*Rebellion : A Play in Three Acts.* By John Drinkwater. (Nutt. 1s. net.)

*The Flash Point : A Play in Three Acts.* By Mrs Scott-Maxwell. (Sidgwick. 1s. 6d. net.)

*The May King : A Play in Three Acts.* By F. W. Moorman. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

*The Melting Pot.* By Israel Zangwill. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)

*The Misfortune of Being too Clever.* By A. S. Griboyedof. (Nutt. 2s. 6d. net.)

*The Triumph of Peace : A Romantic Drama.* By Ivy M. Clayton. (R. E. Jones. 1s. 6d. net.)

**A**FTER reading the above plays one is left in a condition of mind not unlike, one thinks, that of the authors of some of them. One has little to say, partly because this hotch-potch of plays published provides one with no master-idea. Before reading, one had the notion of dividing plays into (*a*) Hack-plays for the long-run stage, (*b*) Repertory Theatre, readable, plays, (*c*) Amateurish Plays brought into existence by the new demand for repertory, readable, plays which contain neither the technique of the hack-play nor the ideas of the true repertory play. With this division to help, one could have

## *Dramatic Chronicle*

made quite a nice little essay in evaluation, setting apart the goats from the sheep, and being not too hard on the nothings.

But these plays will not be tabulated thus easily, and one realizes what publishers, authors and reviewers are going to realize more and more, that for all purposes, except those of art, the barrier between the dialogue form and the narrational form of fiction is breaking down. Many of these plays, not necessarily the worst of them, particularly many of these one-act plays, are treatments of incidents which probably only took stage-shape because the authors were in harmony with their age. Messrs Sidgwick and Jackson quote in their descriptive catalogue these words on the advantages of the "reading play": "Reading plays gives more pleasure than reading novels. There is no padding. No arid wastes of descriptive twaddle. . . . No tiresome moralising. . . ." Another extract points to the advantage a play has of being short. It is an age of speed. From the author's point of view, too, there is always the chance of killing two birds with one stone, of being produced and of being read. Perhaps to one's dictum that in former times many of these plays would have taken other shape one should add that in former times some of the others would not have taken shape at all. Mr Evan Poole's *An Age of Steel* is a collection of little romantic tales of seventeenth-century France. Mr Vansittart's *Dusk* is really a dream, in which the dreamer is troubled by the state of women in Persia. Miss Ponsonby says most of what she has to say in *Idle Women* in her description of the characters—"Alice Ditcham is a good but discontented woman who would like to take to vice as a career, only she knows that she would do it badly"; Mr Robinson's *Rosalie* would, other things being equal, have been better, because less diffuse, if told as a little story of Parisian love. Mr Moorman has interested himself in early Pagan rites, and so he writes a tragedy, *The May King*; but the clash of Paganism and Christianity which causes the tragedy is not handled with the tragic power. Naturally, much hinges on that "other things being equal." People without much power in narrative or in dialogue are at least kept short and clear when writing for the stage, though the author of *The Triumph of Peace* has let herself go over her twenty-one monarchs and kindred spirits. Mr Palmer's *Over the Hills* is a pretty case. Here is a writer whom we all know to have a remarkable gift of style in writing, yet the play itself, a satire on a man turned middle-aged without his knowledge, is in places cheap, because the author has felt the need to make his points, because, in fact, he knows so much about the stage. But towards the close the very exigencies themselves of play-writing have suggested a most happy omission; we see the man like a balloon, and then we see him burst. We do not see him bursting. This omission was suggested by the form. We cannot say Mr Palmer should have written narratively; we can only say that Mr Palmer expresses himself with more distinction in his own personality than through his puppets.

## Dramatic Chronicle

Certain groupings, however, there are. Mr Layton, like Brioux, wishes to expose the evils of hidden venereal disease. Mrs Maxwell-Scott and Mr Robinson (in "The Lonely Woman") are concerned with the clash of the younger and older generation. Miss Clayton, like Mr Drinkwater, writes in verse. *Damaged Goods* is an easy case. Messrs Sidgwick and Jackson tell us, in the words quoted above, that the play to be read contains no padding, no moralising, but *Damaged Goods* is made up of moralising and padding. No one can object to a scientist making an elaborate statement, a moralist expressing his conviction, but no man can make a first-class job if he does two things at once, if he tries to supplement the thing he wants to do with a thing he pretends to want to do. Monsieur Brioux's doctor is just Monsieur Brioux making statements of statistics; the pretence is that he is a character in a work of art, and one result of that pretence is that a deal of padding is necessitated. In a blue-book the whole thing could be done much more shortly, but Monsieur Brioux knows that no one reads a blue-book. He has probably counted his cost and knows what he is about; he knows he cannot put his case so effectively in a sham work of art; but he knows it can be put to a much greater audience. Mr Layton, though thin, comes really nearer to Mr Barker's "dramatization of a blue book." In parts he has used his thesis as artistic material, and the ending, where the poor young wife is almost mad, should be effective on the stage. Mrs Scott-Maxwell's play is really interesting, though whether, as art, it will seem as diffuse as Griboyedof's satire when it has lived as long remains to be seen. We are accustomed to shun the play of clever people, though if a character is truly clever, that in itself is surely proof that its creator is clever. Jean, in this play, says really penetrating things, and the cunning of the little tragedy lies in the circumstance that the struggle of the full-blooded, eager girl with what Mr Will Dyson calls "fat" is bound to fail just because she is too æsthetic, too sensitive, too conscious. "They seem to be perfectly awful sometimes, and then I seem perfectly awful to myself for seeing them so." That is a good expression of the younger generation's tragedy in the home.

We have left Mr Ould, Mr Drinkwater, Mr Zangwill, Schnitzler and Miss Robins. Miss Robins' little pieces are written for the million; Mr Zangwill is the hero of all the second-rate intellects who like to see something big vaguely reflected, whether an issue or a continent, and enveloped with many words. Mr Ould's play is truly of the theatre; the precise thing he has to show—a girl of the lower depths, vacillating from here to there, at last finding it impossible to go on or to stop—one feels that Mr Ould chose the right medium for him by which to show this thing, though the murderer's sudden idealism is scarce prepared, so that we have the sensation of too quickly mounting a hill after walking along the level. Mr Drinkwater seems to have something in common with the moralists in thinking to make heroic drama out of a character who despised all but the heroic, in thinking to reach to the core of living by talking

### *Dramatic Chronicle*

of it, and surely his verse, so careful not to be banal, reminds one of Stephen Philips, at least in

“Shubia dead! How dead? How is she dead?”

and in

“Not wasting your magnificence of life.”

Mr Drinkwater obviously believes in the need for imagination. As for Schnitzler, there is no space for rhapsody. His tragedy, *Playing with Love*, in which the girl does not take light love lightly, defies your effort to imagine how you could re-write it as a tale. “Christine and Mizi sup with Fritz and Theodore; Christine takes it seriously; Fritz leaves her and is killed; Christine becomes a tragic figure.” Half of it is dialogue painting, and then the lurking tragedy begins to rise. You read it again and again, for its style, for its author’s self-expression through a perfect adjustment of means to end, in short because it is a living thing in which each word grows from the one before. But, indeed, to continue were only to substitute one phrase for another.

LEONARD INKSTER

## FRENCH CHRONICLE

*Poètes Fantaisistes, II.*—The poems and prose pieces in M. Francis Carco's *Au Vent Crispé du Matin* have been selected from his three previous plaquettes, *Instincts* (prose poems), *La Bohème et mon Cœur*, and *Chansons Aigres-Douces*, a new series, *Détours* (prose poems), being added thereto. The whole makes up a volume of 87 pages. The "fantaisistes" are not torrential. He has also published in the *Mercure de France*, Jan. 16th-Feb. 1st, a novel, *Jésus-la-Caille*, in which prostitutes, male and female, and their bullies speak their slang. "Tiens! vise mon œil. Le plus mariolle y verra nib. . . ." And he has in preparation a volume of short stories and one of criticism. "Si Pellerin," begins one of M. Carco's prose pieces, "m'appelle Jean-Jacques Rousseau—Moulin Rouge. . . ." an ironical Jean-Jacques, if at all; and "Moulin Rouge" is self-explanatory.

"Vénus des carrefours"—he cries—"efflanqué, mauvaise et maquillée, aux cheveux en casque, aux yeux vides qui ne regardent pas, mais aux lèvres plus rouges que le sang et que la langue mince caresse, tu m'as connu flairant l'ombre que tu laissais derrière toi. Me voici—comme autrefois—dévoté du tourment cruel de te rencontrer au coin de basses ruelles où la lumière fardée des persiennes coule le long des murs. . . . J'ai longtemps tourné dans ce quartier désert. Je connais pourtant des bars aux glaces réfléchissant de blancs visages; je connais des promenoirs brûlants, où le désir des hommes s'exalte dans l'arrogance, des maisons pleines de femmes, des salons étouffés dans les velours chauds, les odeurs et les satins miroitants. Je connais des comptoirs aux murs de lèpre grise. Je connais d'étranges boutiques où les vendeuses se donnent habillées, des chambres que la rumeur de la rue assiège pendant qu'un corps à moitié nu tremble et gémit sous le baiser, des terrains vagues peuplés de souffles, des caves humides et des greniers d'où l'on entend chanter la pluie. Tu n'aurais qu'à me citer les voies de la ville et je te dirais qu'à tel étage de vieilles prostituées attendent l'homme qu'elles fouetteront et dont elles creuseront la chair avec des pinces, des limes, de longs et froids outils vivants et des lames agiles. . . ."

You have there the matter of many of M. Carco's adventures and of much of his meditations. He speaks to you of them in a kind of

### *French Chronicle*

intense monologue ; leads you immediately to his focal point ; and then, having etched the whole picture neatly on your mind's eye, he half reveals to you his own secret suffering ; he has no illusions about the joy of such living, although there are certain hours he remembers. As for his poetry, I have turned over the pages to find a poem that I could quote ; but there is little to choose between one poem and another. The influence of Verlaine is apparent (as is that of Rimbaud in the *Proses*). Perhaps this poem will do :

Des saules et des peupliers  
Bordent la rive.  
Entends, contre les vieux piliers  
Du pont, l'eau vive !  
Elle chante, comme une voix  
Jase et s'amuse,  
Et puis s'écrase sur le bois  
Frais de l'écluse.  
Le moulin tourne . . . Il fait si bon  
Quand tout vous laisse  
S'abandonner, doux vagabond,  
Dans l'herbe épaisse ! . . .

M. Tristan Derème's book, *La Flûte Fleurie*, offers more scope for comment. He tells you that he loves to live :

loin des cours où Dorchain tourne sa manivelle . . .  
Car j'ai quitté les toits, les livres, les musées,  
pour la mer et les prés où fume la rosée.

And again :

Je dirai pour l'instruction des biographes  
que ton corsage avait quarante-deux agrafes,  
que dans tes bras toute la nuit j'étais inclus,  
que c'était le bon temps, que je ne quittais plus  
ta chambre qu'embaumait un pot d'héliotrope.  
Duhamel animait son héroïque *Anthrope*,  
Pellerin habitait Pontcharra et Carco  
quarante-neuf, quai de Bourbon, Paris. Jusqu'au  
matin, je caressais tes jambes et ta gorge.  
Tu lisais *Chantecler* et le *Maître de Forge* ;  
Tu ignorais Laforgue, estimant qu'avec art  
écrivaient seulement Botrel et Jean Aicard.  
Pourtant dans Aurignac embelli de ses rêves,



Frêne, pâle et barbu, méditait sur *Les Seves*,  
et Deubel, revêtu des velours cramoisis,  
publiant au *Beffroi ses Poèmes Choisis*,  
déchaînait dans les airs le tumulte des cuivres.

Et j'aimais beaucoup moins tes lèvres que mes livres.

Happy M. Derème, with his pipe, his woods and meadows, his friends, his mistress, his irony, and his wounded heart! And if all other record of him is lost except *La Flûte Fleurie*, posterity will reconstruct him thus: his poets were Laforgue, Mallarmé, Villon, Tailhade, Verlaine, Jammes; his friends were Francis Carco, Léon Vêrane, Jean Pellerin, and so on; his mistresses were . . . many. He was fond of queer rhymes like cornac-tu n'as qu', d'où ce-douce, malgré que-grecque, mimosa-nouais à; of German rhymes: siffles-buffles, flûte-insolite, mire-ramure; and of "consonances": pupitre-pâtre, fraîches-ruches, sources-écorces; and of assonances that have the effect of delicate rhymes. He painted pictures:

Lorsque tu étais vierge,  
(le fus-tu? le fus-tu?)  
Nous dinions à l'*Auberge*  
*du Caniche Poilu*.

C'était une bicoque  
sous un vieux châtaigner;  
tonnelle pour églogue,  
lavoir et poulailler.

Buis sec à la muraille,  
et rosiers aux carreaux . . .  
A travers une paille  
tu suçais des sirops.

Guinguette au toit de chaume,  
mur d'ocre éclaboussé . . .  
Un grand liseron jaune  
fleurit sur le passé.

And he decorated his melancholy with so many leaves and flowers that one lays aside *La Flûte Fleurie* with regret.

Fumerai-je au soir de ma vie  
une pipe en bois de laurier?  
Nous voilà vieux, ma pauvre amie,  
j'ai eu vingt ans en février.

*French Chronicle*

Nous avons lu beaucoup de livres  
et crayonné bien des feuillets,  
et jadis blonds comme des cuivres,  
nos rêves sont de blancs œillets.

Et tout cela n'est pas peu triste ;  
Mais dans l'ombre où nous défailions  
enfin l'ironie oculiste  
ouvre boutique de lorgnons.

Des lièvres dansent aux pelouses,  
et dans la chambre mon espoir.  
Maintenant j'attends que tu couses  
une rose à ton jupon noir,

et que le rire ensevelisse  
sous des guirlandes de clarté,  
notre rêve, ce vieil Ulysse  
que les sirènes ont tenté.

\* \* \* \* \*

As for M. Jean Pellerin, all I know about him is that he has made,  
*en marge d'une vieille mythologie*, some amusing puns :

On plaisantait Jupin, là-haut  
—Joyeux propos de table—  
Diane criait "T'as Io, t'as Io!"  
Calembour détestable.

Sur tous, Vénus le harcelait. . . .  
Le maître à la pécore  
En regardant Mars, dit : "Encore  
Un peu de ce filet?"

But he offers this excuse :

C'est vrai j'aurais pu devenir  
Fabricant d'élégie.

\* \* \* \* \*

I do not know enough about the work of M. Fagus or M. Claudien to speak of it with competence. M. Fagus contributes regularly amusing "Ephémérides"—notes and comments on actualities—to *La Revue Critique*. He is also the author of *Ixion* (1903) and of *Quelques Fleurs* (1906). For both poets, see *Vers et Prose*, tome xxxv.

So, too, for examples—eighteen poems—of the work of M. Paul-Jean Toulet. M. Toulet does not seem to have yet published any of his poems in book form. He is the most impeccable of this group of “fantaisistes” poets. He writes little poems in eights and sixes, and each is like an exquisite, fantastic, ironic cameo. I have read these eighteen poems over and over again, and I still turn to them with predilection. M. Toulet uses words so imaginatively that they are refined into something more than mere vocabulary: he recreates them; each poem is a word. “Aérez les mots,” said Moréas to M. Paul Fort. M. Toulet’s words have a diaphanous beauty that gives to his poems an immaterial quality. These, as often as not, are the records of moments—a fancy, an impatience, a sudden emotion that for the moment thrills the senses. M. Toulet is careful not to go beyond this impulse. Here is one poem:

Vous qui revenez du Cathay  
Par les Messageries,  
Quand vous berçait à leurs féeries  
L’opium ou le thé,  
  
Dans un palais d’aventurine  
Où se mourait le jour  
Avez-vous vu Boudroulboudour,  
Princesse de la Chine,  
  
Plus rose en son noir pantalon  
Que nacre sous l’écaille?  
Et cette lune, Jean Chicaille,  
Était-elle au salon  
  
A jurer par la Fleur qui bêle  
Aux îles de Ouac-Ouac  
Qu’il coudrait nue,—oui! dans un sac—  
Son épouse rebelle  
  
. . . . Et plus belle, à travers le vent  
Des mers sur le rivage,  
Que l’or ne brille au paon sauvage  
Dans le soleil levant?

M. Toulet is a poet who has stepped out of the “Arabian Nights,” and he sees with the lucid irony and he wears the mocking smile of modern Paris.

## French Chronicle

M. Henri Clouard, the knight-herald of modern French classicism, has said of the last poem by M. Derème, quoted above, that the wisdom which was forming in it has since sprung, fully armed, from the head of M. Jean-Marc Bernard, author of *Sub Tegmine Fagi* (*Temps Présent*, 3.50). M. Bernard's wisdom is the wisdom of Horace, *æquam memento . . . : rebus in arduis*, a little irony will deflate all emphasis, and, *in bonis*, will preserve the mind's equilibrium :

ab insolenti temperatam  
lætitia . . .

or of FitzGerald's Omar, which he translates creditably. So M. Bernard wanders round the Dauphiné—he is another *poète champêtre*—with Virgil's Eclogues, or Horace's Odes, or Lucretius, or Catullus in one pocket, and Parny, or Charles d'Orléans (in his own edition), or Villon, or François de Maynard, or Mathurin Régnier, or Scarron, or La Fontaine in the other. (At least, it pleases one to imagine that he carries his poets with him.) And in the inns he courts the pretty girls who wait on him, or—not often—parodies Mallarmé or M. de Régnier, or simply drinks wine with a friend and listens to the light babble of a mistress, whose memory he will keep . . . in some future poem. Unfortunately, M. Bernard has not written the poem he should have written for me to place here. I gather it—unquotably—turning over the pages of his *Livre des Amours*, in *Sub Tegmine Fagi* ; and transcribe another piece :

Des chèvres près de ton ruisseau,  
Prairie, et toi qui nous accueilles.  
Le doux frémissement de l'eau  
Qui se marie au bruit des feuilles.

Et, là-bas, dans le chemin creux,  
Entre les branches de tes saules,  
Cette enfant, au rire joyeux,  
Dont on ne voit que les épaules . . .

Aussi rentrant à la maison,  
Ce soir, tout pleins de cette idylle,  
Nous trouverons dans ton gazon  
La trace des pas de Virgile.

We hear the echo of no bad masters in M. Bernard's poems, avers M. Clouard, meaning no modern masters ; and he adds that in this gay

awakening of "fantaisiste" poetry there may be a new victory of the mind—over the rhetoric of romanticism, over the complications of symbolism.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have four books of criticism and appreciation for which a word must be said: *Prétextes, réflexions sur quelques points de littérature et de morale*, by André Gide; *Promenades Littéraires, V<sup>e</sup> série*, by Remy de Gourmont; *Préférences*, by Paul Escoube (M. de F., 3 fr. 50 each); and *Figures d'Évocateurs*, by Victor-Émile Michelet (Figuière, 3 fr. 50): four different personalities, four different methods. M. Gide's reflections are the notes on his own art of letters suggested to him by the work of other writers, or rather they are an account of certain reactions on his artistic sensibility. He has no opinions; but he has an admirable literary sense, guided by sanity and insight. One can but assent to all he says of Villiers de l'Isle Adam (one of M. Michelet's évocateurs), for instance, or of *vers libre* (p. 120), or of the Limits of Art, or of Influence in Literature, or of . . . but the whole book solicits one. M. Gide's passion is art: "J'attends toujours je ne sais quoi d'inconnu, nouvelles formes d'art et nouvelles pensées, et quand elles devraient venir de la planète Mars, nul Lemaître ne me persuadera qu'elles doivent m'être nuisibles ou me demeurer inconnues." No lapidary formulas, then, but taste, touch (metaphors from our physiological life), and M. Gide's own culture—the first two formed by the other and at its service—are at play in this book. And, at the end, are some souvenirs of Oscar Wilde that are a masterpiece of narration. M. Gide's theme is art; M. Remy de Gourmont's, men and their ideas. He accepts nothing without investigation; and often his investigations lead him to a conclusion that is different from common opinion (as with the "Bonhomme," La Fontaine). He delights in little known literatures, old books, a mediæval romance like that of the poet Guillaume de Machaut and his Peronne d'Armentières; he discusses Flaubert, de Vigny, the art of Stendhal, the "grandeur and decadence of Béranger," Balzac and Sainte-Beuve, Mallarmé, the Art of Gardens (according to the Abbé Dëlille)—anything, indeed, connected with literature and worthy of his notice, the only limits to his range, apparently, being those of time and printed matter. Every one of the twenty-two essays in this book is written with grace, easy knowledge, and perspicacity,

## French Chronicle

and together they form a series of causeries that is both pleasurable and profitable to follow. But M. de Gourmont's reputation is a consecrated one. M. Paul Escoube's "Préférences" are Charles Guérin, Remy de Gourmont, Stéphane Mallarmé, Jules Laforgue, and Paul Verlaine. M. Michelet's "Evocateurs," are: Baudelaire ou le Divinateur douloureux, Alfred de Vigny ou le Désespérant, Barbey d'Aurevilly ou le Croyant, and Villiers de l'Isle Adam ou l'Initié. Here again two different methods, or, if you like, two other men. M. Escoube establishes his preferences on a solid documentation and a thorough knowledge of his texts. He follows the literary evolution of his subjects step by step, interpreting, throwing into relief significant phrases and passages, until the exposition is complete. Two of the essays in this book—those on Remy de Gourmont and Jules Laforgue—are exhaustive treatises, luminous, and written with perfect comprehension. M. Michelet, on the other hand, is concerned with the soul of his "Evocateurs," and its mystic and occult relationships with the soul latent in the universe. He seeks to distinguish their real life from their apparent life, and by this distinction to interpret their works. If M. Escoube is illuminating, it is the illumination of texts—light thrown on the workings of the intelligence. If M. Michelet is illuminating, it is the inner illumination of the mystic that carries a torch into further darkness.

\* \* \* \* \*

M. A. van Bever, in conjunction with the *Mercure de France*, has undertaken the publication of an *Anthologie de la Poésie Française des origines jusqu'à nos jours*, of which the first volume, *La Poésie Française du Moyen Age, XI<sup>e</sup>-XV<sup>e</sup> siècles*, compiled by M. Charles Oulmont, has just appeared (*M. de F.*, 3.50). M. van Bever (who with M. Paul Léautaud, is the editor of that super-excellent and model anthology, *Poètes d'aujourd'hui*, which is the indispensable work of reference for the symbolist period) knows his subject well, and he justifies this new publication by the statement that such an anthology of French poetry does not exist. The *Recueil des Poètes Français* of Claude Barbin (1692), besides being rare, is necessarily incomplete; the *Annales Poétiques* of Imbert and Sautereau (1778-1788, 40 vols.), also rare, are not to be relied on; while *Les Poètes Français* of Eugène Crepet

(1861) is more or less a monument to Romanticism. There are no other first hand anthologies, and the lack of them and of the texts they bring as illustrations has impoverished French criticism and permitted the continued life of false views and counterfeit opinions. This anthology will therefore fill a gap and fulfil a need. Movements have been redetermined: writers grouped; texts collated with the originals. The labour must have been enormous, for M. van Bever says that no sincere manifestation has been overlooked, no figure allowed to remain obscure without an interrogation of its claims and credentials; "Nous avons tout vu, tout lu, tout interrogé, avec cette passion persuasive qu'inspire la connaissance des choses belles et mystérieuses. . . ." The plan of this first volume, and apparently of those that will succeed it, is much that of *Poètes d' Aujourd'hui*: a short, sufficient notice of each poet, sources, editions, and works of reference, followed by a selection from the poet's work, with explanatory notes or translation, where necessary. M. Oulmont's introduction is somewhat lugubrious.

REVIEWS: *Mercur de France*.—Before the six numbers, 1,344 pages, January to March, of this review, one stops in despair. Really, there is so much, and despite all cavillers, who speak evilly of its age and stability, so much that is interesting. January 1: *La Poésie de Madame de Noailles*, Henri Dérioux; *Sur des Lettres Inédites d'Oscar Wilde*, Louis Wilkinson. January 16: *La Poésie de l'Époque*, Nicolas Beauvuin. February 1: *La Mysticité et le Lyrisme chez Max Elskamp*, Francis de Miomandre; *Flûtes*, poésies, G.-C. Cros; *Réflexions sur Richard Wagner, Janvier, 1874*, Frederic Nietzsche (Henri Albert trad.). February 16: *Emile Verhaeren*, Francis-Vielé Griffin; *Rimbaud et Ménelik*, Paternie Berrichon; *Réflexions sur Richard Wagner (notes pour le Cas Wagner—1885-1888)*, F. Nietzsche. March 1: *Péguy et les Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, Francis Porché; *Le Problème de Rimbaud: sa Discussion*, Marcel Coulon. March 16: *L'Atelier de Cézanne*, Ambroise Vollard (curious souvenirs of the master). In each number, *Visages*, by André Rouveyre, and *La Revue de la Quinzaine*, half the review, where M. Maurice Boissard's witty theatrical notes appear (M. Boissard, who is Paul Léautaud, author of *Le Petit Ami*, having—Mar. 16—been outspoken on the subject of Women poets, has lit such a fire . . .).

*La Nouvelle Revue Française*.—January-April: *Les Caves du Vatican*, André Gide; *Chronique de Caerdal*, André Suarès. January: *La Jeunesse d'Ibsen*, P.-G. la Chesnais (who is preparing a complete and particularly valuable edition of the works in seventeen volumes to be published by the *N. R. F.*); *Poèmes*, Charles Vildrac, *Le Cinquantenaire d'Alfred de Vigny*, Albert Thibaudet. February: *Une Visite à Jean-Dominique*, F.-P. Alibert; *Les Noces d'Argent*, poèmes, F.-V. Griffin. March: *Lettres*, Henri Franck; *Poèmes*, Emile Verhaeren; *Paul Deroulède*, Henri Ghéon; *Autour de Parsifal*, Jacques-E. Blanche. And the *Notes* in each number.

*La Revue Critique des Idées et des Livres*.—Six numbers, January to March, represent-

## French Chronicle

ing a definite and formidable aspect of French literary and political thought. M. Clouard, who writes, February 10, *Sur le Programme des Néo-Classiques*, and who has been awarded one of the literary prizes for criticism, is its accredited critic and the *porte parole* of the Classicists (the *parole* itself having no doubt come from Charles Maurras). January 25: *Poèmes*, Louis le Cardonnell. February 25: *Le Bois Vierge*, poème, François-Paul Alibert.

*La Vie des Lettres*.—January: *Sept Poèmes à la Gloire de Paris*, Nicolas Beauduin; *Petite nomenclature des Poètes américains*, R. J. Shores; *L'Inspiration de Verhaeren et les Coloristes flamands*, William Speth.

*La Renaissance Contemporaine*.—February 10: *A propos d'un intellectuel d'action: M. Alexandre Mercereau*, Pierre Fons. March 10: *Histoire anecdotique des lettres contemporaines: le Chorège du Symbolisme: Léo d'Orfer*, Gaston Picard; *A propos du vers libre*, Louis Alibert. March 24: *Les Rubriques littéraires*, Fernand Divoire.

*Les Soirées de Paris*.—A very modern review, futurist, cubist.—February: Poems by G. Apollinaire and Max Jacob; five reproductions of pictures by André Derain; and *Lettres d'Alfred Jarry*. March: Six reproductions, two in colours, of cubist pictures by Francis Picabia; *Lettres d'Alfred Jarry*: poems by Henri Hertz, Jean le Roy, and Léonard Pieux; Harrison Reeves on *Les épopées populaires américaines, i.e., Nick Carter, etc.*

*Montjoie*.—January-February: number devoted to "la Danse contemporaine": articles, drawings, by Rodin, Valentine de Saint-Point, inventor of "La Métachorie," Segonzac, Canudo, and others.

*Le Temps Présent, Les Marges, Le Double Bouquet, Les Bandeaux d'Or, L'Effort libre, Le Gay Sçavoir, Le Carillon, L'Arène, La Flora, Le Thyrsé, Revue Sud-Américaine, L'Essor, Vers et Prose*, October-December, 1913 (see above).

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.—*Les Quatre Princesses et le Cœur Fermé, précédé de quelques poèmes*, Ludmila J. Rais (Vers and Prose); *Livre d'Amour* (new and augmented edition), Charles Vildrac (*N. R. F.* 3 fr. 50); *Max Elskamp*, Jean de Bosschère (*L'Occident*, 3 fr. 50); *Méphiboseth*, O.-W. Milosz (Figuière, 2 fr.); *Divertissements*, Remy de Gourmont (*Mercure de France*) *Les Saisons Ferventes*, Louis Mandin (*Mercure de France*).

F. S. FLINT



# GERMAN CHRONICLE

*Prefatory Note.*—How do I take my duties as a chronicler? Rather lightly perhaps. My tale will be rather haphazard. I do not intend to make a careful *inventory* of current literature, either by honestly tasting everything, or by collecting current opinions. I shall make no special effort. I shall not read anything on your behalf that I should not naturally have read for my own amusement. I intend merely to give an account of the things which reach me naturally, as I sit nightly gossiping at the Café des Westens (the Café Royal of Berlin, immortalised by Rupert Brooke's poem). I am actually on the spot. I walk down Tauenzienstrasse in the afternoon. I know many of the people I have to write about. I daily contemplate the Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtniskirche (so frequently mentioned in modern verse), and derive certain advantages from this physical fact. This is the extent of my superiority. I make no claim to judicial estimate of tendencies, but humbly communicate the "latest thing"—quite a useful function when you remember that by the ordinary channels of print it takes twenty years for an idea to get from one country to another, while even a hat takes six months.

After all, it is time that German had this kind of treatment. It has been written about by people who felt that the literature of the country was a phenomenon of the same kind as its rainfall or its commerce, and deserved periodical notice and report. Careful chronicles of this kind put the whole situation in an entirely wrong perspective. You have to mention writers whom the native never considers.

Nobody seems to have written about German for fun. The natural motive for such writing, the fact that you have discovered something exciting and want to communicate your excitement, seems to have been entirely lacking here. It seems rather as if men who at some trouble to themselves had learnt German, had looked round for suitable means of revenging themselves on others who had not had that trouble. French, on the contrary, has been written about by people who possessed the curious characteristic of insisting on reading only what amused them.

## *German Chronicle*

One can account for the fact that this type of enthusiastic amateur does not write about German, by a rather curious reason. It lies in a certain difference between the two literatures, which makes the one more easily accessible to the amateur of this kind than the other. Every speech is at once a language serving the purposes of the will, expressing intimate desires and commands, and at the same time a language expressing thoughts by a sequence of concepts. The second aspect of a language can be readily grasped by a foreigner who has learned the language in the usual literary way. The first, depending as it does on the emotional values attaching to simple words, can only be appreciated when one has oneself used the language as a weapon of daily abuse. The qualities inherent in this direct use of speech cannot be deliberately learnt. Here comes the point I am trying to make clear. Both French and German are in an equal degree used for these two purposes. But as far as literature itself is concerned, I should be inclined to assert that while the qualities of French literature are to be found in the use of language as a sequence of concepts, the essential qualities of German literature depend on its more homely use as a language of will and emotion.

While the essential qualities of French literature are thus easily seizable by a foreigner who has learnt the language in the usual way—*i.e.*, as a descriptive conceptual language—those of German are not. It may seem rather paradoxical, in view of the qualities of German as a philosophical language, to assert it is less a conceptual language than French. I am not, however, speaking of the languages in general, but only of the qualities they exhibit in literature. If one is not studying “comparative literature,” but just reading foreign literature in the spirit in which one reads one’s own, one is apt, for this reason, at first to be repelled by German. It does not lie open at once as French does. It is only when one comes across the old peasant poems and song in dialect, which exhibit prominently of course the qualities of a speech as a “language of will,” that one begins to appreciate it. Then one begins also to recognise these qualities in classical German literature and find it more bearable. One sees it most familiarly in the extraordinary homeliness and solidity of certain parts of Goethe.

These, I repeat again, are qualities which cannot be appreciated by

the literary amateur who has learnt German as he has learnt French.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

To turn now to contemporary German verse. A consideration of its immediate past is of some importance. Its roots do not go very deep. One should always bear in mind that German literature had no important Victorian period. Between the classical period of 1780-1830 and the moderns lies a gap. I am quite aware that this is an exaggeration, and that anyone who has ever read a manual of German literature could supply a continuous list of names stretching from one period to the other. But that would not affect the truth of what I assert. If you read Nietzsche's denunciation of German literature about 1870 you will see what is meant. It is only when one realises the state of German literature at that time that his denunciations become comprehensible. I point this out because it does seem to me to be important. The literary cabaret I speak of later commenced by a reading of these passages from Nietzsche's "What the Germans lack." This is not a mere dead fact from history, but throws light on the present.

The roots of the present lie only thirty years back. They resemble strawberry runners, springing from a mother root—in this case situated in Paris, Norway and elsewhere. The history of this period divides naturally into three decades. In 1880 comes the beginning of the modern period with the influence of Zola, Ibsen and Tolstoi. A few years later come the German names Conrad, Hauptmann and Hart. About 1892 you get a new tendency showing itself, "Los von Naturalismus." The principal names of this generation are Lieliencron and Dehmel; Stephan Georg, Max Dauthendey, and Hofmannsthal, the group associated with *Blatte für die Kunst*; Mombert, Peter Hille, Bierbaum, Falke, and Arno Holz, who perhaps belongs to the previous generation. From 1900 till 1910 you get another change. Naturalism is quite dead—but no formula can be given to describe this period. Carl Spitteler does not, properly speaking, belong to this generation, but I put him here because it was only at this time that his poems began to be read. The best poet of the period seems to me to be undoubtedly Rainer Maria Rilke. Other names are Schaukal, Eulenberg, and, among those who are not, properly speaking, poets, Wedekind, Heinrich, and Thomas Mann; Paul Ernst, Loublinski, and "the Neo-Classical Movement," of which I hope to say something more later.

## German Chronicle

The generation that I am to write about is the one since this.

Before doing this, however, I should like to interpolate a list of papers and reviews where new work may be found: *Pan*, 6d. weekly, published by Cassirer, very lively indeed; *Die weissen Blätter*, a 2/- monthly, which, at present at any rate, includes some of the best of the younger men; *Der neue Rundschau*, a 2/- monthly something like the *English Review*; *Der Sturm*, a 4d. fortnightly, in reality a Futurist and Cubist art-paper, but always containing verse of Futurist type, well worth taking in; *Aktion*, a 2d. weekly, publishing good modern verses; *Der lose Vogel*; and finally two 3d. weeklies something like *The Academy*, *Das literarische Echo* and *Der Gegenwart*.

\* \* \* \* \*

I can only give certain haphazard impressions of this last generation. Someone is sure to say that I have mistaken a small clique for contemporary poetry, but I take the risk. I attempt to give only my impressions. I attended a meeting of the "Cabaret Gnu." This takes place every month in a Café. The Cabaret has a president who calls on various poets to get up and read their poems. All do so without any diffidence whatever, and with a certain ferocity. It is all much pleasanter than a reading here, for having paid to go in, you are free to talk and laugh if the poem displeases you. Moreover, the confidence and the ferocity of the poets is such that you do not feel bound to encourage them. To anyone accustomed to ordinary German, the language is very surprising. Very short sentences are used, sometimes so terse and elliptical as to produce a blunt and jerky effect. It does not send you to sleep like the diffuse German of the past, but is, on the other hand, so abrupt that the prose itself at times almost resembles Futurist verse. The result is not always happy, but it is clear that a definite attempt is being made to use the language in a new way, an attempt to cure it of certain vices. That this reaction is a conscious one is shown, I suppose, by the opening reading of the passage from Nietzsche I have mentioned above. One feels that the language is passing through a period of experiment. Whether this is a local and unimportant fashion, or whether something will come of it, one cannot of course say. But there it is, an undoubted fact. The same reaction against softness and diffusiveness seems to me to be observable in the verse as in the prose.

As conveniently representing this present generation of poets, I take the anthology *Der Kondor* (edited by Kurt Hiller, published by Weissbach in Heidelberg, 1912). I might compare it with the Georgian Anthology. Though it has shown no signs yet of passing from edition to edition, like its remarkable English prototype, it yet attracted a certain amount of notice and criticism. Whatever its merits may be, it does represent the literary group with the greatest amount of life in it at the present moment. The editor, Kurt Hiller, was the conductor of the Cabaret Gnu I mentioned above.

The editor writes a short preface. Protesting in the first place against certain influences from which he imagines the present generation must make itself free—Stephan Georg and his school—the aristocratic view of art, “we ourselves understand the value of strict technique, but we reject *Hochnäsigkeit* as the constitutive principle of poetry.”

Secondly, he protests against those who mistake a metaphysical and pantheistic sentimentality for poetry.

*Der Kondor* then is to be a manifesto, a Dichter Sezession, “a rigorous collection of radical strophes. It is to include only those verse writers who can be called artists. It is to give a picture of all the artists of a generation.” The eldest were born at the end of the 70's, and the youngest in 1890. In the opinion of the editor it includes the best verse that has been written in German since Rilke.

To turn now to the verse itself, I obviously cannot give any detailed criticism of the fourteen poets included. I propose, therefore to quote one or two and then give my general impression.

Take first Ernst Blass, whose book *Die Strassen komme ich entlang geweht*, has appeared with the same publisher as *Der Kondor* itself. I quote his “*Sonnenuntergang*”:

Noch träum ich von den Ländern, wo die roten  
Palastfassaden wir Gesichter stieren  
Der Mond hängt strotzend  
Weiss er von den Toten?  
Ich gehe an dem weichen Strand spazieren.  
Schräg durch Bekannte. (Schreien nicht einst Löwen?)  
Vom Kaffeegarten kommt Musike her,  
Die grosse Sonne fährt mit seidenen Möwen.  
Über das Meer.

## German Chronicle

Elsa Lasker Schuler, the best known of those included in the volume, in reality belongs to a slightly earlier generation. Some of her poems, for example, are translated in *Contemporary German Poetry* (Walter Scott, 1/-). She is a very familiar figure in the Café des Westens ; her short hair, extraordinary clothes and manly stride are easily recognisable in the neighbourhood of Kurfürstendamm. Her prose, however, is extremely feminine, and anyone who is interested in gossip about the poets of this generation will find *Mein Herz* amusing. (It is put in the form of letters addressed to her former husband, Herwath Walden, the editor of the Futurist paper, *Der Sturm*.)

### EIN ALTER TIBETTEPPICH

Deiner Seele, die die meine liebet  
Ist verwirkt mit ihr im Teppichtibet

Strahl in strahl, verliebte Farben,  
Sterne, die sich himmellang umwarben.

Unsere Füße ruhen auf der Kostbarkeit  
Maschentausendabertausendweit

Süsser Lamasohn auf Moschuspflanzenthron  
Wie lange küsst dein Mund den meinen wohl  
Und Wang die Wange buntgeknüpte Zeiten schon ?

Then Georg Heym, who can be compared to Richard Middleton, in that he died young, leaving behind him a volume of verse and some short stories :

Beteerte Fässer rollten von den Schwellen  
Der dunklen Speicher auf die hohen Kähne.  
Die Schlepper zogen an. Des Rauches Mähne  
Hing russig neider auf die ölligen Wellen

Zwei Dampfer kamen mit Musikkapellen.  
Den Schornstein kappten sie am Brückenbogen.  
Rauch, Russ, Gestank lag auf den schmutzigen Wogen  
Der Gerbereien mit den braunen Fellen.

In allen Brücken, drunter uns die Zille  
Hindurchgebracht, ertönten die Signale  
Gleichwie in Trommeln wachsend in der Stille

Wir liessen los und trieben im Kanale  
An Gärten langsam hin. In dem Idylle  
Sahn wir der Riesenschlote Nachtfanale.

Arther Drey's "Kloster":

Und Mauern stehen ohne sich zu rühren  
Wie graue Fäuste, die im wind erfrieren,

like several other poems in the volume, illustrates the use, which has now become epidemic, of the word *Und* at the beginning of every other line (derived probably from Hugo von Hofmannsthal's well-known "Ballade des Äusseren Lebens").

From René Schickele's *Auf der Friedrichstrasse bei Sonnenuntergang*:

An der Ecke steht ein Mann  
Mit verklärtem Gesicht  
Du stösst ihn an,  
Er merkt es nicht,  
Starrt empor mit blassem Blick  
Schlaff die Arme herunter  
Tiefer gestaltet sich sein Geschick  
Und der Himmel bunter.

I have no space to quote any more, but I give the names of the other poets and their books: Franz Werfel, *Der Weltfreund* and *Wir Sind*; Alfred Lichenstein, *Dammerung*; Max Brode, *Tagebuch in Versen*; Shickele, *Weiss and Rot*, published by Paul Cassirer; Crossberger, *Exhibitionen*, published by Meister, Heidelberg.

The group has to a certain extent divided. Kurt Hiller is writing for *Die weissen Blätter* a review which commenced last autumn, while Kronfeld told me when I saw him that he and Ernst Blass were starting a new review this spring, of which I hope to say something in my next chronicle.

As to my general impression of the whole group. First of all must be placed to their credit the fact that none of the poems can be described as pretty. They are not then sentimentally derivative, they are the product of some constructive intelligence, but I doubt whether this intelligence is one making for poetry. I doubt it, because the poems are so recognisably those which intelligent people would write.

To explain in more detail, I assume that the sensibility of the poet

## *German Chronicle*

is possessed by many who themselves are not poets. The differentiating factor is something other than their sensibility. To simplify matters then, suppose a poet and an intelligent man both moved in exactly the same way by some scene; both desire to express what they feel; in what way does the expression differ? The difficulty of expression can be put in an almost geometrical way. The scene before you is a picture in two dimensions. It has to be reduced to verse, which being a line of words has only one dimension. However, this one-dimensional form has other elements of rhythm, sound, etc., which form as it were an emotional equivalent for the lost dimension. The process of transition from the one to the other in the case of the poet is possibly something of this kind. First, as in the case of all of us, the emotional impression. Then probably comes *one* line of words, with a definite associated rhythm—the rest of the poem follows from this.

Now here comes the point. This first step from the thing clearly "seen" to this almost blind process of development in verse, is the characteristic of the poet, and the step which the merely intelligent man cannot take. He sees "clearly" and he must construct "clearly." This obscure mixture of description and rhythm is one, however, which cannot be *constructed* by a rational process, *i.e.*, a process which keeps all its elements clear before its eyes all the time.

The handicap of the intelligent man who is not a poet is that he cannot trust himself to this obscure world from which rhythm springs. All that he does must remain "clear" to him as he does it. How does he then set about the work of composition? All that he can do is to mention one by one the elements of the scene and the emotions it calls up. I am moved in a certain way by a dark street at night, say. When I attempt to express this mood, I make an inventory of all the elements which make up that mood. I have written verse of that kind myself, I understand the process. The result is immediately recognisable. Qualities of sincere first-hand observation may be constantly shown, but the result is not a poem.

The Germans I have been writing about seem to me to be in this position. The qualities they display are destined rather to alter German prose than to add to its poetry.

T. E. HULME



# CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETRY

(A REPLY TO MR UNTERMAYER \*)

IT is a common practice among critics and reviewers to adopt two distinct standards by which to gauge their judgments ; one for the art of the period in which they write, and a second for all other periods. The reasons for this difference are easy to understand, and, provided that the difference is conscious in the mind of the writer, probably adequate. But when he unconsciously discusses the *Poems* of William Smith of Surbiton in the same manner and with the same vocabulary as he would (or might not) employ for *Paradise Lost* or the Sonnets of Keats, he misleads probably himself and almost certainly his readers. In my article on American Poetry in POETRY AND DRAMA of December last, I adopted one standard for Poe, Whitman, the New England group, and contemporary poets, and by the only standard available in the circumstances found the contemporary poets wanting.

A reply to my article, by Mr Louis Untermeyer, followed in due course, in which Mr Untermeyer submitted the names of some dozen living writers not mentioned by me (for reasons since explained) in whose work he finds sufficient merit completely to vitiate my judgment. Now, the most striking fact about this reply was that, while differing from me in the above respect, he joins with me in condemning the New England group. One of two conclusions must be deduced. Either Mr Untermeyer conscientiously considers that Messrs Robinson, Markham, Carman, Oppenheim, etc., are better poets than Emerson, Longfellow and Lowell, or he adopts a different standard in judging them.

It is difficult for me to imagine that an unbiassed judgment will find (to take a specific instance) anything in the works of John G. Neihardt comparable to the best passages in "Hiawatha" or to "My Lost Youth," whatever is thought of these latter, and I am inclined to hope that Mr

\* See POETRY AND DRAMA, March 1914.

## *American Poetry*

Untermeyer will finally admit to himself that he has accepted contemporary poetry with a peculiarly lenient hand and in a particularly optimistic frame of mind. I have, thankfully, no æsthetic theories on which to model a definition of poetry, or by which to measure the poetry in any author or poem. I say "thankfully" because I believe that those who have otherwise provided themselves are apt to allow their appreciations to be influenced by their theories instead of their theories by their appreciations. All the following judgments are therefore confessedly individual and particular, and wherever possible I shall quote, not only to illustrate my text, but to allow the reader to form his own opinion independently of mine.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr Untermeyer asks me to consider (in the order he names them) William Ellery Leonard, James Oppenheim, John Hall Wheelock, Joyce Kilmer, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, John G. Neihardt, Arthur Davison Ficke, George Sterling, Sara Teasdale, Zoë Akins, Edna Millay, Edwin Markham, and Bliss Carman. Mr Leonard I had accused of an obsession with "cosmicity," a current American literary vice. Mr Untermeyer somewhat misrepresents me when he attaches a criticism made on American poetry in general (mentioning Mr Leonard as one example to hand among many) to Mr Leonard in particular. But I do not insist on the difference. Mr Leonard sins less than others in this respect; yet I find the word "primeval" occurring nine times in fourteen consecutive poems, with "primordial" three or four times into the bargain. His sonnet "The Insulting Letter," quoted by Mr Untermeyer, is something to have achieved; it is probably the best poem in his book. But its tone of sincerity is marred by the second line. Mr Leonard was not sufficiently a poet to escape from the conventional "tavern" and "yonder vale." Here is another good poem marred by the use of two or three traditionally poetic and archaic words.

### FOR A FOREST WALKER

(IN FRANCONIA)

Quaff the mid-forest spring! Sink palms and knees  
In the deep moss and let the big rank ferns

Strike on the flushed cheek and the fevered neck,  
And let thy hair, warmed in those sultry shades,  
Float, with the oozy twigs and yellow leaves,  
The near black water ! O with pursèd lips  
Quaff till thou feelst it cool in heart and frame—  
Then up through pines and thickets to the light !

Yonder the valley and the mountain lake !  
The sunset clouds are trembling on the waves,  
The wild deer drink among the winding rocks ;  
And thou shalt call for joy aloud, and hear  
A mountain echo that will die away  
Seven times repeated on the crimson air !

However, I have derived a certain degree of real pleasure from three or four of Mr Leonard's poems, and I must admit having done him less than justice in my original article.

\* \* \* \* \*

Among the other writers mentioned there are three of older and wider reputation than the rest. These are Messrs Markham, Robinson and Carman. I am asked whether I remember Mr Markham's "The Man with the Hoe." Not unreasonably, I consider, I had forgotten it. But the poem is mentioned in so assured a manner that I have felt like a fencer who, having had a hit called against him, is left to wonder when and where the hit was made. In reply, is it legitimate for me to ask whether Mr Untermeyer has read Lascelles Abercrombie's "Indignation: An Ode"? I shall do no more than quote the opening lines of the former poem and allow those who prefer its lifeless blank verse to the passionate force of "Indignation" to differ from me. I do not mention this as Mr Abercrombie's best work (which it certainly is not), but because it deals with the same subject, namely, the oppression of labour, in the same frame of mind.

FROM "THE MAN WITH THE HOE"

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans  
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
The emptiness of ages in his face,  
And on his back the burden of the world.

## American Poetry

Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,  
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?  
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?  
Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave  
To have dominion over sea and land;  
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;  
To feel the passion of Eternity?  
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns  
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?  
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf  
There is no shape more terrible than this—  
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—  
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—  
More fraught with menace to the universe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Edwin Arlington Robinson is not a writer who can be discussed in a few words. I am not sure how many books he has published, but my knowledge of him is based on these: *The Children of the Night*, *The Town Down the River*, and *Captain Craig and Other Poems*. All three contain poems of merit, and, published in the order mentioned, they show a continuous development of personality. And yet I find it difficult to write about them, feeling no particular emotion either of delight or of antipathy. I fancy that Mr Robinson frequently says interesting things, but he says them in a peculiarly uninteresting manner, which is, therefore, not the manner of poetry. It required an effort to finish reading *The Children of the Night*, and it so happened that between the beginning and the end, I opened another book at Christina Rossetti's poem beginning "I took my heart in my hand," and I found I had not much use for Mr Robinson after. Not that I have a particular predilection for Christina Rossetti, or that Mr Robinson's work contains anything in common with hers (he owes more to Browning than to anyone else); but that whereas she, by a complete fusion of emotion and manner, composed a poem, Mr Robinson has not. This quality of unity is due to what Mr Clive Bell calls in the case of painting, Significant Form. Perhaps that is the touchstone of all poetry; which carries me

dangerously near to an æsthetic theory. The fine thought of Mr Robinson avails him little, because fine thought, though it may be a component of poetry, is not poetry itself. The nearest approach to it that I find in the early book is the following sonnet; but even here one is tempted to think that success is in part accidental, for the form and technique of the poem differ little from that of the other sonnets among which it is found. (By form, I mean something more than the embodiment of those rules which govern sonnet-writing.) It happens, however, that matter and manner are more nearly blended here than elsewhere.

DEAR FRIENDS

Dear friends, reproach me not for what I do,  
Nor counsel me, nor pity me, nor say  
That I am wearing half my life away  
For bubble-work that only fools pursue.  
And if my bubbles be too small for you,  
Blow bigger than your own : the games we play  
To fill the frittered minutes of a day,  
Good glasses are to read the spirit through.

And whoso reads may get him some shrewd skill ;  
And some unprofitable scorn resign,  
To praise the very thing that he deplores ;  
So, friends (dear friends), remember, if you will,  
The shame I win for singing is all mine,  
The gold I miss for dreaming is all yours.

I have no doubt that the title-poem of *The Town Down the River* has been greatly admired. Its qualities of grace and finish are so insistent, its rhythm is so melodious that it could hardly fail to please a great number of readers. But therein it has all the defects of its qualities. To a sensitive ear it will seem monotonously facile, over-alliterated, too consciously and too neatly rhymed. It is a pity that Mr Robinson's technique should have mastered him in this way, for he had a fine poem spoiled in the making. Much of the work in this book shows the influence of Browning already mentioned, but Mr Robinson did not learn to be serious without being heavy, or dramatic without being theatrical. For these reasons "Momus" is a better poem than "How Annandale Went Out" or the eulogies on Presidents Lincoln and Roosevelt.

MOMUS

“Where’s the need of singing now?”—  
Smooth your brow,  
Momus, and be reconciled,  
For King Kronos is a child—  
Child and father,  
Or god rather,  
And all gods are wild.

“Who reads Byron any more?”—  
Shut the door,  
Momus, for I feel a draught;  
Shut it quick, for someone laughed.—  
“What’s become of  
Browning? Some of  
Wordsworth lumbers like raft.

“What are poets to find here?”  
Have no fear:  
When the stars are shining blue  
There will yet be left a few  
Themes availing—  
And these failing,  
Momus, there’ll be you.

I am inclined to think that Mr Robinson’s best work is contained in the last of his books I have to consider. The long blank-verse narratives I find more native to America, and more peculiar to himself, than the shorter pieces of the earlier books. “Captain Craig” (though I should not care to attempt it again) I read through with interest, in spite of its eighty-four pages and its lengthy philosophic monologues. It is a fine character study. “Isaac and Archibald” is even better. It is more concise, more balanced and less metaphysically windy than the other. Has Mr Robinson ever written prose—novels, for instance? And if so, are they not better than his verse? So one would imagine from reading the poems in this book. He has the qualities of a good story-writer; insight, imagination, intellect and dramatic feeling, but lacks that magic in words without which poetry is but its own skeleton.

\* \* \* \* \*

To my great regret I am unacquainted with the work of John Hall

Wheelock. His poem quoted by Mr Untermeyer is one of the most perfect I have seen in modern American verse ; the poem of a twentieth century Wordsworth. This is not to say that Mr Wheelock is a great poet ; he may or may not be ; one good poem proves nothing but its own worth. But I have read it by the side of Wordsworth's sonnet written " Upon Westminster Bridge," and, though there is no question which is the finer, Mr Wheelock's continued to please me after. That is all that one can ask. The reason I mention it, before passing on to Mr Carman and others, is that it possesses that unanalysable harmony of thought, vision, and form, that magic of words which I found so generally lacking in the verse of Mr Robinson. Mr Wheelock is one of the very few among the authors mentioned by Mr Untermeyer whose work I have not seen in current American magazines. Neither do I find it represented in the recently published *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913*. That is all to his good, though it is my loss. Unfortunately I have not as yet been able to obtain a copy of his book from the publishers. When I do so it will be easier to consider his position in contemporary poetry.

\* \* \* \* \*

To return to Mr Untermeyer's trio of established masters ; of the three, Mr Carman is certainly the best known in England, principally through his *Sappho*. This is his least characteristic, though not his least meritorious, book. (I do not pretend to know his work book by book from cover to cover, and must establish my estimation on the four or five I possess.) It contains several charming lyrics, but it is significant that the most successful are those in which the author has been able to embody a substantial portion of direct translation, and it would be as absurd to base a claim for American poetry on such a production as it would be to base a claim for English poetry on Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*. The real Carman is much more akin to Stevenson, particularly to the Stevenson of *Songs of Travel*. But he seems to have taken matters rather less seriously. One receives the impression of a man who, having found it very pleasant to lie under a hedge with a good pipe, a good companion, a good voice and a copy of Browning, cannot be bothered to think seriously, feel deeply or sing at his best, but who would probably repudiate such a suggestion with

## *American Poetry*

indignation. His rhymes and rhythms flow with an over-spontaneous facility; even his religious moments are touched with a too easy sentiment. Here is a delightful poem spoilt by this facility which induced him to lengthen it unnecessarily, and by the commonplace feeling of the last two verses. (For lack of space I am compelled to omit three verses, but this, in fact, improves the poem.)

### THE DUSTMAN

“Dustman, dustman!”  
Through the deserted square he cries,  
And babies put their rosy fists  
Into their eyes.

There's nothing out of No-man's-land  
So drowsy since the world began,  
As “Dustman, dustman,  
Dustman.”

He goes his village round at dusk  
From door to door, from day to day;  
And when the children hear his step  
They stop their play.

“Dustman, dustman!”  
Far up the street he is descried  
And soberly the twilight games  
Are laid aside.

“Dustman, dustman!”  
There, Drowsyhead, the old refrain,  
“Dustman, dustman!”  
It goes again.

\* \* \* \*

“Dustman, dustman!”  
He never varies from one pace,  
And the monotony of time  
Is in his face.

And some day, with more potent dust,  
Brought from his home beyond the deep,  
And gently scattered on our eyes,  
We, too, shall sleep,—



Hearing the call we know so well  
 Fade softly out as it began,  
 "Dustman, dustman,  
 Dustman!"

His other master, as I have already hinted, is Browning. In his later work this influence predominates, though less apparent in his form (he has never wholly lost the patter and jingle of *Songs from Vagabondia*) than on sentiment and philosophy. Take, for instance, this passage from *Above the Gaspereau* :

Then the little wind that blows from the great star-drift  
 Will answer : "Thou tide in the least of the planets I lift,  
 Consider the journeys of light. Are thy journeyings swift?  
 Thy sands are as smoke to the star-banks I huddle and shift.  
 Peace! I have seeds of the grasses to scatter and sift.  
 I have freighting to do for the weed and the frail thistle drift.

"O ye apples and firs, great and small are as one in the end.  
 Because ye had life to the full, and spared not to spend ;  
 Because ye had love of your kind, to cherish and fend ;  
 Held hard the good instinct to thrive, cleaving close to life's trend ;  
 Nor questioned where impulse had origin,—purpose might tend ;  
 Now, beauty is yours, and the freedom whose promptings transcend  
 Attainment for ever, in death with new being to blend.  
 O ye orchards and woods, death is naught, love is all in the end."

Mr Carman is quite conscious of his discipleship. Mr William Archer has written, "I myself, were I casting about for a religion, should be tempted to shut myself up for six weeks or so in a lonely tower, with no literature in my portmanteau but *Behind the Arras* and *Low Tide on Grand Pré*." I should recommend him to take *Men and Women* and *Dramatic Romances* instead. Of course, Mr Carman is not a mere imitator. His poems are the outcome of his own personality, but it is a personality which has formed over-strong literary sympathies. He has two characteristics in common with Mr Robinson, different as their work is. Both bow, each at his own time and in his own manner, to Browning, and both suffer through an incompletely assimilated technique.

\* \* \* \* \*

About the younger writers of Mr Untermeyer's group I have less

## American Poetry

to say. I do not know them individually so well, nor do I find them, with one exception, so noteworthy as Mr Carman and Mr Robinson.

James Oppenheim is one of the first mentioned in the list, and him I must pass over in silence. The only work of his I know is a blank-verse play, *The Pioneers*. Dealing with a subject which might form the motive for a cowboy "cinema" drama, it is so crude in thought, emotion and technique, both dramatic and poetic, that I am constrained to believe that both the author and Mr Untermeyer would wish it forgotten in any serious consideration of his work.

One of the afore-mentioned cosmic-ists is John G. Neihardt; here are a few embodiments of his universal vision, taken from *Man-Song* :

O Link that united the Infinite Sea,  
The Unconscious Pulse with the conscious and free,  
That bound—and made possible me:

\* \* \* \* \*

For you are a part of the great warm Vast  
From the worm at your root to the sun above you ;

\* \* \* \* \*

The vast Alembic of the cryptic scheme,  
Warm with the Master-Dream !

—and so on. He rarely descends from these heights. *The Stranger at the Gate* is, as Mr Untermeyer remarks, more restrained; it is also, considered as a whole, better poetry. But Mr Neihardt's work presents to my mind nothing more than a series of chaotic strivings.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, crude (like Mr Niehardt's) as his poetry is, has achieved something more. When I read his "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven" on its first appearance, it seemed that here was an entirely new mind and new sensibility working in poetry. It has since come to me in book form, and I am ready to endorse that first impression. Here are two stanzas :

[To be sung to the tune of *The Blood of the Lamb*  
with indicated instrument.]

### I.

[*Bass drum beaten loudly*]

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum—  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
The saints smiled gravely and they said: "He's come."  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,  
Lurching bravoes from the ditches dank,  
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale—  
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail :—  
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,  
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death—  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

[*Banjos.*]

Every slum had sent its half-a-score  
The round world over. (Booth had groaned for more.)  
Every banner that the wide world flies  
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.  
Big-voiced lasses made their banjos bang,  
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang :—  
“Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?”  
Hallelujah! It was queer to see  
Bull-necked convicts with that land make free.  
Loons with trumpets blowed a blare, blare, blare  
On, on upward thro' the golden air!  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

It is easy to laugh at Mr Lindsay's treatment of his subject, as it once was for some people to sneer at the personality which inspired it. He has conceived a sincere and emotional concept, and has embodied it in sincere and moving verse.

Though no other poem in Mr Lindsay's book reaches this height, the unselfconscious tension of his feeling is fairly consistently maintained; he has seldom found it necessary to remember he is a poet, a rare quality among his contemporaries. The tone of his verse is religious, with something of the fire and wrath of the prophet. It is, therefore, a surprise to find a poem in a very different vein included in the *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913*. “The Kallyope Yell,” intended to be declaimed “loudly and rapidly with a leader, College yell fashion,” is the song of a circus music-machine, and succeeds in wringing tremendous emotional value out of the vulgarity and din of the scene it portrays and from the mentality it represents. Both this poem and “General Booth,” for the very reason that they are designed for declamation, are, I think, bound to lose in popular understanding and appreciation, for it requires more than a little imagination to invest cold print with the accompaniment the author has indicated in “General

## American Poetry

Booth" or with the blare of the "Kallyope." In my original article I expressed a desire to effect a free distribution of Futurist Manifestoes among American poets. But there is little need of a propagandist Marinetti in a country capable of producing a Mr Lindsay. Anyone who has heard the Futurist leader declaim his poetry knows the possibilities and limitations of such work. For those who are moved by those matters which are peculiar to the twentieth century I can imagine no adequate form of self-expression far removed from this. Their numbers are probably few, but to be able to appreciate such work should not require the sensibility necessary for its production. All emotions are ore from which poetry may be sifted, and it should be a matter for congratulation rather than for disdain or despair that there are men to whom essentially modern life appeals in such a way as to impel them to embody their feelings in art. "The Kallyope Yell" appears to me to possess two advantages over any of the strictly Futurist poems I have read or heard. In the first place, it is not merely photographic, and has a certain universal significance; and in the second place, it is at least intelligible in print to the ordinary reader, making free use of rhyme and seeking no assistance from extraordinary typographical effects. Mr Lindsay is, to me, the most interesting figure in contemporary American poetry.

\* \* \* \* \*

George Sterling, Sara Teasdale, Joyce Kilmer, and Edna Millay are all akin, and represent a very ordinary type of Magazine poet. (I have a fear that, in spite of the excellent poem I have referred to, Mr Wheelock belongs to the same group.) It is a type which is capable of producing good verses on slight provocation; verses with a pretty fancy, a pretty lilt, and the least possible real emotion. Accident occasionally gives birth to a poem by it, but it is of little consequence either to man or to literature. Here is a poem by Joyce Kilmer, representative of its kind, which has been eulogized by Mr Untermeyer in a recent review of the *Anthology of Magazine Verse*:

### TREES

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the sweet earth's hungry breast;

A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray ;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair ;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain ;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But 'only God can make a tree !

Two more names conclude Mr Untermeyer's list. *The Earth Passion* of Arthur Davison Ficke (the only book of his I have seen) is honest enough versification. Possibly he has done better. Of Miss Zoë Akins I know nothing.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have, in the course of this article, discussed a number of writers for whom it is claimed that they constitute a new school (in the widest sense of the word) of American poetry. Mr Untermeyer is at least right in one respect. Some of them have certainly written what none but an American could write, but that they have written American poetry in any but the scantiest measure I deny. Far from believing that the poetry of to-day outstrips the poetry of 50 years ago, I foresee that when the history of American literature comes to be compiled at a date sufficiently remote to place the present period in perspective with the past, it will be found to be as diminutive as any.

Only one man appears, from the evidence I have available, to present either new thought, new feeling or new expression, and that is Mr Lindsay, who has at least two of these qualities.

The poems here quoted are, I think, a fair indication of the best that is being written. If Mr Untermeyer were to insist that it is comparable to the best in any of the significant periods of poetry, I could only imagine him in the position of the man in Plato's allegory who dwelt in a cave and gazed on shadows.

JOHN ALFORD

# A LIST OF RECENT BOOKS

## ENGLISH POETRY

- A Rhapsody for Lovers.* By Arthur Maquarie. (Bickers. 1s. net.)
- A Vagabond's Philosophy in Various Moods. Including Part II.—Songs of the South Seas.* By A. Safroni-Middleton. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)
- A Wreath of Rosemary: or Melodies from Far Away.* By Credita Oakleigh. (Drane. 1s. net.)
- As the Heart Speaks, and Other Poems.* By May Belben. (Morland. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Atil in Gortland, and Other Poems.* By Henry Ransome. (Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Ball Room Ballads.* By K. L. Orde. Illustrated by S. L. Vere. (Goschen. 3s. net.)
- Ballads and Burdens.* By V. Goldie. (Fifield. 1s. net.)
- Cornish Catches, and Other Verses.* By Bernard Moore. (Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Creation: Post-Impressionist Poems.* By Horace Holley. (Fifield. 1s. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176; quoted, p. 199.]
- Cubist Poems.* By Max Weber. (Mathews. 1s. 6d. and 1s. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176; quoted, p. 198.]
- Darts of Defiance: Sonnets and Other Poems.* By Maximilian A. Mügge. (Lynwood, 2s. 6d. net.)
- Earth with Her Bars, and Other Poems.* By Edith Dart. (Longmans. 1s. net; cloth 2s.)
- Elfin Chaunts and Railway Rhythms.* By Edmund Vale. (Mathews. 1s. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176.]
- Elizabethan Lyrics.* By Marjorie Christmas. (Macdonald. 1s. net.)
- England Over Seas.* By Lloyd Roberts. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Eölsynt, and Other Poems.* By H. Bindon Burton. (Maunsel. 5s. net.)
- Farming Lays.* By Bernard Gilbert. Marginal Illustrations by W. S. Lear. (Palmer. 2s. net.)
- Fairyland: A Poem in Three Cantos.* By Charles Cammell. (Humphreys. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Florentine Vignettes. Being some Metrical Letters of the late Vernon Arnold Slade.*  
Edited by Wilfrid Thorley. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176.]
- From Far Lands: Poems of North and South.* By Gervais Gage (J. L. Rentoul). (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
- Gain and Loss. A Lyrical Narrative, and Other Verses.* By E. K. S. (St. Catherine Press. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Glimmer of Dawn: Poems.* By Leo C. Robertson. (Mathews. 1s. 6d. and 1s. net.)
- Immortal Commonplaces.* By M. Laurence. (Macdonald. 1s. net.)
- In Quest of Love, and Other Poems.* By E. E. Bradford. (Kegan Paul. 4s. 6d. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176.]
- Lyrical Poems.* By Thomas Macdonagh. (Irish Review, Dublin. 5s. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176.]
- Moorland Sanctuary, and Other Poems.* By R. H. Law. (Mathews. 1s. net.)
- Neige D'Antan.* By Evan Mor. (Jones & Evans. 2s. 6d. net.)

- New Canadian Poems.* By Warneford Moffatt. (Simpkin. 2s. 6d. net.)
- North of Boston.* By Robert Frost. (Nutt. 3s. 6d. net.)  
[Held over for quotation.]
- Pagan: A Book of Verse.* By Amy Skovgaard-Pedersen. (Fifield. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Frances Layland Barratt (Lady Layland Barratt). (Simpkin. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Ina M. Stenning. (Simpkin. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Rita S. Mosscockle. (Mathews. 5s. net.)
- Poems.* Margaret Cropper. (Mathews. 1s. 6d. and 1s. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176.]
- Poems and Legends.* By Charles Stratford Catty. (Smith, Elder. 5s. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176.]
- Quatrains.* By T. W. Cole. (Palmer. 6d. net.)
- Reullera.* By Filio Unicè Dilecto. (Mathews. 1s. net.)
- Rough Edges.* By B. H. G. Arkwright. (Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Ragged-Staff Rhymes.* By A. Sedgwick Barnard. (Cornish. 6d. net.)
- Side Slips.* By Griffyth Fairfax. Illustrated by Maud Klein. (Goschen. 4s. 6d. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176.]
- Songs for Music, and Other Verses.* By J. J. Cadwaladr. (Drane. 1s.)
- Songs of a Navy.* By Patrick Macgill. (Author. 1s. net.)
- The Dryad.* By Clara Burdett Patterson. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Flight, and Other Poems.* By George Edward Woodberry. (Macmillan. 5s. 6d. net.)
- The Golden Heresy.* By Max Plowman. (Published by Author, 48, Fitzroy Street. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Horns of Taurus.* By Griffyth Fairfax. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176.]
- The Inward Light, and Other Verses.* By A. W. Webster. (Headley. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Lord's Mother, St. Luke's Quest: A Dramatic Poem.* By A. Scott Boyd. (Constable. 5s.)
- The Lords of the Restless Sea, and Songs of Scotland.* By T. B. Hennell. (Mathews. 1s. net.)
- The Maid of Malta, and Other Poems.* By Thomas Rowley. (Drane. 3s. 6d.)
- The New Circe: Poems.* By F. G. Miller. (Mathews. 1s. 6d. and 1s. net.)
- The Return Home.* By Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne. (Published by Author, Oakthorpe Road, Oxford. 1s. net.)
- The Reverberate Hills.* By Edward Oppenheim. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Sea is Kind.* By T. Sturge Moore. (Richards. 6s. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176; quoted, p. 194.]
- The Song of the Five, and Other Poems.* By Cecil Garth. (Mathews. 1s. net.)
- The Street of Dreams.* By William K. Seymour. (Jones & Evans. 2s. net.)
- The Tale of Florentius, and Other Poems.* By A. G. Shirreff. Illustrated by Elsie Lunn. (Blackwell. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Two Blind Countries.* By Rose Macaulay. (Sidgwick. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176; quoted, p. 197.]

- Unconditioned Songs.* (The authorship of this book is not acknowledged.) (Endacott. 2s. 6d.)
- Vigils.* By Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne. (Published by Author, Oakthorp Road, Oxford. 1s. net.)
- Vision : A Book of Lyrics.* By W. H. Abbott. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Wind on the Wold.* By Alexander G. Steven. (Goschen. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Will o' the Wisp and the Wandering Voice.* By Thomas Bouch. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.)

#### REPRINTS AND COLLECTED EDITIONS (POETRY)

- Christopher Columbus : An Historic Drama in Four Acts.* By Roland Hill. New and Revised Edition. (Low. 5s. net.)
- Collected Poems.* By Norman Gale. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)
- Edmund Spenser : The Faerie Queene. Vol. II.* Edited by Lilian Winstanley. (Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.)
- English and Scottish Popular Ballads.* Edited from the Collection of Francis Child and Others. Cambridge Edition. (Nutt. 12s. 6d. net.)
- George Meredith : Selected Poems.* Popular Edition. (Constable. 1s. net.)
- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow : Poems.* Two Volumes. (Nelson. 6d. each net.)
- John Greenleaf Whittier : Selected Poems.* Re-issue. (Chalfont Library. Headley. 1s. net.)
- Lay of the Last Minstrel.* By Sir Walter Scott. Edited by T. T. Jeffrey. (Clive. 1s. 6d.)
- One of Us : A Novel in Verse.* By Gilbert Frankau. Cheaper Edition. (Chatto. 1s. net.)
- Parlement of Foules : Geoffrey Chaucer.* With Introduction, Notes and Glossary, by C. M. Drennan. (Clive. 2s. 6d.)
- Poems.* By Charles Kingsley. (Oxford Edition of Standard Authors. Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Ralph Waldo Emerson. (Oxford Edition of Standard Authors. Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Ralph Waldo Emerson. *Vol. V.* Bohn's Popular Library. (Bell. 1s. net.)
- Poetical Works of William Blake.* Bohn's Popular Library. (Bell. 1s.)
- Religious Poems.* By Richard Crashaw. With an Introductory Study by R. A. Eric Shepherd. (The Catholic Library. Herder. 1s. net.)
- Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight.* Re-edited from the Cotton M.S. Nero, A.x., in the British Museum. By Richard Morris. Revised in 1897 and 1912 by Israel Gollancz. (Milford. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Christian Year, Lyra Innocentium, and Other Poems.* By John Keble. (Oxford Edition of Standard Authors. Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Dream of Gerontius.* By John Henry Newman. (Oxford Edition of Standard Authors. Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Lord of the Isles.* By Sir Walter Scott. With Introduction, Notes and Maps for the Examinations. Oxford and Cambridge Edition. (Gill. 1s. 6d.)
- The Luck of Roaring Camp : Californian Tales and Poems.* By Bret Harte. (Everyman. Dent. 1s.)



## AMERICAN BOOKS RECEIVED

- An Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913.* Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. (Published by the Author. 4s. net ; paper, 2s. net.)
- Arthur Sonten : A Comedy.* Robin Ernest Dunbar. (R. Dunbar, Indiana. 2s. net.)
- Challenge.* By Louis Untermeyer. (Century Co. 4s. net.)
- In the High Hills.* By Maxwell Struthers Bart. (Mifflin. 4s. net.)
- On the Wabash : A Comedy in Three Acts.* By Robin Ernest Dunbar. (Stage Society, Indiana. 2s. net.)
- Poems.* By Walter Conrad Arensberg. (Mifflin. 4s. net.)
- Saloon Sonnets : With Sunday Flutings.* By Allen Norton. (Claire Marie. 6s. net.)
- Sonnets from the Patagonian.* By Donald Evans. (Claire Marie. 5s. net.)
- The Foothills of Parnassus.* By John Kendrick Bangs. (Macmillan. 5s. 6d. net.)

## ANTHOLOGIES

- A Book of Ballads Old and New.* Selected by Adam L. Gowans. (Gowans. 6d. and 1s. net.)
- A Cluster of Grapes : A Book of Twentieth Century Poetry.* Collated by Galloway Kyle. (Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 185.]
- "*Des Imagistes*": *An Anthology.* (Poetry Bookshop. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176 ; quoted, 192.]
- Poetry for Boys.* Selected by S. Maxwell. (Mills & Boon, 1s. 6d. net.)
- Songs of the South : Choice Selections from Southern Poets from Colonial Times to the Present Day.* Collected and Edited by Jennie Thornley Clarke. With Appendix of Brief Biographical Notes, etc. (De la More Press. 5s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 185.]
- The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language.* Selected and Arranged by Francis Turner Palgrave. With Additional Poems and Notes. By C. B. Wheeler. (Milford. 2s. 6d.)  
[Reviewed, p. 185.]
- The New Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.* Selected by Ernest Rhys. (Everyman. Dent. 1s.)  
[Reviewed, p. 185.]
- The Winged Anthology.* Selected and Arranged by Irene Osgood and Horace Wyndham. (Richmond. 3s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 185.]

## DRAMA

- Andromache : A Play in Three Acts.* By Gilbert Murray. New Edition. (Allen. 1s. net.)
- An Ideal Husband.* By Oscar Wilde. A New Acting Version produced by Sir George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre. (Methuen. 2s. net.)
- A Single Man : A New Comedy in Four Acts.* By Hubert Henry Davies. (Heinemann. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net.)

- Artegale. A Drama : Poems and Ballads.* By Blanche C. Hardy. (John Long. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Between Sunset and Dawn : A Play in Four Scenes.* By Hermon Ould. (Sidgwick. 1s. 6d. and 2s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Chitra : A Play in One Act.* By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Held over for Review.]
- Curtain Raisers : Vols. III. and IV.* By W. Sapte. (Griffiths. 1s. net each.)
- Damaged Goods : A Play.* By Brioux. Translated by John Pollock. With a Preface by Bernard Shaw. (Fifield. 1s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Dusk : A Play.* By Robert Vansittart. (Humphreys. 1s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Five Plays : The Gods of the Mountains, The Golden Doom, King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior, The Glittering Gate, The Lost Silk Hat.* By Lord Dunsany. (Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)  
[Held over for Review.]
- "Gentlemen, the King!": *A Military Drama in One Act.* By Campbell Todd. (French. 1s. net.)
- Idle Women : A Study in Futility in One Act and Two Scenes.* By Magdalen Ponsoby. (Humphreys. 1s.)  
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Jean.* By Donald Colquhoun. Repertory Plays. (Gowans. 6d. net.)
- Loving As We Do, and Other Plays.* By Gertrude Robins. (T. W. Laurie. 1s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Misalliance, The Dark Lady of the Sonnets, and Fanny's First Play. With a Treatise on Parents and Children.* By G. Bernard Shaw. (Constable. 6s.)
- Miss Julie : A Play in One Act.* By August Strindberg. Translated by Horace B. Samuel. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)
- Over the Hills : Comedy in One Act.* By John Palmer. (Sidgwick. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Philip's Wife : A Play in Three Acts.* By F. G. Layton. (Fifield. 1s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Playing With Love.* By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by P. Morton Shand. Including *The Prologue to Anatol*, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Rendered into English Verse by Trevor Blakemore. (Gay & Hancock. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Plays.* By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. (Constable. 5s. net.)
- Plays and Poems : The Comedies.* By George Chapman. Edited with Introductions and Notes by Thomas M. Parrott. (Routledge. 6s.)
- Plays : Vol. IV.—Swanwhite, Advent, The Storm.* By August Strindberg. Translated by Edith and Warner Oland. (Palmer. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Rebellion : A Play in Three Acts.* By John Drinkwater. (Nutt. 1s.)  
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Shakespeare : As You Like It.* Edited by J. W. Holme. Arden Edition. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)

- The Bear Leaders : A Farce in Four Acts.* By R. C. Carton. (French. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Country Dressmaker : A Play in Three Acts.* By George Fitzmaurice. (Maunsel. 1s. net. and 1s. 6d.)
- The Flash Point : A Drama in Three Acts.* By Mrs. Scott Maxwell. (Sidgwick. 1s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- The May King : A Play in Three Acts.* By F. W. Moorman. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- The Mollusc : A New Comedy in Three Acts.* By Hubert Henry Davies. (Heinemann. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.)
- The New Parsifal : An Operatic Fable.* By Robert Calverley Trevelyan. (Chiswick Press. 3s. 6d.)
- The Pursuit of Pamela : A Comedy.* By C. B. Fernald. (French. 1s. net.)
- The Rehearsal.* By George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Edited by Montague Summers. (Shakespeare Head Press, 7s. 6d. net.)
- The Revolutionist : A Play in Five Acts.* By Terence J. MacSwiney. (Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Triumph of Peace : A Romantic Drama.* By Ivy M. Clayton. (R. E. Jones. 1s. 6d.)  
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd : A Drama in Three Acts.* By D. H. Lawrence. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net.)  
[Held over for Review.]
- Three Dramas.* By Stjerne Björnson. (Everyman. Dent. 1s.)
- Three Plays.* By Frederic Hebbel. (Everyman. Dent. 1s.)
- Tiger : A Play.* By Witter Bynner. (Rider. 1s. net.)
- Tristram and Isoult.* By Martha Kinross. (Macmillan. 3s. net.)
- Vikramowasi : An Indian Drama.* By Kaledās. (Griffiths. 3s. 6d. net.)

#### MISCELLANEOUS

- A Selection of Latin Verse.* Edited by H. D. Wild and Others. (Milford. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Chaucer and the Roman de la Rose.* By Dean Spruill Fansler. (Milford. 6s. 6d. net.)
- Chaucer and His Times.* By Grace E. Hadow. Home University Library. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)
- Comedy.* By John Palmer. Art and Craft of Letters. (Secker. 1s. net.)
- Dramatic Actualities.* By W. L. George. (Sidgwick. 2s. net.)
- Elizabethan Drama and its Mad Folk.* The Harness Prize Essay for 1913. By Edgar Allinson Peers. (Heffer. 3s. 6d. net.)
- English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century, 1642-1780.* (Macmillan. 6s. 6d. net.)
- English History in Contemporary Poetry. No. 1. The XIVth Century.* By H. Bruce.  
No. 3. *The Tudor Monarchy.* (Bell. 1s.)
- Essays in the Study of Folk Songs.* By Countess Martinengo Cesaresco. (Everyman. Dent. 1s. net.)

- Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country.* Illustrated. Highways and Byways Series. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
- Johnson's Life of Dryden.* Edited by A. J. F. Collins. (Clive. 2s.)
- Latin Songs, Classical, Mediæval and Modern.* With Music. Edited by C. S. Brown. (Putnam. 9s. net.)
- Lectures on Dryden.* By A. W. Verrall. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Life and Poems of Dafydd ab Gwilym.* By Evelyn Lewes. With a Preface by Sir Edward Anwyl. (Nutt. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 185.]
- Nature.* By William H. Davies. Fellowship Books. (Batsford. 2s. net.)
- Perse Play-Books. No. 4. First Fruits of the Play Method in Prose.* (Heffer. 3s. net.)
- Phormio : Terence.* Edited by John Sargeant. Pitt Press Series. (Cambridge University Press. 3s.)
- Poetry.* By Arthur Quiller Couch. Fellowship Books. (Batsford. 2s. net.)
- Rhyming Thirds : Story in Verse and Prose.* By Boys of the IIIA and IIIB. Edited by W. L. Paine. (Bell. 1s. net.)
- Rossetti and His Poetry.* By Mrs. F. S. Boas. Poetry and Life Series. (Harrap. 1s. net.)
- Stories from Browning.* By V. Cameron Turnbull. Illustrated by Sybil Barham. (Harrap. 5s. net.)
- Stowe Notes, Letters and Verses.* By E. M. Taber. (Bell. 12s. 6d. net.)
- The Ancient Irish Epic Tale : T'ain Bo' Cualnge, the Cualnge Cattle Raid.* Done into English by Joseph Dunn. (Nutt. 25s. net.)
- The Composition of the Iliad : An Essay on Numerical Law in its Structure.* By Austin Smyth. (Longmans. 6s. net.)
- The Epic.* By Lascelles Abercrombie. Art and Craft of Letters. (Secker. 1s. net.)
- The German Lyric.* By John Lees. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)
- The Influence of English Poetry upon the Romantic Revival on the Continent.* By C. Vaughan. (Milford. 1s.)
- The Life of Matthew Prior.* By Francis Bickley. (Pitman. 7s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 189.]
- The Monastery, and Other Poems.* By Salvatore di Giacomo. Translated by William de la Feld. (Humphreys. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Origin of Attic Comedy.* By Francis Macdonald Cornford. (Arnold. 8s. 6d. net.)
- The Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Tragedy.* By Clarence Valentine Boyer. (Routledge. 6s.)
- Walt Whitman : A Critical Study.* By Basil de Selincourt. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)
- William Morris : His Work and Influence.* By A. Clutton Brock. Home University Library. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
<b>VARIA. NOTES. NEWS:</b>	<b>250</b>
War Poetry—Press Poems—Patriotism—After the War—Candour and Precision—"Prince of Peace"—The Dramatic Societies—Glastonbury Festival—Repertory Theatres—Readings of Poetry.	
 <b>STUDY:</b>	
A Letter to a Musician on English Prosody . . . . . <i>Robert Bridges</i>	255
 <b>POETRY:</b>	
Emile Verhaeren . . . . .	274
Maurice Hewlett . . . . .	275
Rose Macaulay . . . . .	284
E. Buxton Shanks . . . . .	286
T. Sturge Moore . . . . .	288
Amy Lowell . . . . .	291
 <b>NEW BOOKS AND CHRONICLES:</b>	
New Books . . . . . <i>Harold Monro</i>	296
Reprints and Anthologies . . . . . <i>Edward Thomas</i>	299
French Chronicle . . . . . <i>F. S. Flint</i>	302
American Poetry: An Explanatory Note . . . . . <i>John Alford</i>	305
The Drama: A Note in War Time . . . . . <i>Gilbert Cannan</i>	307
Reviews . . . . .	308
Extracts from Recent Poetry . . . . .	310
Book List of the Quarter . . . . .	315

## VARIA NOTES NEWS

OUR readers will appreciate the obstacles that, under present circumstances, have stood in the way of producing POETRY AND DRAMA, and will readily forgive the curtailment and lateness of this autumn issue. Our first decision on the outbreak of war was to postpone publication indefinitely. Afterwards, however, it became apparent that our duty was rather to co-operate with those who were endeavouring to preserve the more vital activities of peace ; and many of our readers, indeed, lost little time in making it unmistakably clear that they would expect to receive POETRY AND DRAMA as usual.

War. \_\_\_\_\_  
poetry

“ A warlike, various, and a tragical age,” we find in Abraham Cowley’s Preface to his Poems, “ is best to *write of*, but worst to *write in*.” For some such reason, perhaps, unlike our daily, weekly and monthly contemporaries, we find ourselves at this moment almost unprovided with verse that we should care to publish. The sentiment of patriotism has never produced much poetry. Modern warfare will be likely to produce less. The effects of war are, among others, to embolden the heart and the intellect, to sting the senses into violence, quicken the imagination, powerfully stimulate the love of life while diminishing the fear of death, and incidentally to increase the love of one’s country, rendering it for the moment by far the greatest and most apparent material symbol of enduring earthly life. All these are apt to stimulate poetry, but they do not necessarily produce it, and in a civilised age they will more probably be revealed after than during the event.

Press  
Poems

Thus, few of the poems now appearing in the press can be taken seriously. The majority are in the nature either of music-hall songs or of rhymed leading articles. They stand, perhaps, in the same relation to poetry as an average illustration in one of the weekly newspapers stands to art ; or in the domain of prose literature they bear the same proportionate value to true poetry as an average leading article to the essay of a master. Such poems as Mr Chesterton’s “ Wife of Flanders,” or Mr Newbolt’s “ Sacramentum Supremum,” might obviously as well have been written at any other time as now. Mr de la Mare’s “ True-Blue Broadside of ’14 ” in the *Westminster* was a pleasant rollicking piece of stuff, and seems to us, with Mr Watson’s sonnet, “ To the Troubler of the World,” among the best of the topical poems the press has given us, though

neither has proved as generally popular as Barry Pain's jingle, "The Kaiser and God," in the *Times*. Mr Hewlett and Mr Binyon have both produced dignified and significant poems. Mr Kipling appeared to hesitate some time, then uttered a concise and apt leading article in verse. In the Yellow Press (which, alas, the *Times* has now joined) the music-hall song type has, of course, predominated. Harold Begbie and Henry Chappell have undoubtedly proved themselves the heroes of the day. The former's popular verses, "Fall in," have, we are told, won many a recruit; of the latter, referring to his poem "The Day," the *Express* reports, "Mr Chappell is known to his comrades as the 'Bath Railway Porter. A poem such as this lifts him into the rank of a national poet." The poets known vaguely as *Georgian* have most of them remained silent.

As a general conclusion, the war-poetry that has appeared in the press does not seem to have represented an exalted, a natural, or even a valuable form of patriotism. It has seldom referred directly to the love of England as a country, or of the English people as a Brotherhood. (To this, however, Mr Newbolt's poem, mentioned above, and Mr Masefield's "August 1914" in the *English Review*, are conspicuous exceptions.) It is surprising, since our war is not aggressive, but a fight for liberty, that the love of England and its island freedom should not have proved the first inspiration of English poets. It is likely, however, that the papers have diligently suppressed all such sentiments. From the majority of the poems they have published one would infer that some form of bribery were necessary to entice Englishmen into a patriotic love of their country. We get an impression of verse-writers excitedly gathering to *do something* for their flag, and as soon as they begin to rack their brains how that something may be done in verse, a hundred old phrases for patriotic moments float in their minds, which they reel into verses or fit into sonnets—and the press is delighted to publish them. If the poet be living who can write a patriotic sonnet in the style of Wordsworth, or patriotic blank verse in the style of Shakespeare, he would probably remain unnoticed at this wild moment. For these reasons, and others, we must not seek to attach importance to the poems now appearing in the press. Patriotism

As regards other press matter, we note, with appreciation, that all ordinary news is now crammed, in most papers, into half a column or less, thus assuming its normal proportion of importance in our daily lives. Might this happy precedent but influence the future conduct of newspapers after the war! "After the War"—the phrase is on all lips. Only a short time ago many of us believed, or, perhaps, rather hoped, that war could never occur again. Now all our hopes are centred on what shall happen afterwards. It is not even difficult to imagine the emergence of poetry in some purged and renewed form, with its diabolical After the war

enemy, The Press, that false "criticism of life," chastened and subdued. All the forces of poetic expression certainly seemed culminating, before the war, toward some crisis. A long war would reduce most writers to a condition of elementary candour; there would be so much to express that the tricks and affectations of the past few years would seem as useless as tattered clothes. A new era in poetry cannot be artificially produced: it can, however, always be expected, and eagerly desired; and it arrives in the natural course of events. The most desired News after the war will be, we must believe, of the kind which poetry can best provide—a swift, concentrated, hopeful, daring, inner kind of news, without false sentiment or superfluous comment.

*Candour  
and pre-  
cision*

The natural tendency of pre-war poets was already to strip verse of romantic ornament and sentimental detail, and to expose the raw material of thought, and the elementary facts of experience. We may expect this tendency to increase, and the poet, perhaps, gradually to reassume his place of ultimate chronicler of events and seer of their primary significance, in brief, of critic of life, without that disagreeable egotism and vanity conspicuous lately in minor experimental verse, a defect essentially conduced by physical inactivity under civilisation and in large cities. It is, perhaps, not out of place to express here our great admiration for the diplomatic documents recently placed before the public in *White Papers*, and the official despatches from the front. How far these surpass the average verse of the time as examples of literature need scarcely be demonstrated. Devoid of all ornament, all superfluous detail, they lay bare to us, in direct terms, the plain facts of the human psychology of the moment. They seem to contain so little; yet everything is in them. After reading them we feel as if we would gladly hold the heads of some of our poets down to their verses, and force them to answer us: "Did you feel this? If so, have you written it as you felt it? Are these phrases your own? Are they the result of your experience or inner emotion?" But, no! It is useless to quarrel with bad poets. Let us close these comments with the expression of a hope that post-war poets will turn the use of imagination, fancy, symbol, metaphor and ornament perseveringly to the amplification or elucidation of fact. We have passed beyond disguise, mystification and pretence. They are very dull. We see through them, and therefore they have ceased to hold our attention.

*"Prince of  
Peace"*

The existence of a passionate, if limited, pro-German faction in America has recently come to our notice through the medium of *The International*, a periodical of some standing published in New York, and also a new monthly entitled *The Fatherland*, "devoted to fair play for Germany and Austria." The leading spirit of this movement is apparently a certain German-American, George Sylvester Viereck, whose English poems have been much advertised. This gentleman



writes some very amusing verses. We cannot resist quoting a couple of them from a poem entitled "Wilhelm II, Prince of Peace."

Crush thou the Cossack arms that reach  
To plunge the world into the night!  
Save Goethe's vision, Luther's speech  
Thou art the Keeper of the Light!  
But thy great task will not be done  
Until thou vanquish utterly,  
The Norman sister of the Hun,  
England, the Serpent of the Sea.

For an elucidation of these verses we refer our readers to an article by Mr G. K. Chesterton in *The New Witness*, September 17th.

Among the many performances by the minor dramatic societies in recent months, we have not had the pleasure of being present at any that was particularly worthy of note. Among the more interesting we would place Miss Elsie Fogerty's production of the *Electra* of Sophocles at the Scala, and a performance of Dryden's *All for Love* by "The Venturers." The latter was an entirely inartistic production. The lines, however, were clearly spoken, and we may be grateful for the interest of the experiment. *The  
Dramatic  
Societies*

During the summer a month's Festival of Mystic Drama was held at Glastonbury under the direction of Mr Rutland Boughton. It is the desire of its organisers to build a theatre on the spot selected for the Festival for the future performance of a certain type of national drama. Among the first pieces designed for production is Mr Reginald Buckley's Arthurian cycle of choral drama, *Arthur of Britain*, published by Williams and Norgate some weeks ago, a short passage from which was already given on the present occasion, besides performances of Fiona Macleod's *The Immortal Hour*, the Grail scene from *Parsifal*, Lady Gregory's *Travelling Man*, W. W. Gibson's *Night-shift*, Walter Merry's *Soul-sight*. We learn that the Festival was, on the whole, a success, and its promoters are satisfied with the encouragement they have received toward the realisation of their future ideal. *Glaston-  
bury  
Festival*

In the next number of POETRY AND DRAMA a section will be devoted to a summary of the productions of the English Repertory Theatres. Such a section was already designed for this number; the inevitable curtailment of which, unfortunately, necessitated its postponement. *Repertory  
Theatres*

The usual Readings of poetry held on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 6 o'clock, at the Poetry Bookshop began again on September 15th, and will be continued during the winter. Addresses on the war will, however, for the present occasionally be substituted for Readings. *Readings  
of Poetry*

¶ POETRY: A MAGAZINE OF VERSE announces a prize of \$100 for the best poem based on the present European situation. While all poems national and patriotic in spirit will be considered, the editors of POETRY believe that a poem in the interest of peace will express the aim of the highest civilisation. Poems must be received not later than October 15th, and the prize-winning poem will be published in the November number. Other poems of a high grade of excellence entered in the contest will be purchased and published by POETRY. All MSS. submitted must be typewritten, signed with a pseudonym, and accompanied by a sealed envelope enclosing the name and address of the poet and the pseudonym used, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return postage. The judges of the contest will consist of the editorial and advisory committees of POETRY. Address MSS. to POETRY, 543, Cass Street, Chicago, *War-Poem Contest Committee.*

¶ Owing to the dislocation caused by the war in the book-publishing trades, and consequently in the literary and journalistic world, many literary men and women are temporarily without employment.

As those who are most in need of help are men and women who would not apply to public charities, a small private organisation has been started to assist them, and already gifts of money and offers of hospitality have been received.

Sympathisers can help greatly by

(1) Giving employment to literary men and women as temporary secretaries, or in similar capacities. A certain number of clerkships at a small salary are available, and a few people willing to take up secretarial work out of London could be employed.

(2) Offering temporary hospitality to the wives, children, or dependents of literary people, or by undertaking to pay the school fees of a child for one term, or for a year, or until the parents are able to resume their responsibility.

(3) By sending donations, however small, to a fund which will be held in reserve for the relief of possible distress or for cases where financial assistance is immediately necessary.

Offers of help will be gratefully received by the editor of POETRY AND DRAMA, who will hand them on to the Hon. Sec. of the Literary Emergency Fund, and who will supply any particulars to people interested in the scheme.

¶ POETRY AND DRAMA is published at the Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C., quarterly on March 15, June 15, September 15, and December 15.

¶ Copies are procurable through all Booksellers and Newsagents.

¶ The Annual Subscription is 10s. 6d. post free to all countries.

¶ Outside contributions are invited, and substantial remuneration is offered for all poems accepted. Declined MSS. are returned if *typewritten* and accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

# A LETTER TO A MUSICIAN ON ENGLISH PROSODY\*

**M**Y dear —, when lately you asked me to recommend you a book on English Prosody, and I said that I was unable to do so, I had some scruples of conscience, because, as a matter of fact, I have never myself read any of the treatises, though I have looked into many of them, and from that, and from the report of students and reviewers, I think that I know pretty well the nature of their contents; so that your further inquiries come to me as a challenge to explain myself, which if I could not do, I should be in a contemptible position. I embrace the opportunity the more willingly because you are a musician. If my notions are reasonable you will understand them; if you do not, you may conclude that they are not worthy of your attention.

## PRELIMINARY.

It is impossible, however one might desire it, to set out with satisfactory definitions of *Prosody* and *Poetic rhythm*, for the latter term especially is difficult to fix: and it will be best to examine perfected poetry and see what it is that we have to deal with.

If we take verses by Virgil, Dante or Milton, who were all of them artistic geniuses, we find that their elaborate rhythms are a compound, arrived at by a conflict between two separate factors, which we may call the *Speech-rhythm* and the *Metric rhythm*. Take an example from Virgil, Poetic  
rhythm.

Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.

I have no doubt that I enjoy this rhythm as Virgil intended it, for I read it in measured longs and shorts, and I find that the speech-accent on *antiquos*, contradicting the metrical ictus, enhances the beauty, and joins on smoothly to the long level *subterlabentia*, with its two little gliding syllables at the end in quiet motion against the solid *muros*.

\* Reprinted by permission from *The Musical Antiquary*, October, 1909.

There is no room for difference of opinion ; and the same phenomenon meets us everywhere. The poetic rhythm derives its beauty from the conflict between a (prosodial) metre, which makes us more or less expect a certain regular rhythm of accent corresponding with the typical metric structure, and, on the other hand, a speech-rhythm which gives it all manner of variety by overriding it. In the above instance, though the essence of the metre is the sequence of long and short syllables, we yet regard the hexameter as a typically falling rhythm, *i.e.* with its main accents on the initial syllables of the constituent feet, which would give *antiquós* ; and the beauty of Virgil's line contains the contradiction or dislocation of those accents.

Moreover, if we were unacquainted with hexameter verse (*i.e.* with the prosody), the line quoted would seem a line of prose, in prose-rhythm, and it would be in itself no less beautiful than it is. Only the knowledge that it is an hexameter adds to our satisfaction ; the definition of the value of the syllables and the recognition of the verse-form give us pleasure, and especially because it is one of many varieties of a most skilfully invented form, which by their accumulation make pleasing poems. But this reflection may also convince us of the subjective nature of the quality of poetic rhythm, and consequently how it must defy exhaustive analysis, although it may allow of the analytical separation of its components.

And since we can imagine that the hexameter had never been invented, and yet that these words might still have been written, it will follow that poetic rhythm may be regarded as common speech-rhythm subjected to certain definitions and limitations : and the laws of these will no doubt be the prosody.

Let us for the moment suppose that there is no such thing as prosody, and inquire into the elements or factors of speech-rhythm.

#### THE VOCAL FACTORS OF SPEECH-RHYTHM.

Now if you read English verse aloud, your main endeavour is to express the rhythm. You know what you mean by this, and you are aware whether you are successful or not.

Supposing that you express the rhythm as you wish, you will find that you have freely used the only three means which are at your disposal. First, you will have distinguished some syllables by their

Three  
factors.

comparative length and brevity. Secondly, you will have varied the pitch of your voice. Thirdly, you will have varied the strength of your voice, enforcing some syllables with greater loudness; and you will have freely combined these different components of rhythm. There is (Pauses.) nothing else that you can do towards expressing the rhythm, except that (and especially in elaborately written verse) you will have relied a great deal on pauses or silences of suitable duration. These pauses are essential to good reading, but they are not essential to our present consideration. First there are the *metric* pauses, which merely isolate balancing sections of verse-rhythm. Then there are the *grammatical* pauses or stops: these are interruptions of the metric rhythm, which are either condoned for the sake of the sense, or are observed to indicate and separate the ever-varying sections of the speech-rhythm (being thus to speech-rhythm what metric pauses are to the metre). Now the grammatical pause is a physical necessity, as the breath-place, and it must of course be a true "rest" of actual time-value. But its time-value in poetry is indefinite, and it has therefore no rhythmical significance except as the sign of the break in the grammar. If these pauses be all excluded, you will find so few true *intra-rhythmical* pauses left, *i.e.* time-rests within a section of rhythm and essential to its expression, that we may consider them as belonging to a more advanced treatment of the subject, and confine ourselves to the active varieties of vocal effect, namely, QUANTITY, PITCH, and LOUDNESS.\*

\* Loudness. I use this word and not "stress," because, though some authorities still maintain that stress is only loudness, I need the word stress to indicate a condition which is much more elaborate, and induced very variously. (a) I should admit that loudness may give stress, but (b) I hold that it is more frequently and more effectually given by tonal accent, in which case it is (for our purpose) included under Pitch. (c) It is also sometimes determined by Quantity, and (d) sometimes by Position; as in the last place of our decasyllabic verses where that lacks true accentual stress. When therefore I confine my third voice-effect to loudness, and pretend that my classification is exhaustive, I leave a small flaw in my demonstration: but you will perceive that it does not materially invalidate the argument, because *position* is the only condition which escapes; and that plainly belongs to a much more elaborate scale of treatment, wherein metres would be analysed and the effects of the combinations of the different factors would also be shown. For instance, a concurrence of length, high pitch loudness, and position gives an overwhelming stress, and all possible combinations among all four of them may occur, and the first three of them are all very variable in degree. It is no wonder that it is difficult to define *stress*.

All-sufficiency of quantity.

Of these three you will find on examination that the first, that is difference of quantity, is the only one which will give rhythm without the aid of either of the others. It is well to make this quite clear, and musical examples are the simplest.

Let us, to begin with, take an example where all three are present, the slow movement of an orchestral symphony. When this is performed by the orchestra we hear different time-value of the notes, their differences of pitch, and actual enforcements of loudness, and all of these seem to be essential to the rhythmic effect.

Exclusion of loudness ;

But now if we take the same *Andante* and perform it on the choir-organ, the conditions of which preclude the differences of loud and soft, we find that, though the effect is generally poorer than in the orchestral performance, yet the rhythm is unaffected. We have here then an example of an elaborate rhythm expressed without variations of loudness.

of loudness and pitch.

Now to exclude Pitch. The commonest example that I can think of is the monotoning of the prayers in a cathedral service. Here varieties of pitch are of course absent, but you may generally detect the quantities to be complicated by some variation of loudness. In proportion, however, as monotoning is well done the sound is level in force. Perhaps you will ask, where is the rhythm? I was once induced to establish a choir in a country church, and among my first tasks I had to train the boys in choral monotone. They were naturally without any notion of educated speech-rhythms. But there is no difficulty in teaching boys anything that you yourself understand ; they can imitate anything, and love to do it. I had therefore only to offer the correct rhythms to their ears, and they adopted them at once. When we had got the vowels and consonants right, both to spare my own voice, and also because I preferred a model which could not suggest stress to them, I made the organ set the rhythms, and pulling out the great diapason I beat on it the syllables of the Lord's Prayer for the boys to pick up. This was of course nothing but boo, boo, boo, only the boos were of different durations : yet the rhythm was so distinct, it was so evident that the organ was saying the Lord's Prayer, that I was at first rather shocked, and it seemed that I was doing something profane ; for it was comic to the boys as well as to me ; but the absurdity soon wore off. Now here was rhythm without loudness or pitch.

If you should still ask what I mean by saying that this was rhythm,

you need to extend your notion of speech-rhythm to include every recognizable motion of speech in time. The Lord's Prayer is not in poetic rhythm, but if it had been, then the organ would have expressed it even more plainly, and there is no line to be drawn in speech-rhythms between those that are proper verse-rhythms and those that are only possible in prose : there is really no good speech-rhythm which might not be transferred from prose into a poetry that had a sufficiently elaborated prosody, with this proviso only, that it must be a short member ; for good prose constructs and combines its rhythms so that in their extension they do not make or suggest verse.

Since we see, then, that rhythm may be expressed by quantity alone, we have to examine whether either *bitch* or *loudness* are sufficient in themselves to give rhythm.

Let us first take Pitch. A common hymn-tune of equal notes would seem to be the most promising example, and to fulfil the conditions, but it does not. It is a melody, and that implies rhythm, but in so far as it has rhythm it is dependent on its *metre*, which exists only by virtue of certain pauses or rests which its subdivision into short sections determines. Now, given these sections, they discover initial and other stresses which are enforced by the words or the metre or the harmony, or by all three, and without these aids and interpretations the structure is arrhythmic, and it can be read in many different ways. Pitch alone.

It remains only to consider Loudness, which may here be described as accent without pitch or quantity. Now if we take a succession of perfectly equal notes, differing only in that some of them (any that you may choose) are louder than the others, the experiment will suggest only the simple skeletons of the most monotonous rhythms, and if one of these declare itself, such as a succession of threes or fours, you will probably be unconsciously led to reinforce it with some device of quantitative phrasing. To compare such a result with the experiment of beating the Lord's Prayer on the organ is to compare something too elementary to be of any value with something that is too complex and extensive to define. Loudness alone.

#### THE OFFICE OF PROSODY

My examples will have sufficiently illustrated my meaning ; your conviction will depend on your own consideration of the matter. On

the supposition that you agree we can make an important step, and say that, looking at the question from the point of view of speech-rhythm, it would seem that it is the addition of Prosody to speech-rhythm which determines it to be poetic rhythm or verse. What, then, exactly is Prosody? Our English word is not carried over from the Greek word, with its uncertain and various meaning, but it must have come with the French word through the scholastic Latin; and like the French term it primarily denotes the rules for the treatment of syllables in verse, whether they are to be considered as long or short, accented or unaccented, elidable or not, &c., &c. The syllables, which are *the units* of rhythmic speech, are by nature of so indefinite a quality and capable of such different vocal expression, that apart from the desire which every artist must feel to have his work consistent in itself, his appeal to an audience would convince him that there is no chance of his elaborate rhythms being rightly interpreted unless his treatment of syllables is understood. Rules must therefore arise and be agreed upon for the treatment of syllables, and this is the first indispensable office of Prosody. Then, the syllables being fixed, their commonest combinations (which are practically commensurate with word-units) are defined and named; and these are called *feet*. And after this the third step of Prosody is to prescribe metres, that is to register the main systems of feet which poets have invented to make verses and stanzas. Thus the Alcaic stanza is—

$$\left. \begin{array}{l} - - \cup - - \quad | \quad - \cup \cup - \cup \cup \text{ bis} \\ - - \cup - - \quad | \quad - \cup - - \\ - \cup \cup - \cup \cup \quad | \quad - \cup - - \end{array} \right\} = \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{A. B. bis} \\ \text{A. C.} \\ \text{B. C.} \end{array} \right.$$

and in tabulating metres Prosody is at once involved in rhythm, for we may say generally that every metre has a typical accentual rhythm of its own—which was presumably the motive of its invention—though it may be in some cases difficult to fix on one to the exclusion of all others; certainly (to take easy examples) we may regard the hexameter as a typically falling rhythm, and the iambic as a rising rhythm. The force of this prosodial rhythm will vary in different metres, and with different readers: but one thing stands out very prominently, namely, that in the essential scheme of the Greek metre which I have tabulated above it is the quantities only that are prescribed and fixed, while the accents or stresses are not prescribed, so that any speech-rhythm which had a

Prosody

of syllables,

of feet,

of metre.

Rhythm of metres

may be based on different factors.



corresponding sequence of those quantities would fit the scheme\* ; whereas, if the metre had been an accentual scheme, that is, if the syllabic signs had been indeterminate with respect to quantity (instead of being longs and shorts), but marked with prescribed accents in certain places, then the quantities would have been free, and any speech-rhythm with a corresponding sequence of accents would have fitted the form, independently of the length or shortness of any one particular accented or unaccented syllable. There could thus be two quite distinct systems of Prosody, according as the metres were ruled by one or other of these different factors of speech-rhythm.

### THREE KINDS OF PROSODY

Now the history of European verse shows us three distinct systems of Prosody, which can be named :—

1. The Quantitive system.
2. The Syllabic system.
3. The Stress system.

I will give a short account of each of these.

1. The system of the Greeks was scientifically founded on quantity, because they knew that to be the only one of the three distinctions of spoken syllables which will give rhythm by itself. But the speech-quantities of their syllables being as indeterminate as ours are, the Greeks devised a convention by which their syllables were separated into two classes, one of long syllables, the other of short, the long being twice the duration of the short, as a minim to a crochet ; and this artificial distinction of the syllables was the foundation of their Prosody. The convention was absolutely enforced, even in their prose oratory, and their verse cannot be understood unless it is strictly observed. For the result which they obtained was this : the quantities gave such marked and definite rhythms, that these held their own in spite of the various speech-accents which overlaid them. The Latins copying their method arrived at a like result.

The quantitive system.

2. The syllabic system, which has prevailed in various developments throughout Europe from the decay of the Greek system up to the present time, had no more scientific basis than the imitation of the Latin poetry by writers who did not understand it. But I believe that

The syllabic system.

\* Not always making good verse ; but the details of that are omitted as not affecting the argument : their varieties often cancel each other.

in such matters the final cause is the efficient cause, and that it was therefore the possibility of the results which we have witnessed that led them on their pathless experiments. Criticism discovers two weaknesses in the system; one, the absence of any definite prosodial principle, the other, which follows from the first, the tendency for different and incompatible principles to assert themselves, indiscriminately overriding each other's authority, until the house is so divided against itself that it falls into anarchy.

I will shortly illustrate one or two points. First, my statement that this syllabic system arose from writing quantitative verse without the quantities. The octosyllabic church-hymns give a good example, and for all that I know they may have actually been the first step. The earliest of these hymns were composed in correct iambic metre, *e.g.* (fourth cent.) :—

Splendor paternae gloriae  
De luce lucem proferens  
Lux lucis et fons luminis  
Dies dierum illuminans.

Compare with this what writers wrote who did not know the classic rules, *e.g.* :—

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Ad coenam Agni prouidi<br/>Et stolis albis candidi<br/>Post transitum maris rubri<br/>Christo canamus principi.</p> | <p>2. Ne grauis somnus irruat<br/>Nec hostis nos surripiat<br/>Nec caro illi consentiens<br/>Nos tibi reos statuatur.</p> |
|---|---|

Such stanzas virtually contain the whole of European syllabic Prosody\* ; though as a matter of fact the rule of elision, which these writers often neglected, was preserved. Since these hymns were intended to be sung to tunes that were generally of equal notes with tendency to alternate accent, the quantities did not signify, and there was a *tendency to alternate stress*, which came to be the norm and bane of syllabic verse† ; and this leads to another somewhat curious observa-

\* My necessary brevity confines me to consideration of the disyllabic metres ; but this is justified by their overruling historical importance, and their overwhelming preponderance in European syllabic verse.

† In the absence of a philosophic grammar of rhythm one can only offer opinions as guesses, but it would seem to me that alternate stress can only be of rhythmic value in poetry as the firmest basis for the freest elaboration. One's memory hardly reaches back to the time when it could satisfy one. The force of it always remains as one of the most powerful resources of effect, but its unrelieved monotony is to an educated ear more likely to madden than to lull. [See Remark, No. XII., pp. 270-271.]

tion, namely that these writers of non-quantitive iambs were withheld from the natural tendency to write merely in alternate stress to suit their tunes (see ex. 2, page 262) by their familiarity with the free rhythms of the older well-loved hymns\* ; and since those broken rhythms had been originally occasioned by the unalterable overruling features of the language, they were almost as difficult to avoid as they were easy to imitate. It is pretty certain that the frequency of inversion of the first foot in all English syllabic (iambic) verse is an unbroken tradition from the Latin ; the convenience of allowing a disyllable at the beginning of the line being conveyed and encouraged by precedent.

The "prosody" of European syllabic verse may be roughly set out as follows :—

- (1) There must be so many syllables in the verse.
- (2) Any extra syllables must be accounted for by elision.
- (3) Any syllable may be long or short.
- (4) There is a tendency to alternate stress.

This is honestly the wretched skeleton † (indeed, in Milton's perfected "iambs" we may add that any syllable may be accented or unaccented), and no amount of development can rebuild its hybrid construction ‡ For our present consideration of the rules of Prosody the bare skeleton will serve ; but to the description we may add that the history of its

\* And "Turcos oppressi et barbaras gentes excussi" is in this category.

† Try the experiment of supplying lacunae. Suppose four syllables to be missing from the middles respectively of a Greek iambic, a Latin hexameter, and an English blank verse. In the two former cases the prosodial limitations exclude many desirable words, in the syllabic scheme almost any words will fit.

‡ I would not wish to seem to underestimate the extreme beauty to which verse has attained under the syllabic system. Shakespeare and Milton have passages of blank verse as fine as poetry can be. I would make three remarks here. (1) A free and simple basis (such as the syllabic system has) probably offers the best opportunity for elaboration. (2) It is probable that no verse has ever been subject to such various elaboration as the European syllabic verse ; the question is rather whether any further development on the same lines is possible. (3) On the simplest syllabic scheme it is impossible in English to write two verses exactly alike and equivalent, because of the infinite variety of the syllabic unit and its combinations : and these natural and subtle differences of value, though common to all systems of prosody, are perhaps of greater rhythmical effect in the syllabic than in the quantitive system.

development shows that it determined its metrical forms mainly by rime, and that "stress," there being nothing of equal force to oppose it, gradually predominated, invading and practically ruling syllabic verse long before it was openly recognized, or any hint was given of formulating its principles, or constructing a Prosody of it, the principles of which are irreconcilable with the syllabic system, and which I will now describe.

The stress system.

3. *Stress-prosody.* In this system the natural accentual speech-rhythms come to the front, and are the determining factor of the verse, overruling the syllabic determination. These speech-rhythms were always present; they constituted in the classical verse the main variety of effects within the different metres, but they were *counter-pointed*, so to speak, on a quantitative rhythm, that is, on a framework of strict (unaccented) time, which not only imposed necessary limitations but, certainly in Latin, to a great extent determined their forms. In the syllabic Prosody, in which the prosodial rules were so much relaxed, these speech-rhythms came in the best writers to be of first importance, and in Milton (for example) we can see that they are only withheld from absolute authority and liberty by the observance of a conservative syllabic fiction, which is so featureless that it needs to be explained why Milton should have thought it of any value. For all Milton's free-speech rhythms, which are the characteristic beauty of his verse, and by their boldness make his originality as a rhythmist, are confined by a strict syllabic limitation, viz. that the syllables which compose them must still keep the first two rules of the syllabic Prosody, and be resolvable into so many "iamb." But these so-called iambs are themselves now degraded to nothing, for the disyllabic unit which still preserves that old name has no definition: it has lost its quantities, nor are its lost quantities always indicated by accent or stress; its disyllabic quality, too, is resolvable by the old law of Latin elision (which Milton extended to liquids, reducing Chaucer's practice to certain fixed rules) into trisyllabic forms, so that *either* or *both* of the syllables of the fictive iamb may be long or short, accented or unaccented, while the whole may be a trisyllabic foot of many varieties. Yet in his carefully composed later poetry Milton kept strictly to the syllabic rules, and never allowed himself any rhythm which could not be prosodially interpreted in this fictitious fashion—"counted on the fingers." Now

the stress-system merely casts off this fiction of Milton's, and it dismisses it the more readily because no one except one or two scholars has ever understood it.

Stress being admitted to rule, it follows that the stress-rhythms are, up to a certain point, identical with modern music, wherein every bar is an accent followed by its complement: and there is no rhythm of modern music which is not also a possible and proper rhythm of stress-prosody; and the recognition of pure stress-prosody was no doubt mainly influenced by the successes of contemporary music. But poetry is not bound, as our music is, to have equal bars; so that its rhythmic field is indefinitely wider. To understand the speech-rhythms of poetry a musician must realize from what an enormous field of rhythm he is excluded by his rule of equal bars. Musicians, however, do not nowadays need to be informed of this; for, having executed all the motions that their chains allowed them, they are already beginning to regret their bonds, and tax their ingenuity to escape from them, as the frequent syncopations and change of time-signature in their music testify.

What rules this new stress-prosody will set to govern its rhythms one cannot foresee, and there is as yet no recognized Prosody of stress-verse. I have experimented with it, and tried to determine what those rules must be; and there is little doubt that the perfected Prosody will pay great attention to the quantitative value of syllables, though not on the classical system.\* Here, however, I wish only to differentiate that system from the others, and what I have said shows this conclusion:

\* Indifference to quantity is the strangest phenomenon in English verse. Our language contains syllables as long as syllables can be, and others as short as syllables can be, and yet the two extremes are very commonly treated as rhythmically equivalent. A sort of rhythmical patten of stress is set up, and MISPRONUNCIATION IS RELIED ON TO overcome any "false quantities." *This was taught me at school, e.g.* the Greek word: γλυκὺς was pronounced glēūkēūs, as a spondee of the heaviest class accented strongly on the first syllable, and then had to be read in such a verse as this (corresponding to the *tia* of the line quoted from Virgil)—

τοῦτ' ἄρα δεύτατον εἶπεν ἔπος, ὅτε οἱ γλυκὺς ὕπνος.

It is really difficult to get an average classical scholar, who has been educated as I was, to see that there is any absurdity here. On the other hand, an average educated lady will not believe that the scholars can be guilty of an absurdity so manifest. (See Remark V, p. 268)

## SUMMARY

1. In the Greek system the Prosody is quantitative.
2. In the syllabic system it is "syllabic" (as described).
3. In the stress-system it is accentual.

And while in the classical Prosody the quantities were the main prosodial basis, first ordered and laid down, with the speech-rhythms counterpointed upon it, in the stress-system, on the other hand, it is the speech-rhythms which are the basis, and their quantitative syllables will be so ordered as to enforce them, and their varieties will be practically similar to the varieties of modern music with its minims, crochets, quavers, dotted notes, &c., &c.

Con-  
clusion.

These things being so, it would seem to me indispensable that any treatise on Prosody should recognize these three different systems: indeed, a Prosody which does not recognize them is to me unintelligible. Before my few final remarks you will expect me to say something about rime.

## RIME.

Rules for rime are strictly a part of Prosody within my definition of the term, but they call for no discussion here. It is, however, well to understand the relation in which rime scientifically stands to poetry. The main thing in poetry must be the ideas which the words carry; its most important factors are the aesthetic and intellectual form, and the quality of the diction in which the ideas are conveyed: with none of these things are we concerned, but supposing these at their best, with the rhythms suitable and the Prosody also sufficient, the poet will still find that his material is often insurmountably refractory in the matter of syllabic euphony. His wish is that the sounds should always be beautiful or agreeable, and this is impossible, for language was not invented with this aim, and it almost always falls short of what is desirable (the history of English accident is a disgrace to the aesthetic faculties of the nation); there is, in fact, a constant irremediable deficiency in this merely phonetic beauty, and it is reasonable that extraneous artifices should have been devised to supply it. Alliteration, assonance, and rime are all contrivances of this sort; they are in their nature beautifications of the language independent of the ideas, and of the rhythm, and of the diction, and intended to supply by their artificial

correspondences the want of natural beauty in the garment of language. But it must not be overlooked that they were also well nigh necessitated by the unscientific character of the syllabic Prosody, which having in ignorance discarded the scientific Prosody of the poetry which it imitated, had to devise new rules for itself experimentally as it grew up, and eagerly seized on such external artifices of speech to dress out its wavering forms, just as an architecture which has lost its living traditions of fine form will seek to face itself with superficial ornament. Alliteration in early English poetry was a main feature of structure. It has perished as a metrical scheme, but it is freely used in all poetry, and it is so natural to language that it finds a place in the commonest as well as in the most elaborated speech of all kinds. Rime has had a long reign, and still flourishes, and it is in English one of the chief metrical factors. Like a low-born upstart it has even sought to establish its kinship with the ancient family of rhythm by incorporating the aristocratic *h* and *y* into its name. As it distinguishes verses that have no other distinction, its disposition determines stanza-forms, &c. ; and for this reason it usurps a prominence for which it is ill-suited. Dryden, indeed, and others have ridiculed the notion of "unrhymed" verse in English ; and their opinion is a fair consequence on the poverty of their Prosody. Milton's later poems were an attempt so to strengthen English Prosody as to render it independent of rime. In my opinion he saw exactly what was needed, and it would have been strange if he had not seen. Rime is so trammelling, its effects so cloying, and its worthiest resources are so quickly exhausted,\* and often of such conspicuous artificiality, that a Prosody which was good enough to do without it would immediately discard it, in spite of its almost unparalleled achievements.

#### REMARKS.

I. If these three systems are to be treated of together as one system, it is necessary to find a common-measure of them, and the science of rhythm is at present inadequate to the task.

II. The confusing of them is so universal as to have acquired a sort of authority ; and the confusion has discredited the whole subject.

\* If you observe the rimes to Knight in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, you will find the poem considerably damaged thereby.

III. The main source of error is the wrong way in which classical scholars read classical verse, and the teaching of their misinterpretation in our schools. Classical poetry being on a quantitative system of longs and shorts, it must be read, not as we read our syllabic verse, but in longs and shorts as it was composed, and if it is not so read it is misunderstood. If it is read in longs and shorts, then the quantitative rhythms appear, and the speech-accent gives no difficulty.

IV. To give one all-convincing example of what classical scholars actually do, by treating the different systems as equivalent, the hexameter will serve. This, as Professor Mackail once complained to me, is read by them as AN ACCENTUAL RHYTHM IN THE TRIPLE TIME OF MODERN MUSIC, that is, made up of tribrachs and trochees all stressed on the first syllable. It is of course patent that if the hexameter were in a time of modern music it would be a duple and not a triple time; but it has absolutely nothing in common with the stress-rhythms of modern music.

V. A difficulty is naturally felt in the unlikelihood that such a consensus of learned opinion, from the confident multiscience of Goethe to the equally confident fastidiousness of Matthew Arnold, should be open to such a monstrous reproach of elementary incompetence. But the explanation is not difficult, if the whole blunder is perceived as the misrepresentation of quantity by accent. English people all think that an accent (or stress) makes a syllable long, whereas many of our words are accented as independently of their quantities as the Greek words were, e.g. *mágistrate*, *prólifíc*: and all our pyrrhic words (= ˘˘) like *hábit*, *véry*, *síllý*, *sólíd*, *súrrý*, are accented, like the Latin, on the first syllable, and some very strongly, and this of course absolutely explodes the vulgar notion that accented syllables can be reckoned always as long: besides, you may see that this *accent in some cases actually shortens the syllable* further, as in the word *báttle*; for in the older form *battail*, in which the first syllable had not this decided accent, you will not pronounce it so short, but immediately that you strengthen its accent, as in our *battle* (= *bát'l*) the *t* closes up the *a* much more quickly and perceptibly shortens it.

VI. To call Milton's blank verse "iambic," as he himself called it, is reasonable enough, and in the absence of a modern terminology\* it

\* The absence of terminology is evidence of the unscientific character of the system, as I have described it.



serves well to distinguish it from the hexametric epic verse, and it describes its disyllabic basis, and suggests its rising rhythm (which may rightly be considered as the typical iambic stress, such as we see in Catullus's carefully accentual verse, "Phaséllus ille quém uidétis hóspites," &c.): moreover, our disyllabic verse is the direct descendant of and substitute for the classic iambic. But a scientific treatise on Prosody cannot afford to use analogical terms.

VII. I should confidently guess that the five-foot metres of our blank verse, &c., came from the Sapphic line. This was always familiar and was very early reduced by musical settings to an accentual scheme, which still obtains in common settings of decasyllabic "iambic" lines in church hymns, and occurs frequently in all our blank verse. I open Wordsworth at hazard in "The Borderers" and find—

Here at my breast and ask me where I bought it.  
I love her though I dare not call her daughter.  
Oh the poor tenant of that ragged homestead.  
Justice had been most cruelly defrauded.

These lines would all be quite comfortable in the notorious "Needy Knife-grinder," which was a skit on the accentual Sapphic, though it is often taken seriously.

VIII. I quote this from *The Times*, April 10, 1903. "An English scholar, confronted with the following lines—

Δαίμων στυγνὸς ἐπλανᾶτο νυκτὸς καὶ ἡμῶν κοιμωμένων  
πᾶσαν τὴν πόλιν ἐχλεύαζε κῆρριπτε σπόρους θανάτου

will probably need to look at them twice before he realizes that they are hexameters. Yet they scan on exactly the same principle as . . . Goethe's" hexameters. They are not more barbarous, not a whit; and scholars read Virgil much as these lines were written; there is little difference.

IX. The Professor of Latin at one of our Universities once told me that of all his pupils the Eton men had by far the best sense of quantity. THEY HAVE NO SENSE OF QUANTITY AT ALL. THEY HAVE ONLY A KNOWLEDGE OF QUANTITIES, hammered into them by long experience in the scanning of verses made by means of a "gradus." If they pronounced the words properly they would not need a gradus.

X. I was once trying to persuade the responsible head of one of our largest schools to reform the teaching of Greek ; and I reasoned thus with him : “ Would you not say that TEUKÉE (τεύχη) was a good word for the end of an iambic verse ? ”

“ Certainly,” he said, “ a very good one.”

“ And yet you would say, no doubt, that PSEUKÉE (ψευχή) was a bad one.”

“ A horrible false quantity,” he said.

“ I was well aware that you would be shocked at the notion,” I replied, “ and you will no doubt agree with me that the reason why one is good and the other is bad is that the vowel in the first syllable is of different speech-value in these two words.”

“ By all means,” he said, “ that is just the point. In TEUKÉE it is short, and in PSEUKÉE it is long.”

“ But how is it then, if, as you say, the essential difference between these two words is in the speech-value of their vowels, that you pronounce them alike ? If they are pronounced alike is not one as good as the other ? and has not the boy who considers them equivalent got hold of the essence of the matter, understanding more or less what he is about when he is writing his verses ; while the boy who observes the distinction is one who does not think for himself, nor trust his ear, but mechanically adopts the meaningless rules that are forced upon him ? And if he is not by nature dull and timid, which he shows some symptoms of being, is not this sort of teaching the very means to cow him and muddle his brains ? ”

He received my demonstration courteously as an ingenious quibble.

XI. The use of the Greek quantitative terminology in explaining syllabic or stress-verse implies that the terms are equivalent in the different systems, or requires that they should be plainly differentiated. It is demonstrable that they are not equivalent, and if they are differentiated the absurdity of applying the Greek notions to English poetry is patent. Try the inverse experiment of writing Greek verse with the “ syllabic ” definition of the classic feet.

XII. The syllabic system attained its results by learned elaboration ; and in blank verse this elaboration evolved so many forms of the line

(as we see in Milton) that almost any prose, which maintained a fair sprinkling of alternate accents, could be read as blank verse; the puerile degradation of the haphazard decasyllabic rhythm satisfied the verse-maker, and equally beguiled the writer of prose, who sought after rhythmical effect. A clergyman once sympathetically confessed to me that he was himself by nature something of a poet, and that the conviction had on one occasion been strangely forced upon him. For after preaching his first sermon his rector said to him in the vestry, "Do you know that your sermon was all in blank verse?" "And, by George, it was" (he said with some pride); "I looked at it, and it *was!*" This man had had the usual long classical training, and was a fellow of his college.

XIII. To judge from one or two examples I should be tempted to say that the qualifications of an English prosodist might be (1) the educated misunderstanding of Greek and Latin verse; (2) a smattering of modern musical rhythm. His method (1) to satisfy himself in the choice of a few barrel-organ rhythms, and (2) to exert his ingenuity in finding them everywhere. The result is not likely to be recommendable to a student.

ROBERT BRIDGES

[NOTE.—The continuation of Mr Ford Madox Hueffer's article, the first part of which appeared in POETRY AND DRAMA, No. 6, is held over until the December issue.]

# POETRY

AÉROPLANES SUR BRUXELLES . . . . .	EMILE VERHAEREN
ENGLISH CHRONICLE (BOOK III) . . . . .	MAURICE HEWLETT
TWO POEMS . . . . .	ROSE MACAULAY
ODE IN SEPTEMBER, 1914 . . . . .	E. BUXTON SHANKS
SUPERMAN TO PANJANDRUM . . . . .	T. STURGE MOORE
SEVEN POEMS . . . . .	AMY LOWELL
RESOLVE . . . . .	

# EMILE VERHAEREN

## AÉROPLANES SUR BRUXELLES

**L**ES roses de l'été—couleur, parfum et miel—  
Peuplent l'air diaphane,  
Mais la guerre blasonne effrayamment le ciel  
De grands aéroplanes.

Ils s'envolent si haut qu'on ne les entend pas  
Vrombir dans la lumière  
Et que l'ombre qu'ils font tomber de haut en bas  
S'arrête avant la terre.

L'aile courbe et rigide et le châssis tendu,  
Ils vont, passent et rôdent  
Et promènent partout le danger suspendu  
De leur brusque maraude.

Ceux des villes les regardant virer et fuir  
Ne distinguent pas même  
Sur leur avant d'acier ou sur leur flanc de cuir  
Leur marque ou leur emblème.

On crie, et nul ne sait quelle âme habite en eux  
Ni vers quel but de guerre  
Leur vol tout à la fois sinistre et lumineux  
Dirige son mystère.

Ils s'éloignent soudain dans la pleine clarté,  
Dieu sait par quelle voie  
En emportant l'affre et la peur de la cité  
Pour butin et pour proie.

# MAURICE HEWLETT

## THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE

### *BOOK III.\**

#### BONACCORD

Master and  
Man.

**W**HEN God first made this teeming earth  
He set a man and woman in it,  
And bid them love and bring to birth  
More of their kind to work and win it.  
To it they went. The sons they had  
Lived brotherly, but in a minute  
They fell abickering. Cain went mad  
And slew his brother, for that he  
Stood well with God. A logic bad  
Taught him high hand a remedy  
For lack of grace; and that is how  
Man covered pure Fraternity  
In a bloody shirt. The weak must bow,  
And double is the brand of Cain,  
Burnt in the strong man's masterful brow,  
And where the little man's leg-chain  
Galls the thin flesh. A devil's dodge  
That was, by force of arms to gain  
That which you have not earned and grudge  
Your neighbour—him that was your brother,  
That earth-worm in his cast, poor Hodge.

\* Books I. and II. appeared in *POETRY AND DRAMA*, Nos. 5 and 6.

Christ and  
Francis.

Hodge and my Lord should love each other—  
But how get at it? There's the twist.  
The only man to solve that pother  
Is your whole-heart idealist  
Who sees Truth naked. We had one  
And slew Him, God's son Jesu-Christ ;  
And then twelve hundred years must run  
Before another poet stood  
And saw the work in Eden begun  
As God had seen it, very good.

By mountain path and valley ford  
Came a gray poet in a hood  
With news for all from his sweet Lord ;  
A barefoot poet in serge gown,  
Our pleasant Brother Bonaccord,  
Sib through Assisi to the clown  
Upon the glebe, and as he saith,  
Sib to the wretch that wears the crown,  
Since he loves all things, even Death,  
And deems the man that gives his life  
To serve his friends no waster of breath.

The Gray  
Friars, 1221.

Now to this land where woe is rife  
Amid the waving cornlands come  
These sons of Francis and his Wife,  
And see a shambles and make a home,  
And hush men's groaning till it cease,  
And wake the blind and voice the dumb,  
Crying abroad the Prince of Peace.  
Strange doctrine which a man may keep  
Beside him in his little ease !  
How Brother Death and Sister Sleep  
Are out with him beside foul weather ;  
How Brother Ox and Sister Sheep  
Share the same parentage together.  
*He* shall defend them under His wing ;

They shall be safe under His feather ;  
 Nor shall they fear ill fortune's sting  
 Nor murrain's burn nor famine's bite,  
 Nor greedy lord nor idle king,  
 Since all are blindworms in His sight  
 Who made this world a garden-plot  
 Where He might take His pure delight,  
 And weeps to see His aim made nought  
 By them He set upon the road  
 And made so fortunate, they forgot  
 They must bear one another's load.  
 But now the carrying falls to Hodge,  
 While his high brother wields the goad.  
 Yet difference 'twixt *drudge* and *drodge*  
 There is, as teaches a good scrip :  
 The first's content his heart to lodge  
 In toil, and find strength in its grip,  
 A slave to work ; t'other's a slave  
 At work, and slaves for fear of the whip.  
 'Twas Bonaccord came in and gave  
 The heart again to English grist,  
 And made a workman of a knave.  
 Now let the mill grind as it list,  
 The good grain grows as first it grew ;  
 For Bonaccord makes Bonacquist.

Gray Doctrine.

Barefoot and laughing, two by two,  
 Forth by the mountains and the sea,  
 To sup on England's bitter brew  
 Came these gray gowns from Italy ;  
 And this was all they had to teach :  
 Twice blessed is Saint Poverty ;  
 As poor, yet making many rich,  
 As having nought, possessing all.  
 Stitchless, to folk without a stitch  
 They sang this life a madrigal,  
 And why Our Lady chose an inn,



And bare her Son in oxen-stall  
 (Because her kingdom was within,  
     As ours is too if we would choose it) ;  
 And why Christ died : to drive this in,  
 Whoso would save his life must lose it.  
     So to poor Hodge the broken serf,  
     So to the outlaw, so to the stew's it  
 Flies fast and far, as o'er the turf  
     Cloud-shadows and the sun hold chace ;  
     Ev'n he who, gnawed by silver scurf,  
 Gropes for his way without a face,  
     The leper of the clacking boards,  
     Warms to the gospel full of grace  
 That calls him brother of his lords,  
     Since God was made a poor girl's child.  
     Within his fretted flesh he hoards  
 The message from the Undefil'd,  
     And bears his loathsome burden yet  
     A little longer, reconcil'd.  
 Broadcast is flung this holy net  
     That knits up all men in a band  
     Of common right and common debt  
 In what all men may understand.  
     They sing the Gods denied to no man,  
     Whether he till or hold the land ;  
 Whether of Sarum use or Roman  
     The Church, these Two her altar knows,  
     The one a Child, the other a Woman.

Madonna.

O You that cast like a shed rose  
     Your maiden grace and delicate pride !  
     Up to your Lord as incense goes  
 Your dawning womanhood undenied ;  
     And so He takes you for the spouse  
     Of Heaven, and so you are His bride,  
 Mother of Men, your womb the house  
     Of this our brother that was slain,

A King Who for the love of us  
 Took up our nature and our pain !  
 Ah, Flower of Women, what woman born  
 Grudges the heart-ache and the stain,  
 Knowing within Your breast the thorn  
 Of that your Son's torture and death,  
 Or fronts the morrow's lowering morn  
 Uncomforted by your sweet breath ?  
 Now thuswise Brother Bonaccord  
 Or some gray visionary saith  
 From Dover Strait to Haverford,  
 And thence across the midland shires,  
 Until he strikes the cold sea-board  
 Where in the North men light the fires  
 In belfries to warn off the Scots.  
 Peace, not a sword ! Snug-wattled byres,  
 Not castles, builds from John o' Groats  
 To the Land's End this Conqueror  
 For his rope-cinctur'd hodden-coats.

**The Sowing**

The grain was on the threshing-floor  
 When these newcomers toucht the land ;  
 They purged the seed and added more  
 And flung it broadcast, as the sand  
 Is sown by carrying wind ; and some  
 Fell among thieves ; and some was bann'd  
 By them that sweep the table-crumb  
 To dogs rather than Lazarus ;  
 And some made stew and sty and slum  
 Fragrant with young-eyed hope ; and thus  
 Their logic went : if God was flesh,  
 Then flesh was God, and God with us  
 Was fetter'd, and made sweet the mesh,  
 With King and Hodge alike divine.  
 Let Oxford now this new grain thresh  
 Until slow broaden'd, like a line  
 Of light far off on stormy sea,

The thought, If this is brother of mine,  
 How comes it he is lord of the fee  
 With dogs to hound me to the field,  
 And I, his villein, go unfree?  
 What then! I huddle in a bield  
 On a dung floor among the rats,  
 The mixen at the door my shield  
 Against the weather, and these slats  
 Keep sun and rain from the straw bed  
 Where I must pig it, man, wife, brats,  
 All coucht like swine! I'm suckt, I'm bled  
 To work my brother's broad demesne;  
 He fares abroad, and when I'm dead  
 My son, to herd where I have been,  
 Must pay, my penury to get,  
 Make my lord fat for leave to go lean!  
 Questions for Hodge! Not yet, not yet;  
 Enwomb'd as yet against the day  
 When he and Redeless Richard met  
 Face to face—and the fool gave way.  
 But now that lax-vein'd son of John  
 Loll'd with his foreigners at play,  
 And built with what he had not won  
 The great gray church embankt by Thames  
 Wherein to store his carrion  
 When he had done with money and gems;  
 And now the men who call'd him King  
 Prove him and kingship anathemes:  
 They fleece the realm, they fiddle and sing,  
 They play the tunes of *Gai saber*;  
 One man stands up, and him they fling  
 Into the jail, to fester there.  
 Hubert, too late Curtmantle's lore  
 Upon his thieves you brought to bear;  
 And all your doughty shoulders bore,  
 Grosseteste, you greatest son of Hodge,  
 Might never stem the tide of war.

Henry III.  
 1216-1272.

Hubert de  
 Burgh, 1232.

Yet were you found an upright judge  
By Francis' sons and Dominick's  
Seeking a shelter and a lodge  
Out of the storm of politics  
Which like a mighty waterflood  
Swept England bare, and left dry sticks  
Behind its trail of smoke and blood.

Lewes, 1264.

Of blood and smoke enough, good Muse !  
Of young corn trampled into mud ;  
Of Lewes Down above the Ouse  
Where Richard of Almain was pounded,  
And Henry learn'd a foreign use  
Sharper than any he had founded ;

Evesham, 1265.

Of Simon Montfort's whip and sting,  
Or Evesham where his life was rounded—  
What came there out ? The long-legg'd King,  
Who learn'd of Simon, and had wit  
To know when sword had need to ding

Edward I.,  
1272—1307.

And when to mount the mercy-seat,  
And that his best work in his land  
Was to make himself no use in it.

Parliament.

He builded wiselier than he plann'd  
Who gave himself a Parliament  
To find him money out of hand,  
Which to his heirs in the event  
Became a tingling and an itch,  
Wringing their hearts to its intent,  
Screwing them up to charter-pitch ;  
Which was for gentlemen a rock,  
Which was the staple of the rich,  
And now is fallen an open mock  
When hedging out its knaves and fools,  
It stays not them, but chockablock  
With business, dies of its own rules,  
Bound hand and foot, while fool and knave  
Flap their wings, and the nation cools.

Hidden from thee, thou wise and brave  
     Plantagenet, little lov'd in Wales,  
     This crumbling of the architrave  
 Wherewith thou hopedst tie the pales  
     That fenced about thy seignory,  
     This holy island! Nought avails  
 Her sacred girdle of the sea,  
     Nor welded chain nor smithied bolt  
     'Twixt thy degree and our degree  
 If gangrene fester in the holt,  
     Or men long fretted by the gall  
     Learn the proud uses of revolt,  
 And old Saint Use no saint at all.  
     Work for thy parliament hath Fate :  
     And how it rose, and by whose fall  
 Stood face to face with thy estate,  
     And by long fanning of the wings  
     Of war, stood sovereign, and of late  
 Hath taught the workers to be kings  
     And spurn it like a broken toy—  
     Hither I wend as the song sings.

Hodge and  
 his Treasure.

Back now to Hodge and his new joy,  
     Profusely taught him, snugly treasur'd  
     As he goes trudging with his boy  
 The ruts their patient feet have measur'd  
     Since breeches covered their innocence.  
     To serve his turn at work or leisur'd  
 He holds it fast, this dawning sense  
     That there's a God of simple folk,  
     A Woman for his reverence,  
 A Child she rears to bear a yoke.  
     In tilth, in mead, with sheep on hill,  
     Musing he stands and sees the smoke  
 From village hearth rise up and fill  
     The blue air with a sharp wood-savour ;  
     And the dream comes, and keeps him still,

That so may reek of him find favour  
With that warm-bosom'd Mother of God  
Nursing her brave Son, herself braver,  
Seeing she was woman as well as God,  
And lov'd to give, and now must watch  
The pains of manhood burn in God.  
Hold fast thy gold beneath the thatch,  
Thou son of man! There's many a day,  
And many a breathless plowing match  
On bitter acres; long's the way  
And bloody are the milestones on it  
Ere thou canst hear the Angel say,  
"Take here thy throne as thou hast won it"—  
And may be for thy gilded crest  
And kingly sign a cotton bonnet!

When two wan lovers breast to breast  
Cling to each other beneath the moon,  
Their wattled garret is a nest,  
Their rags spell out the holy rune  
Which makes them high priests of the night  
And drums their hearts to a rapturous tune,  
The measure of their still delight.  
Sheeted with gold their palliass,  
Since love has fired the straw with light;  
The hours like scented moments pass  
Wherein they love; and when they sleep  
Clinging together, each one has  
The dream made fast and rooted deep,  
A budded roof-tree against dearth,  
A vine engraft, a fruiting slip  
To make an orchard of the earth.  
So now hath Hodge in his poor hold  
A sapling stem of priceless worth  
Like to that rod wherewith of old  
Moses struck water from the stone,  
A wand to turn his cage to gold

See him at  
Dawn.

And draw thanksgiving from a groan.  
So stands he in this dawn of days  
As one who waits and is alone  
In a forest, at four cross-ways,  
And hears the countless little noises,  
And hearkens what the woodland says,  
Rustle of rabbit, thin bird-voices,  
Then out afar the cuckoo's call,  
Where on his ash-tree he rejoices  
In sky, warm wind and sun for all.  
So heartens he, and looks beyond  
With ridded eyes, and sees how small  
The shadowing wood, his fear how fond,  
The road how good, how plain the goal ;  
For that glad music is a bond  
'Twixt his soul and the over-soul.  
And so he takes his fardel up,  
And loves the world and knows it whole.

Thus Francis mixt the stirrup-cup,  
And sped our Brother Bonaccord  
To proffer it for Hodge to sup.  
And Hodge drank deep and blest the Lord.

# ROSE MACAULAY

## I.—THE POND

**W**EED-BOUND, green as grass, the pond lies,  
With a crazy, hole-riddled tin  
Battered and broken, riding ship-wise  
On the water's warm green skin  
That bears, like a floor, the weight of June.  
And the elder trees stoop round,  
Heavy with sleep, and still as noon,  
And sweet with blossom, and bound  
In dreams. And strangely each small thought  
And each word spoken near  
Like a fly in a filmy web is caught  
And held; and you shall hear  
Echoes, whispers of passions spent,  
Of strange things long since said,  
Prisoners now in the still dream-tent,  
With the old tears one time shed.

Even so in the far years will men know  
How you and I now lie  
By the green pond's rim, and even so  
Hear our thin words drift by,  
Like pale moths fluttering to and fro,  
Blind, in a mist-bound sky?  
Oh, lest of our incommunicable  
Passion and pity, they  
Weave idle tales and dreams to tell  
Through some sweet summer's day,  
We'll whisper not: oh, we will keep  
Quieter than noon is long.  
We will be still, more still than sleep,  
Lest our weak words do us wrong. . . . .



## II.—DUST AND DUST

**L**IKE an army of the pale dead rising,  
Torn from earth's grasp, the driven dust  
Leaps up at my heels, whispering hoarsely,  
And dances in the cold June gust ;  
And dances with the eddying elm-pods :  
One might think it some strange last day,  
When the blind dead, torn from earth, revel,  
And flutter cold hands at play.  
I could think that a legion of wan dead men  
Were following me, ghostly and grey,  
Bitter-breath'd, to hold and choke me ;  
And " Dust comes to dust," they say.  
Their dry fingers, goading me and stinging,  
Prick over my cold skin, and creep,  
Gritting harsh on my tongue, and they whisper  
" Earth shall soon be earth's to keep."  
I could think, in a world full of dead men,  
That I am as a dead man too,  
Fleeing from my blind phantom brothers—  
" Dust—are we dust ? So are you."

Dust chases dust, to have and hold it ;  
With the dead chestnut flowers I run,  
A driven drift of dust among my brothers,  
And they and I are even now one.  
Like a blown lamp the spirit's flame flickers,  
And, dust-choked, desire dies.  
Dust and dust, we drift, dancing together,  
On the wind from out the dust-grey skies.

# E. BUXTON SHANKS

## ODE IN SEPTEMBER, 1914

**B**ECAUSE we do not know the end of this,  
Because the story's close is yet to come,  
Be modest now before the mysteries  
Nor spoil the unborn future in the womb.  
We all go dreaming through September sun  
Of happy victories ;  
But the wide course of battle still must run  
While all the leaves are spilt from all the trees,  
And frost may come, and chill December rain,  
And still not peace again.

Through fields and moors, through crops and empty plains  
The troops are going down toward the sea  
And heavy gun-wheels rut deep country lanes,  
And the slow baggage drags on wearily.  
I saw them go, their horses white with dust,  
Their faces good to see.  
For men will gladly go, and horses must,  
To meet the distant, unknown enemy,  
And snow will fall, and the cold winter rain,  
Ere they come back again.

And these will come, and those be left behind,  
And gladly altogether they are going ;  
Among the crops they sing with joyous mind,  
The men that will not live to see the sowing.  
From these sweet airs they travel to a place  
Where winds of death are blowing,

That nip and sear the bravely lifted face  
And stunt and stop the young man in his growing.  
And from the biting frost and soddening rain  
    All will not come again.

They go with happy hearts, but we who stay  
    And trust in them, let us not prophesy  
That they will travel on an easy way,  
    Nor any danger of the road deny.  
Be all our voices husht, those raucous voices  
    That cry and cry and cry,  
Bringing their practice in the market-noises  
To triumph in an unwon victory,  
Ere the light snow and the compassionate rain  
    Have fallen on the slain.

And we shall triumph, or in life or death—  
    In life, we do believe : but let our songs  
Be uttered clearly on the balanced breath  
    That to the just and modest man belongs.  
Quietly, honourably have we related  
    Our most unbearable wrongs,  
And we are ready. Now let come what's fated.  
May the soft hawthorn's snow and April's rain  
    Find Europe free again !

# T. STURGE MOORE

## SUPERMAN TO PANJANDRUM

**E**XTERMINATOR of the weak, I never  
Desire things worth no bloodshed, no lives lost.  
Thou squinnying coward, what are right and wrong?  
Can justice be robe for carnivorous man?  
Even on ruminant kine 't would look pretentious.  
Thou would'st have crowds resort to high ideals  
As to the pleasaunce of a bower-bird  
Bedecked with tags of reason. Thou would'st have them  
Refrain from war, give alms and plod their round.  
Look at thy towns! Smell thou thy time of peace!  
Thy charities are hush-moneys or bribes!  
Thy stud is better groomed than are thy wage-slaves!  
To my mind men more precious are than horses,—  
Need nicer care in breeding, training, use.  
As David did despise King Saul's war-suit  
And went a naked shepherd into battle,  
So I, a shameless slave-owner, intend  
To brain thee in despite of all thy clubs,  
Senates, churches, law-courts, learned bodies.  
Be-wigged, be-gowned, dost think thyself august?  
Or unmatched target for splenetic jibes?  
My conscience tells me one thing at a time,  
Cogent, precise, not general or abstract.  
To credit thee, thine is an orator  
Read up in Roman Law and casuistry,  
Profoundly versed from Plato to Aurelius,  
Expectorating snatches of the Bible  
As some tub-ranter jets his thick saliva.  
Gross am I? Thy skin crawls alarmedly?  
Poor Panjandrum! exquisite Panjandrum!  
Must man so mild contemplate filth and sex,  
Anguish and death? Why, to forget them is

My dread ; might it not dull my palate  
Till joy were tasteless as thy pleasures ? or  
Relax pride nerved to bear—component part  
Of unimaginable grandeur—pains  
The worst that are, unirritable, clear  
That what else is reduces them to trifles ?—  
So strange, so varied, beauteous, vast it looms !  
Loyalty may build man commensurate :  
Such is my hope,—frank commerce with those stars  
For him, as mine is honest with my self.

### NIETZSCHE REVENANT

**U**NDER a vast but pale azure dome  
A region of pine woods where few folk roam  
Distends my heart ;  
There praise of my deeds, on noiseless wings,  
From ridge floats to valley, and sometimes sings  
With a wild bird's art.

Hundreds of others are there, but none  
Interrupts the song that was first begun ;  
Each voice is enlisted  
By a circle of silence earshot wide  
Which remains intact till the song have died,  
When the hearers beguiled

Brood over the melody lapsed until  
New music that pool of attention shall fill :—  
A new fountain of notes  
Be token that far in the realm of strife  
Advance has been made in the conquest of life,  
Unpraised by hoarse throats

Which ignorance, envy and cowardice choke  
Till men see man break some tyranny's yoke,  
And are mute and not glad.

But of songsters who build in these hills which peace  
Has so finely feathered with virgin trees  
Not one can be sad,

For none save joy due to life-moulding hand  
Has ever been free to sing in their land  
Or hearken to song.

Now, at intervals myriads of years apart,  
My deed has been sung in those woods of my heart  
And, though silent long,

As the sure æon closes again shall be heard—  
The very same theme from the self-same bird,—  
And those future returns  
Throng round her in vision, the while her throat  
Utters in triumph each present note :—  
And her fierce pulse yearns

With remembrance as fervid for trills that rose  
Ages gone by in the like deep repose  
Of those afternoon woods :  
Where on trees single-masted thronged listening birds  
While the sound of the pæan rang truer than words  
To a conqueror's moods.

Like island nursed in a sea filled with isles  
Each solo, divided from all in the miles  
Of odorous pine,  
Waits those who voyage on silent wings  
Past mute throngs that listen to one who sings  
In unending line.

This whole camp of hills, this sky-wide forest  
And the winged glee that sings when our conflict is sorest,  
When worth is denied,  
Was as rapture pent up in a man who failed  
Of an hearing alive, who was never hailed  
Till he maddened and died.

# AMY LOWELL

## I.—ON "THE CUTTING OF AN AGATE." (By W. B. Yeats)

**R**EADING this book, I see an attic room  
Brimful of heaps of dimly-shining stuff,  
Tumbled upon the floor. Here is enough  
To fashion wingèd caps till day of doom.  
This yarn is shimmering with a frosty bloom  
Of colours overlaid as with a rough  
Patina of snow-crystals. See! A puff  
Of wind blows jewelled chaff to spark the gloom.  
It seems the storehouse of raw poesy,  
Where unspun dreams are waiting to be bought,  
And where unwoven tapestries of thought  
Lie ripe for the large looms of prophecy.  
A little handful of this harvesting  
Would make most poets an ample covering.

## II.—FLAME APPLES

**L**ITTLE hot apples of fire,  
Burst out of the flaming stem  
Of my heart,  
I do not understand how you quickened and grew,  
And you amaze me  
While I gather you.

I lay you, one by one,  
Upon a table.  
And now you seem beautiful and strange to me,  
And I stand before you,  
Wondering.

### III.—THE WHEEL OF THE SUN

**I** BEG you  
Hide your face from me.  
Draw the tissue of your headgear  
Over your eyes.  
For I am blinded by your beauty,  
And my heart is strained,  
And aches,  
Before you.

In the street  
You spread a brightness where you walk,  
And I see your lifting silks  
And rejoice ;  
But I cannot look up to your face,  
You melt my strength,  
And set my knees to trembling.

Shadow yourself that I may love you,  
For now it is too great a pain.

### IV.—BULLION

**M**Y thoughts  
Chink against my ribs  
And roll about like silver hail stones.  
I should like to spill them out,  
And pour them, all shining,  
Over you.  
But my heart is shut upon them  
And holds them straightly.

Come, You ! and open my heart ;  
That my thoughts torment me no longer,  
But glitter in your hair.



## V.—THE LETTER

**L**ITTLE cramped words scrawling all over the paper  
Like dragged fly's legs,  
What can you tell of the flaring moon  
Through the oak leaves?  
Or of my uncurtained window and the bare floor  
Spattered with moonlight?  
Your silly quirks and twists have nothing in them  
Of blossoming hawthorns,  
And this paper is dull, crisp, smooth, virgin of loveliness  
Beneath my hand.

I am tired, Beloved, of chafing my heart against  
The want of you ;  
Of squeezing it into little inkdrops,  
And posting it.  
And I scald alone, here, under the fire  
Of the great moon.

## VI.—GROTESQUE

**W**HY do the lilies goggle their tongues at me  
When I pluck them ;  
And writhe, and twist,  
And strangle themselves against my fingers,  
So that I can hardly weave the garland  
For your hair?  
Why do they shriek your name  
And spit at me  
When I would cluster them ?  
Must I kill them  
To make them lie still,  
And send you a wreath of lolling corpses  
To turn putrid and soft  
On your forehead  
While you dance ?

VII.—PINE, BEECH, AND SUNLIGHT.

**T**HE sudden April heat  
Stretches itself  
Under the smooth, leafless branches  
Of the beech-tree,  
And lies lightly  
Upon the great patches  
Of purple and white crocus  
With their panting, wide-open cups.

A clear wind  
Slips through the naked beech boughs,  
And their shadows scarcely stir.  
But the pine-trees beyond sigh  
When it passes over them  
And presses back their needles,  
And slides gently down their stems.

It is a langour of pale, south-starting sunlight  
Come upon a morning unawaked,  
And holding her drowsing.

AMY LOWELL

## RESOLVE

**K**AISER, we are resolved to have you taught  
A studious discipline of heart and hand,  
A beautiful control of wandering thought,  
Ruling more nobly in a smaller land.

Emperor, we always smiled however loudly  
You boasted. Oh, you should have still controlled  
Your snorting dragon of a nation proudly  
Leashed to your finger by a chain of gold.

But you have split your insufficient brain ;  
Your heavy dragon rolls its gaping jaws,  
Barks at the hills, roars across the plain,  
Glares East and West, and scrapes with hungry claws.

So, calm, we all have hastened to the ground,  
Gathered our warriors and cleared our space.  
Kaiser, you may have heard our trumpet sound  
A final blare against your stubborn face.

For we will crack the glory of your name,  
Wound your enormous dragon in the side,  
Roll him toward the cavern whence he came  
With many gashes gaping raw and wide ;

Purge you and leave your country and your shore  
Clean of that poison. You will have to learn  
Patience and humble rectitude and more  
Delight in freedom after we return ;

Your dragon stilled and covered in the dust,  
Your angry purpose grappled to the ground,  
Your whirlwind dwindled to a little gust,  
Your Empire to a little distant sound.

## NEW BOOKS

THE records of literature are suspended. It is impossible to drill one's thoughts into the composition of a chronicle of current poetry. War monopolises the brain ; military catch-words and sensational newspaper phrases ring in the head. Great poetry assumes increased virtue ; bad poetry becomes a vice. Nature poetry is laid aside ; love lyrics are intolerable. The imagination is over-excited, the judgment unbalanced. Certainly, the first mental shock of War is over ; but we need only exert our memories to realise that in these last weeks the security of mind of all civilisation has been cracked. Life is suddenly an adventure. The occurrences of a few months ago seem to lose their consequence. As I read new books of poetry I am obsessed by the idea that they were planned, written and printed before the war ; it is almost impossible at present to view them as links of a continuous tradition. They seem the last frayed edges of something that has been hacked apart in its growth.

In the abstract, there remains the supreme security of poetry as an elementary constituent of the human tradition. Beyond these violent temporary impulses one incorruptible overmastering passion still rules. The lust for dominion of the Germans ; the fight for freedom of the French and English are both superficial manifestations of the innate instinct for peace and beauty. The Germans wish to impose upon us their "culture" ; we desire to give them our freedom. The united forces of the world are against Krupp—the symbol of commercial monopoly, the hideous, grasping, stingy iron monster who tears up the green fields and rakes their dust over the cities.

It is incredible that the readers of POETRY AND DRAMA will want the regular article on new books at present. A bookseller assured me that his trade would improve after the "novelty" of the present situation had worn off. It would be an injustice to the new books to discuss them, at any rate before that hypothetical change in the public mind. Those of us who are obliged to stay at home will surely need some form of mental relief presently. I shall hope to write a survey of the whole six months for the December POETRY AND DRAMA.

Meanwhile it must be admitted that among the books received up to the present very few call for remark. At the moment of writing this John Lane's *Songs and Sonnets for England in War Time* has arrived, and also the third part of *New Numbers* (which I shall notice in my next article). Of the former it need

only be said that it contains the verses of 45 writers, at least 25 of which number have no claim at all, under ordinary circumstances, to be considered poets. Among the known names are Laurence Binyon, G. K. Chesterton, Thomas Hardy, Maurice Hewlett, Rudyard Kipling, Henry Newbolt, Stephen Phillips, and William Watson. The book is of course published for the benefit of the Prince of Wales' Fund. It will be bought by thousands of people, some of whom will read it. Its popularity will not be diminished by a laughably inferior Introduction with an extraordinarily misprinted sentence. For patriotic considerations it should not be treated as literature. Its assured temporary popularity must not be quarrelled with. Mr Lane is to be congratulated on his enterprise, and we may all hope that out of the great mass of such verse as it contains, some examples of the best poetry may survive the test of an ultimate judgment.

Two other volumes may well be mentioned now. From Robert Frost's *North of Boston* I have selected for quotation one long poem in a blank verse (See p. 310) altogether remarkable for its originality and emotional qualities. Mr Frost appears to have studied the subtle cadences of colloquial speech with some peculiar and unusual apprehension. The jerky irregularity of his verse is due to the fact that the laws of emotional value have evidently overmastered the rules of prosody. Through some acute process of psychological analysis he casts up all the hidden details of a superficially simple tale into stark prominence. The rhythm of his verse escapes the usual monotones of stress; its current follows the stresses of what it relates; it is like an indicator passing along some continuous fluctuating line, or it has the sound of a swift and excited voice. All the poems in this book are good reading.

My second quotation is from a pleasant little volume, *Ballads and Burdens*, by (See p. 313) V. Goldie, a thoughtful but happy writer, who refreshingly avoids love-poems. His book is easy and enjoyable reading with distinct indications of immaturity, but strong signs of promise.

A short poem is also quoted from Rhys Carpenter's *Sun Thief and Other Poems* (See p. 314) for its four or five impressive lines and its clarity of thought and strength of form. Otherwise, the book is careful work without much apparent originality of thought.

This is a suitable moment to mention also three honest and useful volumes on special aspects of the subject of poetry. Professor Eastman's *Enjoyment of Poetry* has been favourably reviewed and widely read in its American edition. Its disagreeable title is misleading, and may have prejudiced English readers. But its earlier chapters are decidedly useful. It is to be recommended to such readers as may feel the need of a volume on the formation of taste. I shall refer to it again in my next article.

## *New Books*

In *The Theory of Poetry in England* Professor Cowl has compiled an anthology, for the use of students of English poetry and criticism, of extracts from most of the principal works on poetry from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. As a guide or aid to the student the usefulness of this book could scarcely be over-estimated, though to the general reader it will seem rather scrappy, and much of it somewhat archaic.

Lascelles Abercrombie has written a short treatise on the Epic for Secker's "Art and Craft of Letters" Series. Though it may be complained that his definition of epic poetry is too inclusive, he has gathered together a valuable amount of information in a small compass, and his treatment of the subject is clear and helpful.

HAROLD MONRO

THE GERMAN LYRIC. John Lees. (Dent. 5s. net.)

THOSE critics were fortunate who reviewed this book in July. They were able to examine it without making apologies or feeling any necessity to draw deductions from poetry to policy. But though it was written and published before the war, it may yet play a useful part among the many works, newly written or lately re-issued, which have had as their purpose an exposition of the German national character.

Dr Lees does not attempt to explain our enemies by their poetry. If he did it would end, perhaps in an argument as one-sided as the argument from their public behaviour. The function of this book is to provide material for consideration and for mitigating thought. It is a useful work because it contains all the facts: the sketch it gives of German lyric poetry is comprehensive and even over-catholic. But Dr Lees has been content to reason very superficially from his facts. Of the two great clues in German poetry, one, its affinity to folk-song, has strongly impressed him: but he has made little of that clue. The other, the ease with which it may be sung, has almost escaped him. Nor has he sufficiently recognised the fundamental cleavage of style between Goethe and Schiller, which makes it possible to divide the poets of Germany almost exactly into two groups, according as they resemble one or the other. To Schiller—I should say rather to his habit of mind than to his opinions—we may perhaps trace the present troubles. But it would be fairer to say that Schiller is a type and not a leader.

Dr Lees' criticism is superficial, but, so far as it goes, it is sound. He has not been ambitious, and he has produced an excellent account of the growth of the German lyric.

E. B. S.

## REPRINTS AND ANTHOLOGIES

NEARLY all of the seven anthologies published this quarter contain a large proportion of unquestionably good things. It was no great labour to ensure that. The difficulty was to get good things that were also suitable. To fill four hundred pages with extracts, mostly verse, suitable for children cannot be easy for a man with taste and conscience. It has been done in *The Children's Cameos of Poetry and Prose*. (For use in schools. In eight books. George Philip and Son. 3d. and 4d. each) by some one whose name is hidden. His taste and his conscience may both be called robust without offence, or, I hope, ambiguity. Shakespeare, Wordsworth, E. Nesbit, Norman Gale, A. Matheson and L. Alma Tadema are among the poets. Messrs W. B. Yeats, W. H. Davies, Arthur Symons and Alfred Noyes are represented. That there are some altogether bad pieces included is not the worst fault of these "Cameos," though, if children have, as they certainly have, to see bad as well as good, I do not see why they should find it in anthologies, at least, not in any quantity. But the worst of these "Cameos" is that they include far too many extracts from poems, that these extracts are often barbarously contrived, and that they are often not labelled as extracts. Norman Gale's "Gathering Roses for Auntie" is printed in full, so is Fred Weatherley's "Gray Doves' Answer"; but sixteen lines of Shelley's "Cloud" are printed as a complete poem of four verses, and this is printed as if it were a complete poem by Wordsworth:

Come forth into the light of things,  
Let nature be your teacher,  
She has a world of ready wealth,  
Our minds and hearts to bless.  
One impulse from a vernal wood  
    May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
    Than all the ages [sic] can.

In Mr W. H. Davies' "Rain" there are three misprints. It may be that the anthologist's crass obliquity will do no particular harm, but it must tend to maintain at their present height ignorance and contempt of poetry. And yet one of the prose passages in the eighth book is one from Carlyle, where he says: "Indian Empire or no Indian Empire, we cannot do without Shakespeare!"

*Poetry for Boys*, selected by S. Maxwell (Mills and Boon, 1s. 6d.), is more decent, but it is the usual thing, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," "The Royal George," "The Loss of the Birkenhead," Gray's "Elegy," Stevenson's "My Shadow," and so on. Why Herrick's "Grace for a Child"? and why "He was a rat, and she was a rat," an anonymous piece that follows it? Anybody could make as good a selection. Nor is there anything in the arrangement likely to make boys love verses better. The "biographical notes" amuse me, but that is not what they are for, and besides, laughing at ineptitude soon tires.

*Patriotic Poems*, selected by R. M. Leonard (Milford, 7d. net.) is just a sound collection of what people expect under such a title. Shakespeare, Swinburne, Wordsworth, Campbell, Macaulay, Henley, Doyle, Mr Newbolt are here; but also Blake, and "The Brave Lord Willoughby" and "Mary Ambree." It is good enough. Nothing in the selection or arrangement makes it either novel or classical. Except Mr Newbolt, the only living poet represented is Mr Bridges, and that by his "Thou careless, awake," written last month.

The same poem opens *Poems of the Great War* (Chatto and Windus, 1s. net). The sixteen poets bear names famous, respectable, or interesting, nearly all. Messrs Newbolt, Watson, Binyon, Begbie, Chesterton, Drinkwater, and John Freeman are good in their styles; nothing more; the war has not done anything for them, and they (except Mr Begbie) have not done anything for the war which newspapers and street talk have not done as well.

Mr Helps (*Songs and Ballads of Greater Britain*, Dent, 4s. 6d.) attempts "to make us at home realise more fully the great qualities and strenuous lives of those who have played so large a part in building up the empire—we may have written better poetry, they have lived it. . . ." He probably sees more sympathetically than most will, behind the written poetry, that which colonial poets "have lived." That it has "a charm of its own, due to its freshness, originality, virility, and variety of subject," he really believes. It is a lover's belief. The fact is that the book makes continually hard reading, which is only worth while if you wish to know how widespread has been the attempt and the failure to write poetry, and how similar the result, all through the colonies. These three or four hundred pages present the facts and the problem in a nutshell, comparatively speaking.

Mr Patterson, like Mr Helps, expects the poetry which men "live" all to go into verse, much as leather goes into boots. (*The Sea Anthology*, Heinemann, 2s. net.) But he knows that it does not, and his long introduction is a most entertaining grumble against the fact. The anthology itself is full of good things, and of things interesting, both in themselves and because a sailor likes them.



Mr Padric Gregory does for Ireland (*Modern Anglo-Irish Verse*, Nutt, 5s. net) what Mr Helps does for the colonies, but confines himself to living men and women, nearly seventy of them, including himself, yet excluding Padraic Colum, Dermot O'Byrne, James Stephens, and others, probably for good reasons. It is representative. It is even more; for Mr Gregory implies that he likes everything he includes. There has been no other volume representative of all sorts of living Irish versifiers, and in these days an anthology is justified thus. Moreover, Mr Gregory's introduction proves that he has brains. And now let the student of iron nerve and steady purpose attack the book. It provides as hard a task as Mr Helps' book, for all its softness.

Only Mr Clark Hall himself (*Beowulf: A Metrical Translation*, Camb. Univ. Press, 2s. 6d. net) could tell us why, having translated Beowulf into prose, he should translate that translation into verse. The prose began:

Then in the strongholds was Beowulf of the Scyldings, dear king of the nation,  
long time renowned among peoples.

The verse begins:

Thus Beowulf the Scylding	was there in the strongholds,
dear king of the nation,	for many a long year
renowned among peoples.	

The only interest is to watch Mr Hall shuffling the words about a little and finding synonyms. But he does it to the end. Three thousand lines and more. Had Mr Hall merely wished us to know how he supposes the poem would have looked in English, it would have sufficed to show us ten lines. By showing us all he proves that he hoped we should thereby have a better idea of the poem. I am confident that we have not, and that the tame mechanical rhythm and typographical oddity only add to the burden of the uninspired translation. The prose is unlike poetry, but more like it than this verse. For a man to use verse just because he is translating poetry is absurd. As if mechanical verse was not much farther from poetry than natural prose! Of course, Mr Hall may have been writing verse all his life. In either case he seems to have made a mistake.

*The Dream of Gerontius*, by John Henry Newman (Milford, 1s. 6d. net.), is an ordinary reprint. *The Poetical Works of George Crabbe*, edited by A. J. and R. M. Carlyle (Milford, 1s. 6d. net), has a sufficient introduction, biographical and critical, but is otherwise a reprint of Crabbe's work as it was in 1834, the new material in the Cambridge edition being unavailable. In spite of small print and double columns, six hundred pages are filled.

EDWARD THOMAS

# FRENCH CHRONICLE

IT is said in England that we English do not realise what war means to a nation of conscripts. We are told this and that ; but we have no real, intuitive knowledge. We cry, "Business as usual," and business is much as usual. We see soldiers and martial preparations all over the place—or we do not see them ; and we have an enormous press that, so far from having dwindled before war, has grown more enormous in the description of, or surmise about, our share in the war. But the sudden, fatal stoppage caused by a general mobilisation we do not know. Think of this: of the large number of French reviews and periodicals received by *Poetry and Drama* each month, only one—a much attenuated *Revue Critique des Idées et des Livres*—managed to struggle through to us in August, the first month of the war. The others—or many of them—must have been printed or in the press ; but the call came, and the sheets were left on the machines, or the organisation of despatch disappeared in the national organisation for defence. In the one review that reached us was a flyleaf of apology for the defective proof-reading, and of information that, while the war was on, the review would not appear because all its contributors and its staff were *sous les drapeaux*. One is ashamed at the thought of these our French *confrères* at the front, while we—— . . . I sit here watching the North Sea roll in on to a flat, sandy beach. Sometimes a cruiser passes slowly by. Yesterday, a hospital ship. In the evening, a few trawlers lie off in line towards the horizon—mine sweepers, we opine ; and, at the cross roads of the village, a territorial stops all motor cars and bicycles. It is a perfunctory territorial . . . Really, conscription would have spared us this rack of conscience.

\* \* \* \* \*

I sit here, then, wondering what is happening beyond the circumference of the third circle, where sea and sky meet—the first land is Heligoland ; wondering what will be left of the poetic clans of France after the war. At home, in a pigeon-hole of my desk, is the last chronicle I wrote about them, unsuitable now. My principal theme was sincerity in writing ; and all the books I had had before me, by chance, gave point to it. There were Emile Verhaeren's *Les Blés Mouvants*, and, since the poems were written, hell has flooded the countryside that was its background, and hideous outrage has been wrought on its *dramatis personæ* (Verhaeren is now in London, I am told) ; *Les Divertissements* of Remy de Gourmont, who is, I believe, in Normandy, *waiting for news* ; *Parler*, by Pierre-Jean Jouve (with the colours, undoubtedly) ; *Le Dessous du Masque*, by François Porché (with the colours) ; *Les Œuvres de Barnabooth*, by Valery

Larbaud (with the colours; his weekly articles to the *New Weekly* stopped at the first outbreak); *Choix de Poésies*, by Charles Péguy: what is Péguy doing, I wonder, that fine figure of exhortation to France, one of those who were creating a Jeanne d'Arc that would have been the inspiration of the French race? Well, then, out of the lassitude that followed 1870, out of symbolism, was gradually being created in France, I am convinced, a literature that went back to France's healthiest sources, and forward to France's greater honour. There was to be in it no trace of the empty magniloquence of romanticism, or of the dreamy emptiness that was the worst fault of symbolism; there was to be in it a sincerity that would stand no shams either of impression or expression. The men who were making that literature, or preparing the way for it, are in the firing line; and we can only guess what that means, and cannot know what the result will be. The war may wipe out—will wipe out, indeed—some of the best brains in France. For that reason, I stand on the cliff here at night and curse the land opposite I cannot see. For that reason I have wished for a conscription that would have severed ties and paid no heed to slight physical defects.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have at home a book called *Histoire Contemporaine des Lettres Françaises*, a bulky volume by Florian-Parmentier, just published. It is an account of all the schools, an attempt at a conspectus of the whole literary activity of France to-day—or, rather, it was yesterday; to-day, we are in the melting-pot, and to-morrow, where will all the *isms* be? Of the group of writers centred round the *Mercur de France* some have gone to the war, others, the old brigade of the symbolists, are, like Remy de Gourmont, waiting for news. So, too, with *Vers et Prose* and *La Phalange*. Then there is the mixed group represented by *La Nouvelle Revue Française*: one can only speculate. All the different *Cahiers*, which had for their object the regeneration of France in some way or other, stop while France fights for regeneration in other fields. As for the *revues des jeunes*, the young men are elsewhere. How they will all issue from the melting pot, nobody can tell. Charles Louis Philippe, who thought that France had come to a culminating point of civilisation in Anatole France, used to say, "*Maintenant il nous faut des barbares.*" The barbarians have come indeed; they will certainly destroy certain over-refinements, and, in so doing, they will have done harm as well as good to French literature. It will be good to have the last relics of symbolism swept away; but it will be an evil thing if the *fantaisiste* poets of whom I have been writing—Klingsor, Apollinaire, Salmon, Cros, Carco, Derème, Pellerin, Bernard, Toulet—should have all the *fantaisie* knocked out of them. There is a group of young writers who will probably find new sources of inspiration in the emotions of the

\* The answer to my question has come too soon. Lieutenant Charles Péguy has been killed in action by a German bullet.

## French Chronicle

war—if they come through: I mean Jules Romains, Georges Duhamel, Georges Chennevière, Charles Vildrac, René Arcos, Pierre Jean Jouve, Luc Durtain. Romains has already written a play, in verse, *L'Armée dans la Ville*, which deals with an army of occupation in conflict with the inhabitants of a conquered country, and a short story, *La Prise de Paris*, describing, in soldiers' slang, the effect of an army on a town in riot. Both are exceedingly good work. The other writers have all that interest in men as human beings which a great conflict will bring out and strengthen. The self-styled "paroxystes," too, Nicolas Beauduin and "les poètes de l'*Arthénice*," who have, while making a great noise about it, given us hitherto little more than frantic asseveration, will perhaps have their excessive verbalism pruned, and will find new matter for exaltation. As for H.-M. Barzun and the writers he has grouped round *Poème et Drame*, "L'Ere du Drame" has come with a vengeance, and it is to be hoped that someone among them will find genius enough to crystallise it. But one must not make too much of these groups. They are obvious, and present themselves; there are others which may ultimately prove of greater importance; and there are the single writers, of no group at all, who will be more important still. There are also the masters who are *waiting for news*; the war may leave some stranded; others will be borne up by it.—I have no confidence in verse that is inspired by the patriotism of war; we have seen the piteous stuff published in our own newspapers. 1870 did not, I think, inspire any great poetry. Paul Déroulède is respected; but verse of this order:

Allons ! les gars au cœur robuste  
Avançons vite et visons juste ;  
La France est là qui nous attend :  
En avant !

does not add much to literature. A great war has a far profounder effect on literature, and, as regards the present war, I am certain of this, that if France win—and she will, the German hordes cannot overcome the confederation of the world that is against them—the literature that has been preparing of late years in France will receive an enormous impetus and be informed by a great spirit. To my mind, there is no more sincere, more penetrating, clearer, finer, stronger literature than that which can be produced by a France purified and affirmed in her strength. I have cursed the Germans; I hate the whole spirit of the nation; but the clash and shattering of that spirit with the forces of human decency arrayed against it will do infinitely more good than evil. I am glad that England is in the struggle; and when I wander out at night and watch the wide, smooth expanse of the North Sea beneath the moonlight, it suddenly becomes a huge shield of polished steel. That shield stands between the world and the "culture-philistines."

F. S. FLINT

# AMERICAN POETRY

## AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

IT appears to be my fate to write explanatory notes to each of my articles on American poetry. Probably this is in part my own fault, but I think it is in part also due to certain readers of the articles coming to them with a preconceived idea as to their purport. I have seen a considerable mass of comment on them, some in print and some in manuscript: the following sentence, taken from an article in *Current Opinion* (America), is illustrative of the frame of mind in which the majority of commentators have written. "The discussion that has been going on in the pages of an English magazine, *Poetry and Drama*, between Louis Untermeyer and John Alford as to the respective merits of British and American poets of to-day is an interesting one in many ways, but it does not seem likely to settle anything except the fact of John Bull's continued complacency as to his own accomplishments." So Dr Wheeler entertains the idea that Mr Untermeyer and I have been carrying on a discussion "as to the respective merits of British and American poets of to-day"! He is, of course, under a misapprehension. I have never mentioned either the British poets of to-day or British poetry of to-day, with the exception of Lascelles Abercrombie's "Indignation," which happened to be particularly apposite in a consideration of Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe." Such a discussion would be barren, tedious, and invidious, and it has never entered my head to undertake it. Yet Dr Wheeler's delusion appears to be shared by my other critics. It is traceable to two causes. In the first place, American writers seem to have been prepared to take up a challenge I have not thrown down. The challenge has, in fact, been given, not here, but in America. In a recent review, the respective merits of *Georgian Poetry* and *A Little Anthology of Modern American Verse* were discussed at some length. The result of such a discussion does not concern us. I shall say no more on this point. The sooner these futilities are forgotten, the better. In the second place, the delusion has arisen from the fact that I have mentioned two or three English poets, not of to-day, but of yesterday and the day before. This was inevitable. The influences current in the poetry of to-day are, not unnaturally, derived from the poets of yesterday, and an analysis of current American poetry reveals these influences, also not unnaturally, as generally English. That I have exhibited any insular pride in the real or supposed superiority of English poetry, I deny. Further, I deny that I possess it to exhibit. When a comparison has been made, it has been not with the object of demonstrating this superiority,

## *American Poetry*

but in an attempt to show that current American poetry is intrinsically poor—a very different matter. Instead of the name of Christina Rossetti I might have used that of Edgar Allan Poe, with equal truth and effect.

Turning to another criticism of Dr Wheeler's, I find he writes as follows: ". . . Mr Alford speaks of 'cosmicity' as 'a current American vice.' It was not a vice in Wordsworth or Coleridge or Milton or in any of the other great British poets, but American poets have no business with anything but distinctive American topics. The cosmic universe has been pre-empted by the British bards, or so it would seem, and William Ellery Leonard and John G. Neihardt and George Sterling and Edna St. Vincent Millay and others among us who deal with things primordial and primeval, with stellar spaces and elemental powers, with the music of the spheres and the flowing robe of nature, are in some-wise poaching on British preserves." Now, with all due deference to Dr Wheeler, that is both a foolish and a misleading paragraph. If my attitude is as insular as he presents it to be, how does he explain the intense admiration I have expressed for Whitman, Whitman who wrote of these things as no man has ever written, whom I consider not only one of the great personalities and great poets of all ages, but in particular *the* poet and *the* prophet of this age and the coming age? I have not censured William Ellery Leonard and John G. Neihardt for dealing "with things primordial and primeval, . . . with the music of the spheres and the flowing robe of nature," but for dealing with these things inadequately, for dealing with them in just such terms as Dr Wheeler himself here uses, in cliché phrases and outworn metaphors which may pass muster in literary journalism, but which have no place in poetry. Whitman dealt with the universe in vivid, personal language, showing it to be for him an intensely vital, a personally perceived reality, and making it so for others. Placed beside his lines, those of Mr Neihardt (of which I gave various examples in my last article) are mere platitudinous, inflated jargon. They are bad, not because they are American, but simply because they are bad, "and there's an end on't."

With a third criticism, that "what the British want of an American writer, and what they are always disappointed if they fail to get, is something in the nature of a 'wild barbaric yawp,'" I shall not here deal. It is too fundamental for discussion in a few words, and I shall hope to make my attitude clear in a future consideration of the essential qualities of democratic art. Is it too much to ask that whatever I may write will be criticised for what it contains, not for what is read into it?

JOHN ALFORD

[Such American Books as have appeared on our Book Lists and have not already been dealt with by our Chronicler will receive notice, if deemed of sufficient interest, in the December issue of POETRY AND DRAMA.—EDITOR.]

## THE DRAMA: A NOTE IN WAR TIME

WITH London striving to become a military camp and, in its effort, turning into one vast music-hall, where shall the drama rear its head? Even the Ethiopians are baffled and put out of countenance by the colossal Reinhardtian spectacle of the war in France and Flanders. They put up a swaggering puppet and call him Drake, but he does no more than leave a trail of sawdust, and take a nightly toll for the Prince's fund. The rest will exhaust themselves in the horrible effort to be funny. The newspapers are reduced to impotence and can give them no more than a perfunctory nod of recognition, hardly publishing more than the extremely important fact that they have lowered their tariff. One of their strongest entrenchments is broken down.

That sounds almost like a declaration of war on Ethiopia—but, indeed, if this war is not such a declaration, if it is not an effort of civilisation to crush its own vices, if it is not the effort to retrieve life from the collapse of its top-hammer, then it is no more than the bursting of a sewer, with damage to be repaired as quickly as possible, and stern measures to be taken to check and repress the moral diseases caused by it. The real enemy is within our gates as it is within the gates of every country in Europe. It is largely a matter of luck that Germany is made to stand for it, that Belgium should suffer for it, that the battlefield to which our eyes turn should be in France, that the most devastating power of all should come out of Russia—Russia which has done more in literature and music in the last fifty years than all the rest of us put together. Patriotism? That is not yet roused in us. The newspaper poets have done no more than make rhymed catalogues of English soldiers and sailors, or express admiration of the exploits of Belgian and British troops. Kitchener has asked for men, and anxious civilians have obliged him. Trade is dislocated, and idleness is intolerable to a working man—by which I mean a man who works. Patriotism? When there is death in the south wind, then each man will fight for what he loves. If in his country a man loves no more than its beer and its women, then he must be a soldier and fight with force of arms. But if a man loves the creative life of his country, then he must fight within himself, and without, to sustain it; he must keep his mind strong to resist scares and rumours and epidemics of false patriotism (which is no more than exasperation and hatred of the enemy of the moment—the perceived and visible enemy), and all the fevers of war. I would have all artists far removed from London to the peace of the country. Its peace would soon be insupportably boring to those who do not truly love their art, and in their hearts love only the country's beer and women, or their polite equivalents. They would

go and join those who are fighting to preserve them from the menace of death. A nation in arms is the soldier's ideal. Every man is for his trade. But it is not patriotic, it is not practicable—it is fraught, as the European tragedy shows, with disaster. A nation in arms is a barren nation. Its production is not commensurate with its energy, which must, sooner or later, spill over in destruction.

We have for years, perhaps for generations, to pay a heavy price for the confusion and jealousy of the nineteenth century, when discovery marched too fast for our minds and our institutions. This war is only the first instalment of the price, but part of that price must not be the sacrifice of art, of poetry and drama. Rather in the suffering and horror of the coming years these should gain in purity and beauty, cast off the slavishness which have for so long bound them, and give the world more truly than ever before the vision and the beauty without which all human things must perish.

GILBERT CANNAN

## GERMAN CHRONICLE

We understand that the principal literary event of the quarter has been the destruction of the Belgian Library at Louvain. The demolition of Rheims Cathedral is an artistic occurrence also of considerable importance. Both these deeds, we are told, were performed in the interests of European culture.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

The Editor has much pleasure in announcing that the criticism of printed plays, as also a survey of the work of the principal English Repertory Theatres, has been undertaken for the future by the well-known dramatic critic, Mr Ashley Dukes.

LYRICS AND POEMS FROM IBSEN. Translated by F. E. Garrett.  
(Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

It is only a very few years since to English people Ibsen was the last word in modernity; but where are the moderns of yester-year? Ibsen now shares the Parnassus—we beg his Scandinavian pardon, the Valhalla—of Carlyle and Longfellow, Ruskin and Matthew Arnold: men of varying genius but all possessing that rare, that indefinable quality of Mid-Victorianism. Ibsen was never more Mid-Victorian than in his verse; which is not strange considering that it was written in the middle of Queen Victoria's reign. *Brand* is and will remain a work full of spiritual energy and intellectual living; but at this time of day it is extremely difficult to read it through, and if we do read it through



we shall choose Professor Herford's version rather than the late Edmund Garrett's, resourceful though the verse of that gifted man frequently is. Ibsen's lyrics are less interesting; their rhythms are Hemansey jingles, their language mingles the commonplace with the pompous, and though Garrett's translations are good, they leave us unmoved. There is a certain semi-topical interest about the patriotic poems. Here is, for example, a stanza from *A Brother in Need*, written when Norway and Sweden, half pledged to the Danish cause, failed to assist Denmark against the Prussian aggressor:—

“ A people doomed, whose knell is rung,  
Betrayed by every friend ! ”  
Is the book closed and the song sung ?  
Is this our Denmark's end ?  
Who set the craven Colophon,  
While Germans seized the hold,  
And o'er the last Dane lying prone  
Old Denmark's tattered flag was thrown  
With doubly crimsoned fold.”

Verhaeren, happily, need address no such remonstrance to us.

J. C. S.

THE FRANCISCAN POETS IN ITALY OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. By Frederick Ozanam. Translated and annotated by A. E. Nellen and N. C. Craig. (David Nutt. 6/- net.)

It is a curious thing that Ozanam's book, now over sixty years old, has never before been translated into English. It is not the work of a brilliant man or a very profound thinker, and when he generalized, Ozanam was sometimes childish. But he was a learned, simple soul; and on such a subject as S. Francis and his followers he could write from the heart and to the heart. Legend and gossip fill a good deal of his space; critically, his greatest achievement was his virtual discovery of Jacopone da Todi as a great poet. The author of *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*, and the less well-known but equally beautiful *Stabat Mater Speciosa*, was one of the most inspired poets of the middle ages and since Ozanam's day his repute has steadily grown. Even where his language, his images, and the broad outlines of his ecstatic meditations are (in a literary sense) the most “stock,” there always runs through his work a communicative fire of conviction that is unmistakable. Both in his more exalted devotional works in which he worshipped God and praised poverty, and in his satirical pieces wherein he lashed out—with that severity which brought him into conflict with Boniface VIII., and so into jail—at contemporary sinners, lay and clerical, male and female, he is an intensely personal poet, whose individuality impresses itself on the modern reader more forcibly than that of any of his poetic contemporaries either in Italy or in Provence.

J. C. S.

# EXTRACTS FROM RECENT BOOKS

## HOME BURIAL

From *North of  
Boston*, by Robert  
Frost

He saw her from the bottom of the stairs  
Before she saw him. She was starting down,  
Looking back over her shoulder at some fear.  
She took a doubtful step and then undid it  
To raise herself and look again. He spoke,  
Advancing toward her: "What is it you see  
From up there always—for I want to know."  
She turned and sank upon her skirts at that,  
And her face changed from terrified to dull.  
He said to gain time: "What is it you see,"  
Mounting until she cowered under him.  
"I will find out now—you must tell me, dear."  
She, in her place, refused him any help  
With the least stiffening of her neck and silence.  
She let him look, sure that he wouldn't see,  
Blind creature; and a while he didn't see.  
But at last he murmured, "Oh," and again, "Oh."

"What is it—what?" she said.

"Just that I see."

"You don't," she challenged. "Tell me what it is."

"The wonder is I didn't see at once.  
I never noticed it from here before.  
I must be wonted to it—that's the reason.  
The little graveyard where my people are!  
So small the window frames the whole of it.  
Not so much larger than a bedroom, is it?  
There are three stones of slate and one of marble,  
Broad-shouldered little slabs there in the sun-light  
On the sidehill. We haven't to mind *those*.  
But I understand: it is not the stones,  
But the child's mound——"

"Don't, don't, don't, don't," she cried.

She withdrew shrinking from beneath his arm  
That rested on the banister, and slid downstairs;  
And turned on him with such a daunting look,  
He said twice over before he knew himself:  
"Can't a man speak of his own child he's lost?"

"Not you! Oh, where's my hat? Oh, I don't need it!  
I must get out of here. I must get air.  
I don't know rightly whether any man can."

"Amy! Don't go to someone else this time.  
Listen to me. I won't come down the stairs."  
He sat and fixed his chin between his fists.  
"There's something I should like to ask you, dear."

"You don't know how to ask it."

"Help me, then."

Her fingers moved the latch for all reply.

"My words are nearly always an offence.  
I don't know how to speak of anything  
So as to please you. But I might be taught  
I should suppose. I can't say I see how.  
A man must partly give up being a man  
With women-folk. We could have some arrangement  
By which I'd bind myself to keep hands off  
Anything special you're a-mind to name.  
Though I don't like such things 'twixt those that love.  
Two that don't love can't live together without them.  
But two that do can't live together with them."  
She moved the latch a little. "Don't—don't go.  
Don't carry it to someone else this time.  
Tell me about it if it's something human.  
Let me into your grief. I'm not so much  
Unlike other folks as your standing there  
Apart would make me out. Give me my chance.  
I do think, though, you overdo it a little.  
What was it brought you up to think it the thing  
To take your mother-loss of a first child

So inconsolably—in the face of love.  
You'd think his memory might be satisfied——”

“There you go sneering now!”

“I'm not, I'm not!  
You make me angry. I'll come down to you.  
God, what a woman! And it's come to this,  
A man can't speak of his own child that's dead.”

“You can't because you don't know how.  
If you had any feelings, you that dug  
With your own hand—how could you?—his little grave;  
I saw you from that very window there,  
Making the gravel leap and leap in air,  
Leap up, like that, like that, and land so lightly  
And roll back down the mound beside the hole.  
I thought, Who is that man? I didn't know you.  
And I crept down the stairs and up the stairs  
To look again, and still your spade kept lifting.  
Then you came in. I heard your rumbling voice  
Out in the kitchen, and I don't know why,  
But I went near to see with my own eyes.  
You could sit there with the stains on your shoes  
Of the fresh earth from your own baby's grave  
And talk about your everyday concerns.  
You had stood the spade up against the wall  
Outside there in the entry, for I saw it.”

“I shall laugh the worst laugh I ever laughed.  
I'm cursed. God, if I don't believe I'm cursed.”

“I can repeat the very words you were saying.  
'Three foggy mornings and one rainy day  
Will rot the best birch fence a man can build.'  
Think of it, talk like that at such a time!  
What had how long it takes a birch to rot  
To do with what was in the darkened parlour  
You *couldn't* care! The nearest friends can go  
With anyone to death, comes so far short  
They might as well not try to go at all.  
No, from the time when one is sick to death,  
One is alone, and he dies more alone.

Friends make pretence of following to the grave,  
But before one is in it, their minds are turned  
And making the best of their way back to life  
And living people, and things they understand.  
But the world's evil. I won't have grief so  
If I can change it. Oh, I won't, I won't!"

"There, you have said it all and you feel better.  
You won't go now. You're crying. Close the door.  
The heart's gone out of it: why keep it up  
Amy! There's someone coming down the road!"

"*You*—oh, you think the talk is all. I must go—  
Somewhere out of this house. How can I make you——"

"If—you—do!" She was opening the door wider.  
"Where do you mean to go? First tell me that.  
I'll follow and bring you back by force. I *will!* ——"

### THE PAINTER

From *Ballads and  
Burdens.* By V.  
Goldie

His stool is set among the cool, rank grass  
That hides his shabby figure to the waist,  
Where, as the hours in long procession pass,  
With passionate care that may not stoop to haste,  
Oblivious of world and self and neighbour,  
He plies his useless and unending labour.

Beside his easel, on the dazzling ground  
The wide umbrella throws a stain of grey,  
Elsewhere, to the horizon's swimming round,  
The fields illimitably stretch away,  
A gently rolling sea of golden fire,  
Mistily fuming like a burnt-out pyre.

Steep from before his feet the grass runs down  
In thirsty haste towards a streamlet's brink,  
Whither, at noon, slow cattle, white and brown,  
Came wading through the fleshy reeds to drink,  
With tails awisk and thoughtful, blinking eyes,  
Under the torment of the greedy flies.

But now, beneath the turquoise-lacquered sky,  
The countryside lies empty, far and near,  
No sign of moving life distracts his eye,  
No other sound affronts his dozing ear  
Than an unbroken chorus from a throng  
Of hidden grasshoppers in changeless song.

So through the loitering summer afternoon,  
Careless of hunger, thirst or weariness,  
Scorched by the flaming tyranny of June,  
Cramped from so long remaining motionless,  
Unknown, old, solitary, second-rate,  
He sits and paints, and asks no more of fate.

#### INVOCATION

From *The Sun  
Thief, and Other  
Verses.* By Rhys  
Carpenter

Men of old, men of old,  
Hearts of iron, lips of gold,  
Spirits of intensest fire,  
Lovers of the sword and lyre,  
Conquerors in ancient lands,  
Journeyers on unknown strands,  
Voyagers upon the seas  
    From misty Pontus in the East  
To thunderous gates of Heracles ;  
    Glad and wise amid the feast,  
Singers of the songs of gold,  
Fearless, faithful, strong and bold,  
Join me to your shadow throng,  
Teach me ritual of song,  
Give me, as ye had of old,  
Heart of iron, lips of gold.

# BOOK LIST OF THE QUARTER

## ENGLISH POETRY

- A Reading of Life, and Other Poems.* By M. Revell. (Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Along the Way: A Little Book of Devotional Verses.* By C. d'Evill. (Yeovil: Whitty. 6d. net.)
- An Ambitious Man.* By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Gay and Hancock. 1s. net.)
- An Elegy written in Westminster Abbey, and Other Poems.* By William Shepperley. (Jones and Evans. 1s. net.)
- An Epilogue, and Other Poems.* By Seumas O'Sullivan. (Maunsell. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Back Numbers.* By H. Watt. Illustrated by Lady Sybil Grant. (2s. 6d. net.)
- Ballads of Old Bristol.* By Rose E. Sharland. (Bristol: Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin. 1s. net.)
- Bits of Things.* By Five Girton Students. (Heffer. 1s. net.)
- Contemplations: Poems.* By William de la Caumont-Force. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Eve Repentant, and Other Poems.* By Augustus H. Cook. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)
- First Fruits.* By Frances Wendell Butler-Thwing. (Blackwell. 2s., 1s. 6d. net.)
- For All We Have and Are.* By Rudyard Kipling. (Methuen. 1d. net.)
- For Valour.* By Edith Horsfall. (Scott. 1s. net.)
- Hammer and File.* By A Son of the Workshop. (Jarrold. 1s. net.)
- In a Minor Vein: Life, Love, and Death.* By Lucy Scott Bower. (Paris: Sansot.)
- In the Open Firmament, and Other Poems.* By Egypt. (Stockwell. 6d. net.)
- In the Silence.* By Eila Deene. (Fifield. 1s. net.)
- In the Time of Apple Blossom, and Other Poems.* By Joan Tamworth. (Mathews. 2s. net.)
- Italiana.* By Harriot Wolff. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Laughing Lyrics, and Others.* By A. Eversley. (Heath, Cranton. 1s. net.)
- Life's Keypoint, and Other Poems.* By Mabel G. Palmer. (Lynwood. 1s. net.)
- Lux Juventutis: A Book of Verse.* By Katherine A. Esdaile. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Lyrics of the Open.* By Mary G. Cherry. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Miscellaneous Poems.* By S. A. Buck. (Brockhill.)
- More Ballads from the Danish, and Original Verses.* By E. M. Smith-Dampier. (Melrose. 2s. net.)
- Mythological Rhymes.* Two Volumes. By Sir Reed Gooch Baggorre. (Hodgson. 4s. net each.)
- Oxford.* By Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne. (Author, Oakthorpe Road, Oxford. 1s. net.)
- Pisgah, or The Choice.* By Walter Stanley Senior. The Triennial Prize Poem on a Sacred Subject in the University of Oxford, 1914. (Blackwell. 1s. net.)
- Poems of Problems.* By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Gay and Hancock. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Marian Osborne. (Chiswick Press. 1s. net.)

- Random Rhymes of a Vectensian.* By Charles Arnell. (Isle of Wight : County Press. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Reveries : Verse.* By John J. Gurnett. (Theo. Pub. Society. 3d. net.)
- Songs of the Narrow Way. Verses from an African Mission.* By R. Keable. (Mowbray. 1s. net.)
- Songs of a Jew.* By P. M. Rasline. With a Foreword by Israel Zangwill. (Routledge. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Sonnets, and Other Poems.* By Charles Cammell. (Humphreys. 5s. net.)
- South Country Idylls.* By F. J. Williams. (Stockwell. 2s. net.)
- Sound Wings.* By E. Herrick. (Allenson. 2s. net.)
- The Abode of the Soul : A Dream.* By F. L. S. (Garden City Press. 2s. net.)
- The Australian Girl, and Other Verses.* By Ethel Castilla. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Burial of Sophocles.* By Robert W. Sterling. The Newdigate Prize Poem, 1914. (Blackwell. 1s. net.)
- The Brood of Light.* By C. R. Crowther. (Fifield. 1s. net.)
- The Inalienable Heritage, and Other Poems.* By Emily Lawless. With a preface by Edith Sicell. (Privately printed.)
- The Maid of Malta, and Other Poems.* By Thomas Rowley. (Drane. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Masque of War, and Other Verse.* (London : Jarrold. 1s. net.)
- The Sun-Thief, and Other Poems.* By Rhys Carpenter. (Milford. 5s. net.)  
[Noticed on p. 297.]
- The Teacher's Day, and Other Poems.* By John Nickal. (Longmans. 1s. net.)
- The Tragedy of Etarre : A Poem.* By Rhys Carpenter. (Milford. 5s. net.)
- Titine : A Dream Romance.* By Binnie Hay. (Andrew Elliot. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Two Lives Apart, and Other Poems and Sonnets.* By Walter Baxendale. (Truslove and Bray. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Voices of Womanhood.* By Ethel Carnie. (Headley. 2s. net.)
- Wayfaring : Ballads and Songs.* By Tinsley Pratt. (Mathews. 1s. and 1s. 6d. net.)
- Whispering Leaves, and Other Poems.* By M. Y. W. (Stockwell. 1s. net.)

#### ANTHOLOGIES

- A Treasury of Verse for Little Ones.* Edited by Alethea Chaplin. (Harrap. 1s. net.)
- Love Poems.* Selected by R. M. Leonard. Oxford Garlands. (Milford. 7d. net.)
- Poems of the Great War.* (Chatto. 1s. net.) [Noticed on p. 300.]
- Poems on Sport.* Selected by R. M. Leonard. Oxford Garlands. (Milford. 7d. net.)
- Religious Poems.* Selected by R. M. Leonard. Oxford Garlands. (Milford. 7d. net.)
- Song and Wings : A Posy of Bird Poems for Young and Old.* Edited by Isa Postgate. (De la More Press. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Sonnets.* Selected by R. M. Leonard. Oxford Garlands. (Milford. 7d. net.)
- The Children's Cameos of Poetry and Prose. For use in Schools.* (Philip. 3d. paper ; 4d. cloth net.) [Noticed on p. 299.]
- The Flower of Peace : A Collection of Devotional Poetry.* Selected by Katharine Tynan. (Burns and Oates. 5s. net.)



- The Greek Anthology: Epigrams from Anthologia Palatina XII.* Translated into English verse by Sydney Oswald. (Privately issued. 5s. net.)
- The Little Book of Modern Verse.* Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. (London: Constable. 5s. net. New York: Mifflin. 5s. net.)
- The Lore of the Wanderer: An Open-Air Anthology.* Edited by George Goodchild. The Wayfarers Library. (Dent. 1s. net.)
- The Sea's Anthology: From the Earliest Times down to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century.* Edited by J. E. Patterson. (Heinemann. 2s. net.)
- [Noticed on p. 300.]

#### REPRINTS AND COLLECTED EDITIONS

- Crabbe, George: Poetical Works.* Oxford Edition of Standard Authors. (Milford. 1s. 6d. net.) [Noticed on p. 301.]
- For England's Sake: Verses and Songs in Time of War.* By W. E. Henley. Cheaper re-issue. (Nutt. 1s.)
- Gray, Thomas: English Poems.* Edited by R. F. Charles. (Cambridge University Press. 2s.)
- Hymn Before Action.* By Rudyard Kipling. (Methuen. 1d. net.)
- If —* By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan. 1d. net.)
- Keats, John: Hyperion.* Edited with an Introduction by M. Robertson, and Notes and Appendices. (Milford. 2s.)
- Lyra Nigerae.* By E. C. Adams. Second Edition. (Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Old French Romances by William Morris.* Done into English. With an Introduction by Joseph Jacobs. New Edition. (Allen. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Pencil Drawings by Alice Ross. (Nimmo. 4s. 6d. net, 2s. 6d. net.)
- Recessional.* By Rudyard Kipling. (Methuen. 1d. net.)
- Tennyson, Alfred, Lord: Poems Published in 1842.* With an Introduction and Notes by A. M. D. Hughes. (Milford. 4s. 6d.)
- Tennyson: Enoch Arden.* Edited with Introduction and Notes by H. Marwick. (Milford. 1s.)
- The Blue Poetry Book.* Edited by Andrew Lang. Cheap Edition. (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* Translated into English Verse by Edward Fitzgerald. With Illustrations photographed from Life Studies by Adelaide Hanscom and Blanche Cumming. (Harrap. 21s. net.)
- Whitman, Walt: Leaves of Grass (Selected).* (C. H. Kelly. 10d. net.)
- Wordsworth: Poems, 1807.* Edited by Darbishire. (Milford. Two Volumes. 4s. 6d.)

#### DRAMA

- Arthur of Britain.* By Reginald R. Buckley. (Williams and Norgate. 5s. net.)
- Bjornsen, Bjornstjerne: Plays.* Second Series. (Duckworth. 6s. net.)
- Comrades: A Play in Four Acts.* By August Strindberg. Translated by H. B. Samuel. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)

- Driven: A Play in Four Acts.* By E. Temple Thurston. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Five Plays: The Country Dressmaker—The Moonlighter—The Pie Dish—The Magic Glasses—The Dandy Dolls.* By George Fitzmaurice. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Four Irish Plays: Mixed Marriage—The Magnanimous Lover—The Critics—The Orangeman.* By St. John Ervine. (Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Genius at War: A Masque.* By R. C. Fletcher. (Drane. 2s. net.)
- Ibsen, Henrik: A Doll's House.* (Hendersons. 7d. net.)
- Ibsen, Henrik: An Enemy of Society.* (Hendersons. 7d. net.)
- Ibsen, Henrik: Ghosts.* (Hendersons. 7d. net.)
- Ibsen, Henrik: Rosmersholm.* (Hendersons. 7d. net.)
- Ibsen, Henrik: The Lady from the Sea.* (Hendersons. 7d. net.)
- Ibsen, Henrik: Pillars of Society.* (Hendersons. 7d. net.)
- In Andalusia Long Ago: A Poetic Drama in Four Acts.* By Roland Hill. (Low. 5s. net.)
- Jephthah's Daughter.* By Anna Bunston. (Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Paria, Simoon.* Two Plays. By August Strindberg. Translated by H. B. Samuel. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)
- Robin Hood and His Merry Men: A Play in Two Acts.* By Elizabeth F. Matheson. (Milford. 6d. net.)
- The Bey of Bamra.* By F. Maynard Bridge. (The Year Book Press. 9d. net.)
- The Creditor: A Play in One Act.* By August Strindberg. Translated by H. B. Samuel. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)
- The Dumb and the Blind: A Play in One Act.* By Harold Chapin. (Gowans. 6d. net.)
- The Dramatic Works of Gerhardt Hauptmann.* Vol. III., *Domestic Dramas.* Vol. IV., *Symbolic and Legendary Dramas.* Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. (Secker. 5s. net.)
- The Joy of Living: A Play in Five Acts.* By Hermann Sudermann. (Duckworth. 4s. 6d. net.)
- The King of the Dark Chamber.* By Rabindranath Tagore. Translated into English by the Author. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)
- The Looms of the Gods: A Drama of Reincarnation.* By John S. Carroll. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Post Office: A Play.* By Rabindranath Tagore. Translated by Devabrata Mukergia. (Cuala Press. 7s. 6d.)
- The Riot Act: A Play in Three Acts.* By James Sexton. (Constable. 1s., 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Stronger Woman, Motherly Love.* Two Plays by August Strindberg. Translated by H. B. Samuel. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)
- The Triumph of Peace: A Drama in Three Acts.* By Ivy M. Clayton. (R. E. Jones. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Waldies: A Play in Four Acts.* By G. J. Hamlin. (Sigdwick. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Three Plays: The Fugitive, The Pigeon, The Mob.* By John Galsworthy. (Duckworth. 6s.)

[A certain number of the above books have been held over for review by Mr. Ashley Dukes in the December issue of POETRY AND DRAMA.]

## AMERICAN BOOKS RECEIVED

- Arrows in the Gale.* By Arturo Giovannitti. With Introduction by Helen Keller. (Published at Hillacre, U.S.A. 5s. net.)
- Brunellschi : A Poem.* By John Galen Howard. (Howell. 30s. net.)
- Eris : A Dramatic Allegory.* By Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff. (Moffatt, Yard and Co. 5s. net.)
- Life Harmonies.* By Benjamin Fisher. (Franklin : Ohio.)
- My Rubaiyat.* By Sadakichi Hartmann. (Published by the Author, Mangan Printing Works, St. Louis.)
- Syrinx : Pastels of Hellas.* By Mitchell S. Buck. (Claire Marie. 6s. net.)
- The Continental Drama of To-day : Outlines for its Study.* By Barrett H. Clark. (Holt. 6s. 6d. net.)
- The Sister of the Wind, and Other Poems.* By Grace Fallow Norton. (Mifflin. 6s. net.)
- Three Political Tragedies : Napoleon, The Lion at Bay, The Tyrolese Patriots.* By Charles G. Fall. (Published by the Author, Cohasset, Mass. 6s. net.)

## MISCELLANEOUS

- A Concordance to the Poetical and Dramatic Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.* (Kegan Paul. 25s. net.)
- Amori ac Silentio e Le Rime Sparse.* By Adolfo de Bosis. (Milan : Studio Editoriale, Lombardo. 4 lire.)
- Arnold, Matthew : Essays. Including Essays in Criticism, 1865, On Translating Homer, etc.* Oxford Edition of Standard Authors. (Milford. 1s. 6d., 2s. net.)
- Aucassin and Nicolette.* Translated from the original Old French by Dulcie Lawrence Smith. Illustrated by Eileen Lawrence Smith. (Melrose. 14s. net.)
- A Walk in Other Worlds with Dante.* By Marion S. Bainbrigg. (Kegan Paul. 6s. net.)
- Beowulf : A Metrical Translation into Modern English.* By John R. Clark Hall. (Camb. Univ. Press. 2s. 6d. net.) [Noticed on p. 301.]
- Bibliography of Oscar Wilde.* By Stuart Mason. With a Note by Robert Ross. (T. W. Laurie. 25s. net.)
- Calendar, 1915.* Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Simpkin. 1s. net.)
- Edmund Spenser and the Impersonations of Francis Bacon.* By Edward George Harman. (Constable. 16s. net.)
- Elizabethan Literature.* By J. M. Robertson. Home Univ. Library. (Williams and Norgate. 1s. net.)
- English History in Contemporary Poetry.* By Herbert Bruce. Nos. 1 to 4. (Bell. 1s. net each.)
- English History in Contemporary Poetry.* No. V. The Eighteenth Century. By Miss C. L. Thomson. (Bell. 1s. net.)
- Essays.* By Alice Meynell. Collected Edition. (Burns and Oates. 5s. net.)
- Euripides : Alcestis. The Greek Text, with English Verse Translation Parallel.* By Sixth Form Boys of Bradfield College. (Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)

- Euripides: Heracles.* With Introduction and Notes by O. R. A. Byrde. (Milford. 2s. 6d.)
- Gnomic Poetry in Anglo-Saxon.* Edited, with Introduction, Notes and Glossary, by Blanche Colton Williams. (Milford. 6s. 6d. net.)
- In Time of War: A Hymn.* (Simpkin. Words only 1s. 6d. net per 100. With music, 2d. each.)
- Les Poètes Français du XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle, 1800-1885. Étude prosodique et littéraire.* By Auguste Auzas. (Milford. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Lyrics.* By Gil Vicente. (With the Portuguese Text.) Translated by Aubrey F. G. Bell. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Modern English Literature: From Chaucer to the Present Day.* By G. H. Mair. (Williams and Norgate. 6s. net.)
- Ovid: Elegiac Poems.* Three Volumes. Edited by J. W. E. Pearce. (Milford. 2s.)
- Primer of French Literature and History. With Notes on Prosody and the History of the Language.* By J. P. R. Marichal. (Dent. 2s.)
- Royal Navy War Song Album.* (Newnes. 6d. net.)
- Shakespeare: The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by J. C. Scrimgeour. (Macmillan. 3s.)
- Some Leisure Hours of a Long Life: Translations into Greek, Latin, and English Verse from 1850 to 1914.* By Henry Montagu Butler. (Bowes and Bowes. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Songs of Sea Labour (Chanties).* By F. T. Bullen and W. F. Arnold. (Orpheus Music Pub. Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Studies in the Odyssey.* By J. A. K. Thomson. (Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.)
- The Keats Letters, Papers, and Other Relics. Forming the Delhi Bequest in the Hampstead Public Library.* Edited with full Transcription and Notes, and an account of the Portraits of Keats. (Lane. 63s. net.)
- The Life of James Thomson ("B.V.").* By H. S. Salt. Revised Edition. (Watts. 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Press and Poetry of Modern Persia.* By Edward G. Browne. Illustrated. (Camb. Univ. Press. 12s. net.)
- The Spirit of Japanese Poetry.* By Yone Noguchi. Wisdom of the East Series. (Murray. 2s. net.)
- The Theatre of Max Reinhardt.* By Huntley Carter. (Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.)
- The Theory of Poetry in England, its Development in Doctrines and Ideas from the Sixteenth Century to the Nineteenth Century.* By R. P. Cowl. (Macmillan. 5s. net.) [Noticed on p. 298].
- University Drama in the Tudor Age.* By F. S. Boas. (Milford. 14s. net.)

# CONTENTS

	PAGE
ANNOUNCEMENT	322
STUDIES :	
On Impressionism (Second Article) . . . . . <i>Ford Madox Hueffer</i>	323
French Literature and the War . . . . . <i>Remy de Gourmont</i>	335
War Poetry . . . . . <i>Edward Thomas</i>	341
NEW POETRY	347
CRITICISM AND CHRONICLES :	
English Poetry . . . . . <i>Harold Monro</i>	375
Anthologies and Reprints . . . . . <i>Edward Thomas</i>	384
Translations . . . . . <i>Edward Storer</i>	388
Chapbooks and Broad-sides . . . . . <i>Lascelles Abercrombie</i>	390
French Chronicle . . . . . <i>F. S. Flint</i>	393
Italian Chronicle . . . . . <i>Arundel del Rè</i>	403
American Chronicle . . . . . <i>John Alford</i>	407
Dramatic Chronicle . . . . . <i>Gilbert Cannan</i>	413
The Repertory Theatres . . . . . <i>Ashley Dukes</i>	416
Printed Plays . . . . .	420
Extracts from Recent Poetry . . . . .	424
Book List of the Quarter . . . . .	434

# ANNOUNCEMENT

IT has been decided to suspend the publication of this periodical for one year. POETRY AND DRAMA will reappear, circumstances permitting, early in 1916.

It is impossible for the Editor to express the reluctance with which he is forced to this decision. POETRY AND DRAMA was slowly gaining for itself a permanent place among the periodicals : a public had been formed ; the circulation was steadily increasing ; the strength and general quality of the whole was, he ventures to believe, through the support of a valuable nucleus of occasional contributors, the loyal co-operation of a permanent staff of chroniclers, and a persevering search for new talent or promise, gradually improving.

As the weeks pass, however, it becomes increasingly evident that the attention of the public must inevitably remain fixed on one issue only—the preservation of National Liberty. The consideration and, indeed, the production of literature require leisure of mind. The suspension of this periodical is designed to last until we have been so fortunate as to regain that leisure.

Meanwhile, the Poetry Bookshop will remain open for such as may need it, and will maintain, in every possible manner, the principal interests now represented in POETRY AND DRAMA.

# ON IMPRESSIONISM

## SECOND ARTICLE \*

I HAVE been trying to think what are the objections to Impressionism as I understand it—or rather what alternative method could be found. It seems to me that one is an Impressionist because one tries to produce an illusion of reality—or rather the business of Impressionism is to produce that illusion. The subject is one enormously complicated and is full of negatives. Thus the Impressionist author is sedulous to avoid letting his personality appear in the course of his book. On the other hand, his whole book, his whole poem is merely an expression of his personality. Let me illustrate exactly what I mean. You set out to write a story, or you set out to write a poem, and immediately your attempt becomes one creating an illusion, You attempt to involve the reader amongst the personages of the story or in the atmosphere of the poem. You do this by presentation and by presentation and again by presentation. The moment you depart from presentation, the moment you allow yourself, as a poet, to introduce the ejaculation :

“O Muse Pindarian, aid me to my theme ;”

or the moment that, as a story-teller, you permit yourself the luxury of saying :

“Now, gentle reader, is my heroine not a very sweet and oppressed lady?”—

at that very moment your reader's illusion that he is present at an affair in real life or that he has been transported by your poem into an

\* Mr Hueffer's first article appeared in POETRY AND DRAMA No. 6, June, 1914.

## *On Impressionism*

atmosphere entirely other than that of his arm-chair or his chimney-corner—at that very moment that illusion will depart. Now the point is this :

The other day I was discussing these matters with a young man whose avowed intention is to sweep away Impressionism. And, after I had energetically put before him the views that I have here expressed, he simply remarked : “ Why try to produce an illusion ? ” To which I could only reply : “ Why then write ? ”

I have asked myself frequently since then why one should try to produce an illusion of reality in the mind of one's reader. Is it just an occupation like any other—like postage-stamp collecting, let us say—or is it the sole end and aim of art ? I have spent the greater portion of my working life in preaching that particular doctrine : is it possible, then, that I have been entirely wrong ?

Of course it is possible for any man to be entirely wrong ; but I confess myself to being as yet unconverted. The chief argument of my futurist friend was that producing an illusion causes the writer so much trouble as not to be worth while. That does not seem to me to be an argument worth very much because—and again I must say it seems to me—the business of an artist is surely to take trouble, but this is probably doing my friend's position, if not his actual argument, an injustice. I am aware that there are quite definite æsthetic objections to the business of producing an illusion. In order to produce an illusion you must justify ; in order to justify you must introduce a certain amount of matter that may not appear germane to your story or to your poem. Sometimes, that is to say, it would appear as if for the purpose of proper bringing out of a very slight Impressionist sketch the artist would need an altogether disproportionately enormous frame ; a frame absolutely monstrous. Let me again illustrate exactly what I mean. It is not sufficient to say : “ Mr Jones was a gentleman who had a strong aversion to rabbit-pie.” It is not sufficient, that is to say, if Mr Jones's dislike for rabbit-pie is an integral part of your story. And it is quite possible that a dislike for one form or other of food might form the integral part of a story. Mr Jones might be a hard-worked coal-miner with a well-meaning wife, whom he disliked because he was developing a passion for a frivolous girl. And it might be quite possible that one evening the well-meaning wife, not knowing her husband's peculiarities,



but desiring to give him a special and extra treat, should purchase from a stall a couple of rabbits and spend many hours in preparing for him a pie of great succulence, which should be a solace to him when he returns, tired with his labours and rendered nervous by his growing passion for the other lady. The rabbit-pie would then become a symbol—a symbol of the whole tragedy of life. It would symbolize for Mr Jones the whole of his wife's want of sympathy for him and the whole of his distaste for her ; his reception of it would symbolize for Mrs Jones the whole hopelessness of her life, since she had expended upon it inventiveness, sedulous care, sentiment, and a good will. From that position, with the rabbit-pie always in the centre of the discussion, you might work up to the murder of Mrs Jones, to Mr Jones's elopement with the other lady—to any tragedy that you liked. For indeed the position contains, as you will perceive, the whole tragedy of life.

And the point is this, that if your tragedy is to be absolutely convincing, it is not sufficient to introduce the fact of Mr Jones's dislike for rabbit-pie by the bare statement. According to your temperament you must sufficiently account for that dislike. You might do it by giving Mr Jones a German grandmother, since all Germans have a peculiar loathing for the rabbit and regard its flesh as unclean. You might then find it necessary to account for the dislike the Germans have for these little creatures ; you might have to state that this dislike is a self-preservative race instinct, since in Germany the rabbit is apt to eat certain poisonous fungi, so that one out of every ten will cause the death of its consumer, or you might proceed with your justification of Mr Jones's dislike for rabbit-pie along different lines. You might say that it was a nervous aversion caused by having been violently thrashed when a boy by his father at a time when a rabbit-pie was upon the table. You might then have to go on to justify the nervous temperament of Mr Jones by saying that his mother drank or that his father was a man too studious for his position. You might have to pursue almost endless studies in the genealogy of Mr Jones ; because, of course, you might want to account for the studiousness of Mr Jones's father by making him the bastard son of a clergyman, and then you might want to account for the libidinous habits of the clergyman in question. That will be simply a matter of your artistic conscience.

You have to make Mr Jones's dislike for rabbits convincing. You

## *On Impressionism*

have to make it in the first place convincing to your reader alone ; but the odds are that you will try to make it convincing also to yourself, since you yourself in this solitary world of ours will be the only reader that you really and truly know. Now all these attempts at justification, all these details of parentage and the like, may very well prove uninteresting to your reader. They are, however, necessary if your final effect of murder is to be a convincing impression.

But again, if the final province of art is to convince, its first province is to interest. So that, to the extent that your justification is uninteresting, it is an artistic defect. It may sound paradoxical, but the truth is that your Impressionist can only get his strongest effects by using beforehand a great deal of what one may call non-Impressionism. He will make, that is to say, an enormous impression on his reader's mind by the use of three words. But very likely each one of those three words will be prepared for by ten thousand other words. Now are we to regard those other words as being entirely unnecessary, as being, that is to say, so many artistic defects? That I take to be my futurist friend's ultimate assertion,

Says he: "All these elaborate conventions of Conrad or of Maupassant give the reader the impression that a story is being told—all these meetings of bankers and master-mariners in places like the Ship Inn at Greenwich, and all Maupassant's dinner-parties, always in the politest circles, where a countess or a fashionable doctor or someone relates a passionate or a pathetic or a tragic or a merely grotesque incident—as you have it, for instance, in the 'Contes de la Bécasse'—all this machinery for getting a story told is so much waste of time. A story is a story ; why not just tell it anyhow? You can never tell what sort of an impression you will produce upon a reader. Then why bother about Impressionism? Why not just chance your luck?"

There is a good deal to be said for this point of view. Writing up to my own standards is such an intolerable labour and such a thankless job, since it can't give me the one thing in the world that I desire—that for my part I am determined to drop creative writing for good and all. But I, like all writers of my generation, have been so handicapped that there is small wonder that one should be tired out. On the one hand the difficulty of getting hold of any critical guidance was, when I was a boy, insuperable. There was nothing. Criticism was

non-existent ; self-conscious art was decried ; you were supposed to write by inspiration ; you were the young generation with the vine-leaves in your hair, knocking furiously at the door. On the other hand, one writes for money, for fame, to excite the passion of love, to make an impression upon one's time. Well, God knows what one writes for. But it is certain that one gains neither fame nor money ; certainly one does not excite the passion of love, and one's time continues to be singularly unimpressed.

But young writers to-day have a much better chance, on the æsthetic side at least. Here and there, in nooks and corners, they can find someone to discuss their work, not from the point of view of goodness or badness or of niceness or of nastiness, but from the simple point of view of expediency. The moment you can say : "Is it expedient to print *vers libre* in long or short lines, or in the form of prose, or not to print it at all, but to recite it?"—the moment you can find someone to discuss these expediences calmly, or the moment that you can find someone with whom to discuss the relative values of justifying your character or of abandoning the attempt to produce an illusion of reality—at that moment you are very considerably helped ; whereas an admirer of your work might fall down and kiss your feet and it would not be of the very least use to you.

## II.

This adieu, like Herrick's, to poesy, may seem to be a digression. Indeed it is ; and indeed it isn't. It is, that is to say, a digression in the sense that it is a statement not immediately germane to the argument that I am carrying on. But it is none the less an insertion fully in accord with the canons of Impressionism as I understand it. For the first business of Impressionism is to produce an impression, and the only way in literature to produce an impression is to awaken interest. And, in a sustained argument, you can only keep interest awakened by keeping alive, by whatever means you may have at your disposal, the surprise of your reader. You must state your argument ; you must illustrate it, and then you must stick in something that appears to have nothing whatever to do with either subject or illustration, so that the reader will exclaim : "What the devil is the fellow driving at?" And then you must go on in the same way—arguing, illustrating and

## *On Impressionism*

startling and arguing, startling and illustrating—until at the very end your contentions will appear like a ravelled skein. And then, in the last few lines, you will draw towards you the master-string of that seeming confusion, and the whole pattern of the carpet, the whole design of the net-work will be apparent.

This method, you will observe, founds itself upon analysis of the human mind. For no human being likes listening to long and sustained arguments. Such listening is an effort, and no artist has the right to call for any effort from his audience. A picture should come out of its frame and seize the spectator.

Let us now consider the audience to which the artist should address himself. Theoretically a writer should be like the Protestant angel, a messenger of peace and goodwill towards all men. But, inasmuch as the Wingless Victory appears monstrously hideous to a Hottentot, and a beauty of Tunis detestable to the inhabitants of these fortunate islands, it is obvious that each artist must adopt a frame of mind, less Catholic possibly, but certainly more Papist, and address himself, like the angel of the Vulgate, only *hominibus bonæ voluntatis*. He must address himself to such men as be of goodwill; that is to say, he must typify for himself a human soul in sympathy with his own; a silent listener who will be attentive to him, and whose mind acts very much as his acts. According to the measure of this artist's identity with his species, so will be the measure of his temporal greatness. That is why a book, to be really popular, must be either extremely good or extremely bad. For Mr Hall Caine has millions of readers; but then Guy de Maupassant and Flaubert have tens of millions.

I suppose the proposition might be put in another way. Since the great majority of mankind are, on the surface, vulgar and trivial—the stuff to fill graveyards—the great majority of mankind will be easily and quickly affected by art which is vulgar and trivial. But, inasmuch as this world is a very miserable purgatory for most of us sons of men—who remain stuff with which graveyards are filled—inasmuch as horror, despair and incessant strivings are the lot of the most trivial of humanity, who endure them as a rule with commonsense and cheerfulness—so, if a really great master strike the note of horror, of despair, of striving, and so on, he will stir chords in the hearts of a larger number of people than those who are moved by the merely vulgar and

the merely trivial. This is probably why Madame Bovary has sold more copies than any book ever published, except, of course, books purely religious. But the appeal of religious books is exactly similar.

It may be said that the appeal of Madame Bovary is largely sexual. So it is, but it is only in countries like England and the United States that the abominable tortures of sex—or, if you will, the abominable interests of sex—are not supposed to take rank alongside of the horrors of lost honour, commercial ruin, or death itself. For all these things are the components of life, and each is of equal importance.

So, since Flaubert is read in Russia, in Germany, in France, in the United States, amongst the non-Anglo-Saxon population, and by the immense populations of South America, he may be said to have taken for his audience the whole of the world that could possibly be expected to listen to a man of his race. (I except, of course, the Anglo-Saxons who cannot be confidently expected to listen to anything other than the words produced by Mr George Edwardes, and musical comedy in general.)

My futurist friend again visited me yesterday, and we discussed this very question of audiences. Here again he said that I was entirely wrong. He said that an artist should not address himself to *l'homme moyen sensuel*, but to intellectuals, to people who live at Hampstead and wear no hats. (He withdrew his contention later.)

I maintain on my own side that one should address oneself to the cabmen round the corner, but this also is perhaps an exaggeration. My friend's contention on behalf of the intellectuals was not so much due to his respect for their intellects. He said that they knew the A B C of an art, and that it is better to address yourself to an audience that knows the A B C of an art than to an audience entirely untrammelled by such knowledge. In this I think he was wrong, for the intellectuals are persons of very conventional mind, and they acquire as a rule simultaneously with the A B C of any art the knowledge of so many conventions that it is almost impossible to make any impression upon their minds. Hampstead and the hatless generally offer an impervious front to futurisms, simply because they have imbibed from Whistler and the Impressionists the convention that painting should not be literary. Now every futurist picture tells a story; so that rules out futurism. Similarly with the cubists. Hampstead has

## *On Impressionism*

imbibed, from God knows where, the dogma that all art should be based on life, or should at least draw its inspiration and its strength from the representation of nature. So there goes cubism, since cubism is non-representational, has nothing to do with life, and has a quite proper contempt of nature.

When I produced my argument that one should address oneself to the cabmen at the corner, my futurist friend at once flung to me the jeer about Tolstoi and the peasant. Now the one sensible thing in the long drivel of nonsense with which Tolstoi misled this dull world was the remark that art should be addressed to the peasant. My futurist friend said that that was sensible for an artist living in Russia or Roumania, but it was an absurd remark to be let fall by a critic living on Campden Hill. His view was that you cannot address yourself to the peasant unless that peasant have evoked folk-song or folk-lore. I don't know why that was his view, but that was his view.

It seems to me to be nonsensical, even if the inner meaning of his dictum was that art should be addressed to a community of practising artists. Art, in fact, should be addressed to those who are not pre-occupied. It is senseless to address a *Sirventes* to a man who is going mad with love, and an *Imagiste* poem will produce little effect upon another man who is going through the bankruptcy court.

It is probable that Tolstoi thought that in Russia the non-preoccupied mind was to be found solely amongst the peasant class, and that is why he said that works of art should be addressed to the peasant. I don't know how it may be in Russia, but certainly in Occidental Europe the non-preoccupied mind—which is the same thing as the peasant intelligence—is to be found scattered throughout every grade of society. When I used just now the instances of a man made for love, or distracted by the prospect of personal ruin, I was purposely misleading. For a man mad as a hatter for love of a worthless creature, or a man maddened by the tortures of bankruptcy, by dishonour or by failure, may yet have, by the sheer necessity of his nature, a mind more receptive than most other minds. The mere craving for relief from his personal thoughts may make him take quite unusual interest in a work of art. So that is not preoccupation in my intended sense, but for a moment the false statement crystallised quite clearly what I was aiming at.

The really impassible mind is not the mind quickened by passion, but the mind rendered slothful by preoccupation purely trivial. The "English gentleman" is, for instance, an absolutely hopeless being from this point of view. His mind is so taken up by considerations of what is good form, of what is good feeling, of what is even good fellowship; he is so concerned to pass unnoticed in the crowd; he is so set upon having his room like everyone else's room, that he will find it impossible to listen to any plea for art which is exceptional, vivid, or startling. The cabman, on the other hand, does not mind being thought a vulgar sort of bloke; in consequence he will form a more possible sort of audience. On the other hand, amongst the purely idler classes it is perfectly possible to find individuals who are so firmly and titularly gentle folk that they don't have to care a damn what they do. These again are possible audiences for the artist. The point is really, I take it, that the preoccupation that is fatal to art is the moral or the social preoccupation. Actual preoccupations matter very little. Your cabman may drive his taxi through exceedingly difficult streets; he may have half-a-dozen close shaves in a quarter of an hour. But when those things are over they are over, and he has not the necessity of a cabman. His point of view as to what is art, good form, or, let us say, the proper relation of the sexes, is unaffected. He may be a hungry man, a thirsty man, or even a tired man, but he will not necessarily have his finger upon his moral pulse, and he will not hold as æsthetic dogma the idea that no painting must tell a story, or the moral dogma that passion only becomes respectable when you have killed it.

It is these accursed dicta that render an audience hopeless to the artist, that render art a useless pursuit and the artist himself a despised individual.

So that those are the best individuals for an artist's audience who have least listened to accepted ideas—who are acquainted with deaths at street corners, with the marital infidelities of crowded courts, with the goodness of heart of the criminal, with the meanness of the undetected or the sinless, who know the queer odd jumble of negatives that forms our miserable and hopeless life. If I had to choose as reader I would rather have one who had never read anything before but the Newgate Calendar, or the records of crime, starvation and divorce in the Sunday paper—I would rather have him for a reader than the man who had

## *On Impressionism*

discovered the song that the sirens sang, or had by heart the whole of the *Times* Literary Supplement, from its inception to the present day. Such a peasant intelligence will know that this is such a queer world that anything may be possible. And that is the type of intelligence that we need.

Of course, it is more difficult to find these intelligences in the town than in the rural districts. A man thatching all day long has time for many queer thoughts ; so has a man who from sunrise to sunset is trimming a hedge into shape with a bagging hook. I have, I suppose, myself thought more queer thoughts when digging potatoes than at any other time during my existence. It is, for instance, very queer if you are digging potatoes in the late evening, when it has grown cool after a very hot day, to thrust your hand into the earth after a potato and to find that the earth is quite warm—is about flesh-heat. Of course, the clods would be warm because the sun would have been shining on them all day, and the air gives up its heat much quicker than the earth. But it is none the less a queer sensation.

Now, if the person experiencing that sensation have what I call a peasant intelligence, he will just say that it is a queer thing and will store it away in his mind along with his other experiences. It will go along with the remembrance of hard frost, of fantastic icycles, the death of rabbits pursued by stoats, the singularly quick ripening of corn in a certain year, the fact that such and such a man was overlooked by a wise woman and so died because, his wife, being tired of him, had paid the wise woman five sixpences which she had laid upon the table in the form of a crown ; or along with the other fact that a certain man murdered his wife by the use of a packet of sheep dip which he had stolen from a field where the farmer was employed at lamb washing. All these remembrances he will have in his mind, not classified under any headings of social reformers, or generalized so as to fulfil any fancied moral law.

But the really dangerous person for the artist will be the gentleman who, chancing to put his hand into the ground and to find it about as warm as the breast of a woman, if you could thrust your hand between her chest and her stays, will not accept the experience as an experience, but will start talking about the breast of mother-nature. This last man is the man whom the artist should avoid, since he will regard phenomena



not as phenomena, but as happenings, with which he may back up preconceived dogmas—as, in fact, so many sticks with which to beat a dog.

No, what the artist needs is the man with the quite virgin mind—the man who will not insist that grass must always be painted green, because all the poets, from Chaucer till the present day, had insisted on talking about the green grass, or the green leaves, or the green straw.

Such a man, if he comes to your picture and sees you have painted a haycock bright purple will say :

“Well, I have never myself observed a haycock to be purple, but I can understand that if the sky is very blue and the sun is setting very red, the shady side of the haycock might well appear to be purple.” That is the kind of peasant intelligence that the artist needs for his audience.

And the whole of Impressionism comes to this : having realized that the audience to which you will address yourself must have this particular peasant intelligence, or, if you prefer it, this particular and virgin openness of mind, you will then figure to yourself an individual, a silent listener, who shall be to yourself the *homo bonæ voluntatis*—man of goodwill. To him, then, you will address your picture, your poem, your prose story, or your argument. You will seek to capture his interest ; you will seek to hold his interest. You will do this by methods of surprise, of fatigue, by passages of sweetness in your language, by passages suggesting the sudden and brutal shock of suicide. You will give him passages of dulness, so that your bright effects may seem more bright ; you will alternate, you will dwell for a long time upon an intimate point ; you will seek to exasperate so that you may the better enchant. You will, in short, employ all the devices of the prostitute. If you are too proud for this you may be the better gentleman or the better lady, but you will be the worse artist. For the artist must always be humble and humble and again humble, since before the greatness of his task he himself is nothing. He must again be outrageous, since the greatness of his task calls for enormous excesses by means of which he may recoup his energies. That is why the artist is, quite rightly, regarded with suspicion by people who desire to live in tranquil and ordered society.

But one point is very important. The artist can never write to

### *On Impressionism*

satisfy himself—to get, as the saying is, something off the chest. He must not write propaganda which it is his desire to write; he must not write rolling periods, the production of which gives him a soothing feeling in his digestive organs or wherever it is. He must write always so as to satisfy that other fellow—that other fellow who has too clear an intelligence to let his attention be captured or his mind deceived by special pleadings in favour of any given dogma. You must not write so as to improve him, since he is a much better fellow than yourself, and you must not write so as to influence him, since he is a granite rock, a peasant intelligence, the gnarled bole of a sempiternal oak, against which you will dash yourself in vain. It is in short no pleasant kind of job to be a conscious artist. You won't have any vine-leaves in your poor old hair; you won't just dash your quill into an inexhaustible ink-well and pour out fine frenzies. No, you will be just the skilled workman doing his job with drill or chisel or mallet. And you will get precious little out of it. Only, just at times, when you come to look again at some work of yours that you have quite forgotten, you will say, "Why, that is rather well done." That is all.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

### A NOTE ON NIETZSCHE (*By the Editor*)

It seems necessary to point out the misinterpretation, occasioned by popular ignorance or degraded sentimentality, of the work of the great liberator, Friedrich Nietzsche.

Many misguided persons, seeking a root principle, have, on some second-hand or inaccurate representation of his books, attempted to find in him an important influence, if not a guiding force, in the present war. Let it be plainly asserted, Nietzsche was anti-Prussian, anti-theistic. The war, to him, would have been a last plunge of the despicable *Final Man* of Zarathustra. Nietzsche was not nationalist nor propagandist, not militarist, not any sort of —ist. May those at present too angry to see clearly or too prejudiced to think hopefully reserve their judgment in this matter until after the war. It is important that the utterances of universal prophets be not obscured through the natural, though limited, prejudices of race sentiment, or just patriotism.

## FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE WAR

THE war cut short all literary activity in France, suppressed in a day all the means by which men of letters ordinarily derived an income from their art. The greater part of the Reviews have ceased to appear, or are only published in a much smaller form ; even the daily papers have suspended all literary or picturesque contributions. It is hardly necessary to say that the publication of books has undergone the same fate. They all stopped short at the moment when the order for general mobilization was received. In the complex labour which is necessary to the material production of a book, the slightest disorganization of one of the parts stops the whole work. But on this occasion all were attacked progressively, and a total paralysis was the result. Moreover, what was the use of publishing books, even if it had been materially possible ? There was nobody to buy them, and hardly anyone to read them ; it would have been making a present to the public which the public would not have noticed. The newest and most passionate book of the day before mobilization did not exist on the day after.

Although I was not in Paris on the day of the declaration of war, I have been able, since my return, to discover how completely it disorganized the literary world, and the commercial concerns which depend upon the literary world. At the end of July the monthly financial accounts of the French publishing houses, with their agencies in the provinces and abroad, had not been settled. There was, therefore, a lack of money, which had an immediate effect on the writers themselves. From the first day it was certain that the literary world would have much to suffer if the war were to be a long one. When I returned at the beginning of October, committees of relief had

## *French Literature and the War*

been organized for writers, and the "Société des Gens de Lettres" had instituted free dinners for its members. It is apparent how rapidly distress had broken out since they had had to raise such Homeric remedies.

It is only now that I begin to understand how closely even the most disinterested productions of genius are governed by the general conditions of social life. Liberty of the mind is the first necessity, but prosperity and equilibrium of the nation are also necessary. And a nation at war, above all a nation which has war within its own frontiers, can never be a prosperous nor a well-balanced nation. Even supposing—an absurd proposition—that the war had disorganized neither commerce nor industry, intellectual productions would not have been less disturbed. There is a close relation between the different parts of an organism, and if disintegration had not begun in the lesser parts it would have begun in the greater. It is impossible to enjoy one's full intellectual faculties when the youth of a country is fighting a powerful enemy, when its destinies are daily at stake. But the truth is that all parts of the literary organism were attacked at once. The writers could not write, the printers could not print, the readers could not buy and read. The literary organism slept. It still sleeps, and no one knows when it will be reawakened.

Now for a few details. The Goncourt brothers, in the first pages of their "Journal," note, as one of the most distressing events of their literary career, that the coup d'état of the second of December, 1851, occurred on the night which preceded the publication of their first book, "En 18—." As a consequence this book has remained absolutely unknown, though the coincidence, frequently mentioned, has made its title famous. There is a time for books. If the hour passes before the book obtains recognition, practically all hope of publicity is lost. The works of the best writers now appear very late in the summer season and go straight to readers in the country or at the seaside. I know of several books which were going to be sent in this way. They have been spared a useless voyage, and they have remained done up in parcels. Others, sent out in July, had just made their appearance on the book-stalls when the terrible day arrived. They are still there. A large number were in the printing press, and were to have appeared during the first days of October, but the presses suddenly stopped, and

## *French Literature and the War*

their rumbling is silent—it has not yet begun again. The Reviews for the first of August could only appear with difficulty, and those which are usually a little late were lost in the first fever of mobilization and their distribution put off till better times. Some were still received on the 15th or the 20th of August, and the text, set up in perfect serenity, seemed rather like a bad joke. Here is a rather touching occurrence. A new Review founded by young poets came to me on the first day of mobilization. It was full of confidence in the future :

“L’avenir, l’avenir est à moi !

Sire, l’avenir n’est à personne !”—

(VICTOR HUGO.)

At the bottom of what trench do these conscripts lie, what new fever had suddenly made them men of action ? I have kept the only number of this Review. It contains more philosophy than many fat treatises. The future ! Yes, but there is the hazard of it all. I have also been a victim, but I should complain if I had escaped. When the whole community suffers it would be shameful to be forgotten by destiny. You would feel like those too happy gentlemen you sometimes meet now. They have not been touched by the war. They have no son on the battlefield, and as to their friends, they treat them less as motives of anxiety than as a means to gratify their vanity. Their business—they are naturally business men—is, as they say, a business which deals in the first necessities of life, which has been increased rather than depreciated by the war. Their employees are women or old men. They have taken their holidays as usual, but they found that the trains ran very badly. “Such a disgraceful state of things is very bad for business.” As they only returned to Paris at the beginning of October, when Paris was refreshed and had come partially to life again, they have kept their good spirits. One phrase keeps coming up in their conversation : “Things have been greatly exaggerated.” For myself I do not believe it. Sufferings have not all been reported, and worse miseries will be revealed this winter, unless the affairs of the war turn suddenly to the good and social activity is greatly increased. But how can there be a question of any activity when the best and most intelligent part of the nation are soldiers ? There could only be a partial activity. However, I will mention certain facts which are not without

## *French Literature and the War*

hope for the literary world. There is some sort of movement in the libraries; new projects are discussed, new groups and associations are spoken of. The military publishers, Berger-Levrault, are associated with the new house of Crés in the publication of a periodical album of war drawings. These drawings are very superior in quality to those which have appeared up till now, and there is no doubt of their success. These two publishers are also going to attempt something of the literary order: a review where the war will be treated not by journalists—who are always in a hurry—but by writers who prefer to give themselves time for reflection. This review will be well received, and its appearance will coincide with the reappearance of several others which have spent the last three months in reorganization. They even speak of publishing books. But it is only a vague rumour; it is probably only a hope. The only books so far published are a few military pamphlets and a reprint of a little novel, half military, half fantastic; it has not had much success. This is not a moment when it is possible to interest the public in descriptions of imaginary battles. The reality is too prodigal. It overwhelms us with battles. Its generosity is immeasurable. It is true that these battles are so new, so long, of a kind so absolutely unfamiliar, that the public, though they feel the terrible reality, are evidently nonplussed by the lack of sensationalism, of movement, of extraordinary results. If the French had followed more carefully the campaign in Manchuria they would understand the present war better. The movements of the armies in Poland would impress their imagination more keenly.

The public to-day desires nothing beyond the official communiqué except the picturesque stories of the latest heroic deeds. It is useless to attempt to do anything else except in a more or less transitory way. In the projected Review of which I have been speaking it will obviously be necessary to take into consideration this state of mind and to mix military reports with philosophical comments. However, I know from a very reliable source that the taste for reading has not diminished during these last months. The public libraries, and especially those in the districts of Paris which were established for the use of the people, have lent the same number of volumes as is usual at this time of the year.

The man who loves reading does not give it up willingly, and it is precisely during the hardest times that he feels the most need

of books. The book-buyer, who was thought to have vanished, has reappeared, and, since there are no new books, he asks for last season's, and even for last year's. This is another symptom of a revival of literature. Perhaps even when the enemy is driven from France a few new books might be published. To explain this it should be borne in mind that Paris, to which many rich people returned during the month of October, is totally deprived of amusements ; there are no exhibitions, no social gatherings, no horse races, no theatres. Everyone feels the necessity for amusement, and everyone chooses what is perhaps the most speculative, for a man of the world, but the most secret and most discreet—reading. In certain circles they are beginning to think that it was a mistake to close all the theatres. The reason given is that numbers of actors and supers are on the streets, and they are the less resigned to their fate since winter is coming on and their hardships will become more and more distressing. Here also they will proceed discreetly, and little by little the drama will reoccupy a small niche in the social world without the theatres being actually opened ; it is said that matinees will be organized in the town-halls. They will not play dramas, but they will recite poetry and read pages of good prose. This seems to me very reasonable. It will be a step towards the greatly desired reopening of a few theatres.

Yesterday I met a dramatic author who confided his woes to me. Whenever one goes out in Paris a meeting with an actor or with a dramatic author is absolutely certain ; there are, in fact, too many of them, especially now when they are all out of work. This "homme de théâtre" was in a sort of despair. He had had a great play, a kind of tragedy in prose, taken by the Théâtre Français just before the war. "But," he said, "will people want tragedies after the war ? They will have seen so many far crueller than any that could be invented. Will people not want less harrowing spectacles, which will entirely change our ideas of things ?" "Everything is possible," I replied, "but I am not going to embark on any kind of prophecies. That kind of boat is too often wrecked."

What will the theatre of to-morrow be, and what the literature ? If we knew, it would be deprived of much of its interest ; for all literary work, even the most serious, derives part of its value from the quality of novelty. It is always disappointing to find things happen exactly at

### *French Literature and the War*

the hour and in exactly the manner foretold. Genius loves surprises : we shall be surprised if genius has anything to do with the war. But will it? Shells and bullets also love surprises. A young officer, himself a writer, with whom I was discussing this question the other day on his return from the fifteenth battle during one month, said to me, "If the new literature is sincere it will be cynical like war itself. Those who have passed through it will have no illusions. They will know human nature through and through." He talked to me for a long time in this way, and even more bitterly. But he is, perhaps, an exception. Nothing changes a man's temperament. Each one will feel the war according to his nature, and that will be a very excellent thing.

REMY DE GOURMONT

[Translated by Richard Aldington]

P.S.—The first number of the "Bulletin des Ecrivants, 1914-1915," privately printed, which I have just received, informs us that of French writers actually soldiers, twenty have already been killed in the war, more than thirty have been wounded, a certain number are in hospital through illness.

---

THE POLIGNAC PRIZE of £100, awarded annually by the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature, has been gained this year by Ralph Hodgson, for his poems, *The Bull* and *The Song of Honour*.



# WAR POETRY

IF they also serve who only sit and write, poets are doing their work well. Several of them, it seems to me, with names known and unknown, have been turned into poets by the war, printing verse now for the first time. Whatever other virtues they show, courage at least is not lacking—the courage to write for oblivion. No other class of poetry vanishes so rapidly, has so little chosen from it for posterity. One tiny volume would hold all the patriotic poems surviving in European languages, and originally written, as most of these are to-day, under the direct pressure of public patriotic motives. Where are the poems of Marlborough's wars? Where are the songs sung by the troops for Quebec while Wolfe was reading Gray's "Elegy"? But for the wars against Napoleon English poetry would have been different, but how many poems directly concerning them, addressed to Englishmen at that moment, do we read now? One of the earliest, I believe, was Coleridge's "Fears in Solitude: written in April, 1798, during the alarm of an invasion." But no newspaper or magazine, then or now, would print such a poem, since a large part of it is humble. He admits that abroad we have offended, and at home

All individual dignity and power  
Engulf'd in courts, committees, institutions,  
Associations and societies,  
A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting guild,  
One benefit-club for mutual flattery,  
We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,  
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth . . . .

He believes that

(Stuffed out with big preamble, holy names,  
And adjurations of the God in heaven,)  
We sent our mandates for the certain death  
Of thousands and ten thousands. Boys and girls  
And women, that would groan to see a child  
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,  
The best amusement of a morning's meal . . . .

## *War Poetry*

When he wrote this at Stowey, Coleridge was a solitary man who, if at all, only felt the national emotions weakly or spasmodically. He was writing poetry, and the chances against the reading as against the writing of poetry early in a great war were overwhelming. The poem, one of the noblest of patriotic poems, has been omitted from most of the anthologies. Another odd thing is that a poem included in several anthologies, and perhaps the finest of English martial songs—I mean Blake's "War Song to Englishmen"—was written in or before 1783, by one who became a red-capped Revolutionary and cared nothing for Pitt's England. What inspired him? The war with the American colonies? More likely, the history of England as he felt it when he saw the Kings in Westminster Abbey and Shakespeare's plays. He wrote from a settled mystic patriotism, which wars could not disturb.

Another poet, touched by the outbreak of war, will be disturbed for some time: he will be more fit for taking up work from the past, if only for relief, though it is possible for a mature man who has seen other wars and is not shaken from his balance to seize the new occasion firmly. Mr Charles M. Doughty might have done so: Mr Hardy has done. The period of gestation varies, but few younger men who had been moved to any purpose could be expected to crystallize their thoughts with speed. Supposing they did, who would want their poems? The demand is for the crude, for what everybody is saying or thinking, or is ready to begin saying or thinking. I need hardly say that by becoming ripe for poetry the poet's thoughts may recede far from their original resemblance to all the world's, and may seem to have little to do with daily events. They may retain hardly any colour from 1798 or 1914, and the crowd, deploring it, will naturally not read the poems.

It is a fact that in the past but a small number of poems destined to endure are directly or entirely concerned with the public triumphs, calamities, or trepidations, that helped to beget them. The public, crammed with mighty facts and ideas it will never digest, must look coldly on poetry where already those mighty things have sunk away far into "The still sad music of humanity." For his insults to their feelings, the newspapers, history, they might call the poet a pro-Boer. They want something raw and solid, or vague and lofty or sentimental. They must have Mr Begbie to express their thoughts, or "Tipperary" to drown them.

A patriotic poem pure and simple hardly exists, as a man who was a patriot pure and simple could not live outside a madhouse. Very seldom are poems written for occasions, great or small, more seldom for great than for small. But verses are, and they may be excellent. Virtually all hymns are occasional verses. They are written for certain people or a certain class. The writer of hymns or patriotic verses appears to be a man who feels himself always or at the time at one with the class, perhaps the whole nation, or he is a smart fellow who can simulate or exaggerate this sympathy. Experience, reality, truth, unless suffused or submerged by popular sentiment, are out of place. What we like is Mr J. A. Nicklin's city clerk ("And They Went to the War." Sidgwick & Jackson. 6d. net) singing :

When the air with hurtling shrapnel's all a-quiver  
And the smoke of battle through the valley swirls,  
It's better than our Sundays up the river,  
And the rifle's hug is closer than a girl's.

Mr Arthur K. Sabin's sonnet called "Harvest Moon at Midnight," and dated September 8th ("War Harvest, 1914." Temple, Sheen Press. 6d.), is equally the thing, though nearer truth—it ends :

Ah, underneath this Moon, in fields of France,  
How many of our old companionship  
Snatch hurried rest, with hearts that burn and glow,  
Longing to hear the bugles sound *Advance!*  
To seize their weapons with unfaltering grip,  
And for old England strike another blow.

It reminds us all of what we thought or heard said during that moon. Here and there I have met a poem that I liked more than others, such as Mr Justin Huntly McCarthy's "Ghosts at Boulogne":

One dreamer, when our English soldiers trod  
But yesterday the welcoming fields of France,  
Saw war-gaunt shadows gathering, stare askance  
Upon those levies and that alien sod—  
Saw Churchill's smile, and Wellington's curt nod,  
Saw Harry with his Crispins, Chandos' lance,  
And the Edwards on whose breasts the leopards dance :  
Then heard a gust of ghostly thanks to God  
That the most famous quarrel of all time  
In the most famous friendship ends at last ;

## *War Poetry*

Such flame of friendship as God fons to forge  
A sword to strike the Dragon of the Slime,  
Bidding St. Denis with St. George stand fast  
Against the Worm. St. Denis and St. George!

But this is not great poetry, nor is it what is wanted. It is the hour of the writer who picks up popular views or phrases, or coins them, and has the power to turn them into downright stanzas. Most newspapers have one or more of these gentlemen. They could take the easy words of a statesman, such as "No price is too high when honour and freedom are at stake," and dish them up so that the world next morning, ready to be thrilled by anything lofty and noble-looking, is thrilled. These poems are not to be attacked any more than hymns. Like hymns, they play with common ideas, with words and names which most people have in their heads at the time. Most seem to me bombastic, hypocritical, or senseless; but either they go straight to the heart of the great public which does not read poetry, or editors expect them to, and accordingly supply the articles.

There is a smaller class of better or more honest work which can hardly last longer. I mean the work of true poets which has been occasioned by the war. A few men are in an exceptional position: Messrs Newbolt and Kipling belong to a professional class apart, and may be supposed to suffer less drastic modifications from the war. It was their hour, and they have not been silent. They have written as well as in times of peace. The one silence which can be felt is Mr Charles M. Doughty's. But it might easily have been forecast. He has lived through this time long ago, and "The Cliffs" (reissue: Duckworth, 3/6 net.) and "The Clouds" show that modern warfare and German politics had no surprises for him. Other men who stood on old foundations of character and tradition were not suddenly transported out of themselves. Mr Bridges, Mr de la Mare, Mr Binyon, among others, remained themselves. Years before this they had proved themselves English poets. They have not done more now. Their private and social emotion does them credit, but with few exceptions, such as Messrs Binyon, Chesterton, and John Freeman, they have fallen various distances below their natural level. Nor am I surprised. I should have expected the shock to silence them, had it not been counterbalanced by a powerful social sense genuinely

aroused. I have not liked any of these poems, but fancy tells me that they do for persons with more social sense than I, what the noisy stuff does for the man who normally lives without poetry. They are suddenly made old-fashioned: Mr Chesterton's "Hymn of War," for example ("Lord God of Battles: A War Anthology." Compiled by A. E. Manning Foster. Cope & Fenwick. 1s. net), is archaic and Hebraic, after this fashion :

O God of earth and altar,  
Bow down and hear our cry,  
Our earthly rulers falter,  
Our people drift and die ;  
  
The walls of gold entomb us,  
The swords of scorn divide,  
Take not the thunder from us,  
But take away our pride.

They revert, and they may be right, though I cannot follow them if I would. They seem excellent only by comparison with "C. W.," a serious and well-read but ungifted versifier, who tells us ("1914": Heffer and Sons, 1/- net) that "his offer of active service for his country being rejected on account of his advanced years, and not being able to turn his thoughts away from the tragic events of the day, he has put, in a more or less poetic form, his own thoughts on the circumstances which led to this war, and the consequences it may and ought to have." At the same time the poets of whom I speak have done things not inferior to the similar work of men more famous. Of six "Patriotic Poems" by Tennyson (Macmillan. 1d.) not one is worthy of him or would have survived without his name. They have one distinction, that they are the work of one who had the right, and felt it, to address his countrymen as from an eminence. Two living men besides Mr Doughty might do the same, Messrs Hardy and Kipling. Mr Kipling has hardly done more than speak in echoes of himself. Mr Hardy has written an impersonal song which seems to me the best of the time, as it is the least particular and occasional. He may write even better yet. I should also expect the work of other real poets to improve as the war advances, perhaps after it is over, as they understand it and themselves more completely.

EDWARD THOMAS

# NEW POETRY

*by*

EMILE VERHAEREN

ROBERT FROST

W. H. DAVIES

JOHN FREEMAN

EZRA POUND

RICHARD ALDINGTON

D. H. LAWRENCE

ERNEST RHYS

T. P. CAMERON WILSON

IRIS BARRY

JOHN ALFORD

WILFRID CHILDE

GEORGE RESTON MALLOCH

H. A. CRUSO

HENRY SIMPSON

WILFRID L. RANDELL

F. S. FLINT

HAROLD MONRO

OSBERT BURDETT

RONALD FRASER

MICHAEL HESELTINE

UN SOIR D'HIVER

EMILE  
VERHAEREN

**M**A chambre est close au vent du nord,  
Elle est close et solitaire  
Depuis la guerre ;  
Pourtant  
Voici le vent  
Qui monte et monte encor  
Avec le défilé des mourants et des morts  
Faisant le tour de la terre.

O ! la lutte innombrable et le combat géant :  
Là-bas, au loin, sur l'océan,  
Face à face, les vaisseaux sautent ;  
Les Zepelins armés volent sur la mer haute ;  
La fureur se rassemble et la haine s'accroît ;  
Plaines, canaux, vallons, et bois,  
Tout est sombre et funeste et sanglant à la fois.

Depuis la guerre,  
Ma chambre est close et solitaire ;  
Dites, vers quels trépas par la gloire étoilés,  
L'autre après l'un, s'en sont allés  
Mes amis de naguère ?

Car je n'ai plus pour compagnon  
Que mon foyer à qui je parle, et dont la flamme,  
Prête à vivre ou à mourir,  
Répond  
A la soudaine angoisse ou bien au prompt désir  
Qui tour à tour s'éteint ou s'allume en mon âme.

## THE SOUND OF TREES

ROBERT FROST

I WONDER about the trees.  
Why do we wish to bear  
Forever the noise of these  
More than another noise  
So close to our dwelling place?  
We suffer them by the day  
Till we lose all measure of pace,  
And fixity in our joys,  
And acquire a listening air.  
They are that that talks of going  
But never gets away ;  
And that talks no less for knowing,  
As it grows wiser and older,  
That now it means to stay.  
My feet tug at the floor  
And my head sways to my shoulder  
Sometimes when I watch trees sway,  
From the window or the door.  
I shall set forth for somewhere,  
I shall make the reckless choice  
Some day when they are in voice  
And tossing so as to scare  
The white clouds over them on.  
I shall have less to say,  
But I shall be gone.

## THE COW IN APPLE TIME

SOMETHING inspires the only cow of late  
To make no more of a wall than an open gate  
And think no more of wall-builders than fools.  
Her face is flecked with pomace and she drools  
A cider syrop. Having tasted fruit,  
She scorns a pasture withering to the root.  
She runs from tree to tree where lie and sweeten



The windfalls pierced with stubble and worm-eaten.  
She leaves them bitten when she has to fly.  
She bellows on a knoll against the sky.  
Her udder shrivels and the milk goes dry.

(Robert Frost)

### PUTTING IN THE SEED

**Y**OU come to fetch me from my work to-night  
When supper's on the table, and we'll see  
If I can leave off burying the white  
Soft petals fallen from the apple tree

(The petals, yes, but not so barren quite,  
Mingled with these, smooth bean and wrinkled pea),  
And go along with you ere you lose sight  
Of what you came for and become like me,

Slave to a spring-time passion for the earth.  
How love burns from the putting in the seed  
On through the watching for that early birth,  
When just as the ground tarnishes with weed,

The sturdy seedling with arched body comes  
Shouldering its way and shedding the earth crumbs.

### THE SMILE

**I** DIDN'T like the way he went away.  
That smile—it never came of being gay!  
Still he smiled—did you see him?—I was sure.  
Perhaps because we gave him only bread  
And the wretch knew from that that we were poor.  
Perhaps because he let us give instead  
Of seizing from us as he might have seized.  
Perhaps he mocked at us for being wed  
Or being very young (and he was pleased  
To have a vision of us old and dead).  
I wonder how far down the road he's got.  
He's watching from the woods as like as not.

## BODY AND SPIRIT

W. H. DAVIES

WHO stands before me on the stairs :  
Ah, is it you, my love ?  
My candle-light burns through your arm,  
And still thou dost not move ;  
Thy body's dead, this is not you—  
It is thy ghost my light burns through.

Thy spirit this : I leap the stairs,  
To reach thy body's place ;  
I kiss and kiss, and still there comes  
No colour to thy face ;  
I hug thee for one little breath—  
For this is sleep, it is not death !

\* \* \* \* \*

The first night she was in her grave,  
And I looked in the glass,  
I saw her sit upright in bed—  
Without a sound it was ;  
I saw her hand feel in the cloth,  
To fetch a box of powder forth.

She sat and watched me all the while,  
For fear I looked her way ;  
I saw her powder cheek and chin,  
Her fast corrupting clay ;  
Then down my lady lay, and smiled—  
She thought her beauty saved, poor child.

Now down the stairs I leap half-mad,  
And up the street I start ;  
I still can see her hand at work,  
And Oh, it breaks my heart :  
All night behind my back I see  
Her powdering, with her eyes on me.

## IT WAS THE LOVELY MOON

JOHN  
FREEMAN

**I**T was the lovely moon—she lifted  
Slowly her white brow among  
Bronze cloud-waves that ebbled and drifted  
Faintly, faintlier afar.  
Calm she looked, yet pale with wonder,  
Sweet in unwonted thoughtfulness,  
Watching the earth that dwindled under  
Faintly, faintlier afar.  
It was the lovely moon that lovelike  
Hovered over the wandering, tired  
Earth, her bosom gray and dovelike,  
Hovering beautiful as a dove. . . .  
The lovely moon :—her soft light falling  
Lightly on roof and poplar and pine—  
Tree to tree whispering and calling,  
Wonderful in the silvery shine  
Of the round, lovely thoughtful moon.

## COMFORTABLE LIGHT

**M**OST comfortable Light,  
Light of the small lamp burning up the night,  
With dawn enleagued against the beaten dark ;  
Pure golden perfect spark :

Or sudden wind-bright flame,  
That but the strong-handed wind can urge or tame ;  
Chill loveliest light the kneeling clouds between,  
Silverly serene.

Comfort of happy light,  
That mouselike leaps amid brown leaves, cheating sight ;  
Clear naked stars, burning with swift intense  
Earthward intelligence :—

(John Freeman)

Sensitive, single

Points in the dark inane that purely tingle  
With eager fire, pouring night's circles through  
Their living blue :

Dark light still waters hold ;  
Broad silver moonpath trodden into gold ;  
Candle-flame glittering through the traveller's night—  
Most comfortable light. . . .

And lovelier, the eye  
Where light from darkness shines unfathomably,  
Light secret, clear, shallow, profound, known, strange,  
Constant alone in change:—

Not that wild light that turns  
Hunted from dying eyes when the last fire burns ;  
O, not that bitter light of wounded things,  
When bony anguish springs

Sudden, intolerable :  
Nor light of mad eyes gleaming up from hell. . . .  
Come not again, wild light, shine not again,  
Hill-flare of pain !

But thou, most holy light . . .  
. . . Not the noon-blaze that stings, too fiercely bright,  
Not that unwinking stare of shameless day ;  
But thou, the gray,

Nun-like and silent, still,  
Fine-breathed on many an eastern bare green hill,  
Keen light of gray eyes, cool rain and stern spears ;  
Sad light, but not to tears:—

—O, comfort thou of eyes  
Watching expectant from chill northern skies,  
Excellent joy for lids heavy with night—  
Strange with delight !

## DEAD IÖNÈ

EZRA POUND

**E**MPTY are the ways,  
Empty are the ways of this land  
And the flowers  
    Bend over with heavy heads,  
They bend in vain,  
Empty are the ways of this land  
    Where Iönè  
Walked once, and now does not walk  
  
But seems like a person just gone.

## AFTER TWO YEARS

RICHARD  
ALDINGTON

**S**HE is all so slight  
And tender and white  
    As a May morning.  
She walks without hood  
At dusk. It is good  
    To hear her sing.

It is God's will  
That I shall love her still  
    As He loves Mary,  
And night and day  
I will go forth to pray  
    That she love me.

She is as gold  
Lovely, and far more cold.  
    Do thou pray with me,  
For if I win grace  
To kiss twice her face  
    God has done well to me.

## TEASING

D. H.  
LAWRENCE

I WILL give you all my keys,  
You shall be my châtelaine,  
You shall enter as you please,  
As you please shall go again.

When I hear you jingling through  
All the chambers of my soul,  
How I sit and laugh at you  
In your vain house-keeping rôle !

Jealous of the smallest cover,  
Angry at the simplest door,  
Well, you anxious, inquisitive lover,  
Are you pleased with what's in store ?

You have fingered all my treasures :  
Have you not, most curiously,  
Handled all my tools and measures  
And masculine machinery ?

Over every single beauty  
You have had your little rapture ;  
You have slain, as was your duty,  
Every sin-mouse you could capture.

Still you are not satisfied,  
Still you tremble faint reproach,  
Challenge me I keep aside  
Secrets that you may not broach.

Maybe yes and maybe no,  
Maybe there are secret places,  
Altars barbarous below,  
Elsewhere halls of high disgraces.

Maybe yes and maybe no,  
You may have it as you please,  
Since I like to keep you so,  
Suppliant on your curious knees.

---

## MARCH OF THE RECRUITS

**U**P Whitehall in the morning, from the Mall to Marble Arch,  
Not a gun among them, they whistle as they march,  
With France in their fancy, and music in their heels,—  
*March! Marchons!*

ERNEST  
RHYS

The beat of their feet holds up the London wheels.

From Southwark to the Temple, from the Tow'r to Waterloo,  
You can hardly tell from Adam what tune they whistle to,—  
With France in their fancy, and Calais in their blood,—  
*March! Marchons!*

They march in the sun, or squelch by in the mud.

From Holborn to St. Martin, from the town to the Heath,  
They are out on a road that never cared for death,—  
While London looks on, they're spoiling for the fight,—  
*March! Marchons!*

They're men, born again, that went home boys last night.

From London Stone to Croydon, from the Bank to Islington,—  
They are marching to the Front, ay, every mother's son:  
Take heart, little woman, don't fret for the line,—  
*March! Marchons!*

The trench enfiladed, the grave dug on the Rhine.

Up Whitehall in the morning, they hum the Marseillaise,  
And in every lad that hears, a little drummer plays,—  
March Britain! March France! Tili Belgium is free,  
*March! Marchons!*

We go to war, to end the war that murders Liberty.

## A FUNERAL AT PRINCETOWN

T. P. CAMERON  
WILSON

**I**T was a bleak road from the gaol, was the road we trod,  
Tugging at something heavy under the slanted rain.  
And the moor there was twisted and scarred with pain  
Like a tear-stained face, staring defiance at God.

It was the father walked in front, and he read in a book  
With little Latin words flung under grieving skies,  
And the warders there with death asleep in their eyes,  
And the Mother of Churches little beneath their look.

And we dropped him into the narrow clean-cut hole  
That smelled of rain, and the clay whereof we are made.  
And one of us laughed, and one of us shouldered a spade,  
And one of us spat, while the father prayed for his soul.

And the mist over the moor, crawling and dim  
Was blind like the great beast Man with his thousand necks  
Who mouths through a gloom of laws, nor ever recks  
Of a dead face, staring defiance at him.

## OCEAN

IRIS BARRY

**T**ANGLE of seaweed, shut in my lover's book,  
You are forgotten. But when I, curious,  
Taste you, my tongue's tip cautiously trying  
Finds you are salt. Quickly the great sea  
Opens before me. I see my lover  
Blown with the sea-breeze, bending to take you,  
I see my lover pause before turning,  
You in her fingers, blown with the sea-breeze,  
Watch the sea heaving, feel all its vastness,  
Know it estranges. Tangle of seaweed,  
Where did her thought fly? Thought in its vastness  
Often estranges. Tangle of seaweed  
Salt to my tongue's touch, shut between pages,  
We are forgotten.



## FLIRTATION

**B**EING in the country, a Colin made love to me  
And we sat together on a great fallen tree at sunset.

*(Iris Barry)*

But the trunk being slippery, a sudden movement to touch me  
Made him lose balance, and falling backwards, pull me with him.  
So that we got up vexed and embarrassed,  
And quickly went home without further thought of lovemaking.

## CAUCHEMAR

**W**AKED suddenly, and sitting upright, breathless  
In that black deep of night when time is not,  
Heart stopped, and throat clutched by a ghoulish fear  
Was one, striving in anguish to recall  
Some deed, some little deed of good once done,  
Some deed to shame with light the nameless fear,  
And strove in vain.

## NIGHTFALL

### I.

**A**T night my mother sits uncorseted  
And with tired gestures combs her long hair.  
Her head shines in the gaslight,  
And she yawns, dropping many hair-pins as she goes upstairs.

### II.

A clock ticks clearly in the very silent kitchen.  
The old man coughs, and rising,  
Going to the hearth, spits in the ashes.

### III.

Where my visitor sat, little ends of silk litter the floor.  
I like to remember that she has been in my room to-day.

## A MILLION YEARS AFTER

JOHN  
ALFORD

**N**O earth below and no sky above,  
The air a white mist rolling all about ;  
And something, real, intangible, as starlight  
That is seen a million years after the star went out.  
From the mist a voice, faint as at a distance,  
Where distance is not, " My love," crying low,  
" Is it you ? Oh, it is cold. A little nearer,  
Nearer, I am coming, but the way is slow.  
How far it is ! What æons behind and beyond !  
You and I, as starlight in the skies ;  
Your breath and my breath, one, as ever,  
And where no eyes are, the light of your eyes.  
Oh, it is cold ! Cling a little closer !  
Have your lips no warmth for my lips that freeze ?  
Is it your heart, spaciouly throbbing  
Like a night-bell tolled over charted seas ?  
My love ! my lover ! After how long !  
The heart stills not though its chamber dies.  
Your breath and my breath (oh, it is cold ! ) as ever,  
And where no eyes are, the light of your eyes.  
Closer ! Yet closer ! You faint ! You slip from me !  
Cling to me, fiercely ! . . . this air ! . . . this air !"  
Fainter and fainter, the voice as at a distance,  
" Where are you ? . . . My lover . . .  
where . . . are . . . you ? . . . Where . . ."

## THE HORSEMEN

**P**ANTING the horsemen topped the glowing hill.  
Before them spread five shafts of an orange sun,  
Behind them stood the old rain-rotted mill  
Whose sails no longer spun.

The earth smelt good with rain. Their horses steamed  
And stirred the silence with a champing bit.

Along the road a few still puddles gleamed  
With fires a last ray lit.

One said "To-morrow will be wet again,"  
And read the sky with unperturbed gaze.  
"Good-night"—they dug their heels and shook a rein  
And rode their diverse ways.

---

### THE VOICE

**T**HERE is a voice on the hills,  
The air of the height it fills,  
Crying, crying, at dawn,  
When the starry veils are withdrawn,  
When the fierce white flower of the sun  
Leaps up, and light is begun,  
When the peaks into colour flame,  
And earth remembers her name.

**WILFRED  
CHILDE**

Trembles the great cold cloud,  
The stones are shaken and bowed,  
Terror divides the rills,  
On the high blue horns of the hills  
One walks, and a voice is heard,  
Shrill as the song of a bird :  
The tawny beeches are stirred,  
The boughs of the oaks are shaken,  
The birds and the winds awaken,  
Shining and swift he passes  
Over the dew—steep't grasses.  
A leaping god—like a boy,  
A voice of astonishing joy.

The voice is silent : slowly  
The high hour, wild and holy,

*(Wilfred Childe)*

Into the rich day changes,  
The full sun burns on the ranges,  
The full blue covers the height  
In a great glad garment of light,  
Waxes and wanes : and soon  
The sapphire lakes of the noon  
Are passed clean over, and now  
Onto the hill's curved brow  
The gray-foot evening leaps,  
The eye of Hesperus peeps,  
The cold high valleys are laid  
Into slumber and folded in shade.

Hear ye, hear ye the song,  
Simple, lovely and strong,  
O shaken with fears and pities,  
O troublous places and cities  
Of bitter agonised men :  
Ah no, it is silence again,  
None have listened or heard  
The voice like the voice of a bird,  
The clean white laughter and scorning  
At the gates of the smoking morning.

Myriads of stars begin  
To shine over labour and sin,  
Glittering eyes of gold  
Watching from dark skies cold,  
And lo, white-travelling soon  
The speechless wondering moon,  
Icy and dreadful now  
Raises her dominant brow.

But the towns, the towns have not heard  
That voice at dawn like a bird.

## THE FOOL

**F**ADE, fade, you light,  
And blacken into nothingness, you forest ridge!  
Far below us, Prudence lights her lamps,  
And canny folk sit down to tea.

GEORGE  
RESTON  
MALLOCH

Do you maintain they are not wise  
Who comfortably forsake the skies?  
And who shall say it is not best,  
Warm tea-cake seasoned with a jest,  
And fragrant cups to stimulate  
Satisfaction, or love, or hate,  
The mind just tickled with a quip  
Tossing about from lip to lip,  
Or to stretch, silent, firelit limbs  
Till the head on the armchair cushion swims  
With waves of most delicious sleep,  
And just enough talk going to keep  
One from nodding into a snore,  
Rousing to speak, then anod once more:  
Or from the daily press to glean  
What all the world's great mysteries mean,  
With bites of muffin in between:  
While Emily in the latest novel  
Reads how an heiress lives in a hovel  
For nearly a month, in order to prove  
That her ankles and not her riches move  
A certain youth to the ways of love,  
And mother in Jones's Magazine  
Learns how the great Detective Blake  
Forgave a thief for Mary's sake,  
Or scans the journals that give one news  
In pictures that interest and amuse,  
And drawings of the great disaster  
That make one's heart beat a little faster  
With spice of other folks' distress,  
Till it's time to go up and dress.

(George Reston  
Malloch)

Fade, you light? The light will fade,  
My lad, on every day that's made,  
And it doesn't matter a single jot  
Whether you're there to see it or not.  
Come down and warm you at the fire,  
The very cows are in the byre,  
Here's no company but the owl,  
And his talk's only a dismal howl,  
Or bats that about the autumn eve  
To and fro in silence weave,  
A cloudy moon that gives no light—  
Not enough to read the *Times*  
For all the rubbish in poets' rimes :  
A chilly breath of falling night,  
And dew quick-gathering on the grass .  
Who loves such things is writ an ass,  
As human life is understood.  
There may be a Princess in the wood,  
But no one's ever seen her yet,  
And surely a more wholesome mood  
Prefers a girl of flesh and blood ?  
Ah, yes, a vision, but don't forget  
That visions only make us fret,  
And such a preference is unhuman.  
And all the pretty, loving women  
Are in bedrooms heated with radiators,  
And look on vision lovers as traitors.

Make up your mind, boy, which you'll be,  
A person who sits down to tea,  
Or one who shivers after a vision,  
And only catches men's derision.

Fade, fade, you light,  
And blacken into nothingness, you forest ridge

ON THE DEATH OF AN EAST-END  
PARSON

H. A. CRUSO

GO to your grave, go to your grave,  
And meet the souls you struggled to save.  
All who have passed to the unknown shores,  
Criminals, loafers, drunkards, whores,  
And the crowd who knew nothing of better or worse,  
Are waiting;—to bless you, perhaps, or to curse?  
What are the prayers and the agonies worth  
That you spent for this human waste on earth?  
May it be, their lives in the true scale placed,  
That your life laid down was a greater waste?  
Are the words of comfort and hope you spoke  
To the rows of humble kneeling folk,  
And the white tired faces under you  
Sunday by Sunday,—are those words true?  
Is heaven as real a place as you taught?  
And are the men of good report,  
When you meet them in that new curious light  
Where white turns dark and dark grows white,  
As sure as they formerly seemed of reward  
In the eyes of an all-observing Lord?  
Go to your grave, go to your grave :  
You were simple, and true to your faith, and brave.  
The odds that you fought with were desperate,—one  
Against an incurious million.  
And what if the doubters were really right,  
If there be no meeting, no palm for your fight,  
But only a silence where deep grasses blow?  
What does it matter? You will not know.

HENRY  
SIMPSON

## THE UNKNOWN EVE

ONCE only hath she sinned, in that first garden where  
Four rivers wind their watery veils  
About the dun, accursed spot, whence sprang  
Whatever vice or woe our flesh assails.

Mother of curious loves, and bartered innocence  
Whose loss is still the Serpent's gain,  
Now through the centuries she paceth slow,  
Her doom to bear creation's scorn and pain.

We hear her moanings shaken down the streaming winds  
When Autumn wails across the wild,  
And like a gray moth floats her presence near,  
When shuddering women shriek at dawn with child.

She hath lived many lives, and bloody wars for her  
Have plunged the worlds in red eclipse,  
And Kings have fought with Kings and vainly died  
To learn the folded secret of her lips.

No use, nor pity, hath she for the loves of men,  
For clamorous hands that would confine  
Her soul's white passion in the house of lust,  
And dim the vision that her years enshrine.

But where she moves the birds fly low, young lambs in fields  
As to their mother press and bleat,  
And children run to kiss her hands, and flowers  
In loving wantonness crowd to her feet.

Towards the chaste and peerless mountains of desire  
Her moonled spirit flits and glides,  
To where, enthroned beneath the changeless stars,  
The snowlike vision of her dreams abides.



## THE MOTHER

WILFRID L.  
RANDELL

“**B**OY, O my boy, haven't ye lingered too long?  
For the day has been cold, and my lips had no song;  
The leaves flitted sadly and heaped at the door,  
And I'm glad for ye, laddie, I'm glad for your coming,  
Your swing o' the gate and your step on the floor,  
For I thought I should ne'er see you more.”

“Mother, O mother dear, I cannot stay,  
(And have you been lonely without me to-day?)  
For a hundred sweet birds have been singin' around,  
And—I've met a dear woman; O mother, a woman  
With eyes like the night, and a voice like the sound  
Of the sea when the moon-path is found.

And I've promised (how softly her dark lashes fell!  
Little mother, turn round—let me tell, let me tell)  
Promised to meet her at dusk o' the moon,  
So give me my meal, little mother . . . I kissed her—  
Her lips were like roses at sunset in June  
And I must go back to her soon.”

“And who is this woman with eyes like the night?  
Will she cook ye your meals, lad, and fare for ye right?  
Will she . . . Boy, O my boy, you have taken my breath—  
Will she wait on your goings, and bring ye dear children?  
Will she . . . Boy, O my boy, will she love ye till death  
Even as the good Book saith?”

“Mother, I'm bringing her home, for she's won!”  
“And I'll try hard to love her, my son, O my son.”  
“Ah, she will love you, mother, all through the years;  
Just wait till you see her—she loves you already,  
For I've told all about you; no need for your fears . . .  
O, mother mine, why are those tears?”

## MALADY

P. S. FLINT

I MOVE ;  
perhaps I have wakened ;  
this is a bed ;  
this is a room ;  
and there is light. . . . .

Darkness !

Have I performed  
the dozen acts or so  
that make me the man  
men see ?

The door opens,  
and on the landing—  
quiet !  
I can see nothing : the pain, the weariness !

Stairs, banisters, a handrail :  
all indistinguishable.  
One step farther down or up,  
and why ?  
But up is harder. Down !

Down to this white blur ;  
it gives before me.

Me ?

I extend all ways :  
I fit into the walls and they pull me.

Light ?

Light ! I know it is light.  
Stillness, and then,  
something moves :  
green, oh green, dazzling lightning !

And joy! this is my room ;  
there are my books, there the piano,  
there the last bar I wrote,  
there the last line,  
and oh the sunlight!  
A parrot screeches.

(F. S. Flint)

### LUNCH

**F**RAIL beauty,  
green, gold and incandescent whiteness,  
narcissi, daffodils,  
you have brought spring and longing,  
wistfulness,  
in your irradiance.

Therefore, I sit here  
among the people,  
dreaming,  
and my heart aches  
with all the hawthorn blossom,  
the bees humming,  
the light wind upon the poplars,  
and your warmth and your love  
and your eyes  
that smile and know me.

### THE TALKERS

**A**FTER all had been argued by those happy friends,  
And everyone had gone away to bed,  
Somewhere down beyond the point where silence ends  
An Echo lifted up his dappled head,

HAROLD  
MONRO

Gazed at their clustered wordlets floating past,  
And a most frigid countenance did keep ;  
Long before the wind had brought him down the last,  
Echo had curled into his tail, asleep.

## HOPEFUL ADVICE

POET, will you allow  
The thrush to sing?  
Leave the rose to grow.  
Do not bring  
Your rhyme, this spring.

Over the lawn  
Swagger, and resist.  
If the dawn  
Will persist,  
Clench your fist.

Bare your head  
To the wide day.  
There is nothing you can say  
That has not been said.

Little poet, now be strong;  
Resist more song.

## THE COMRADE

WE two, I thought, could always find  
Kindredship in the silent mind.

O the conceit I had in love of you,  
The unwise delight in your being true!

But all the time, so now I know, unseen,  
There was a trouble slipping in between.

We might have fought an open battle of wit:  
I'd have rejoiced to know you were thinking of it.

Your silent happiness  
Was all in laughter of me, so now I guess.

If I seek another friend, I will try  
Words against every silence, and make her lie.

## HAPPY DEPARTURE

(Harold Menro)

**W**E have not yet heard  
The meaning of your speech :  
There is too much Word.  
Instead of waiting to hear,  
We propose to go out (we two), and idle, over there.

*Run, beloved, into the wind !  
Leave those in the room behind.  
Croaking in the swamp of Mind.*

Good-bye, philosophic friends :  
I was never wise ;  
And I did not try to look you  
Straight into the eyes.

If you notice my departure, hollow down the breeze ;  
We shall be lying over there, underneath the trees.

## THE SPIRIT OF RAIN

OSBERT  
BURDETT

**A** THOUSAND voices had the earth last night ;  
Each tiny rut sang loud,  
And every runnel gurgled with delight,  
And panted every cloud  
To pour its treasures on the waiting earth.  
Straight streams descended, every bough became  
A conduit of the laughters of the rain.  
And, purling in their mirth,  
Ripples, like wild horses none can tame,  
Raced down the roadway mirroring the stars.  
While, as to merge the earth in heaven again,

(Osbert Burdett)

Black whirlpools floated on the fields  
(Each cloud a water-harvest yields),  
And every woodland spirit burst his bars.  
    A gentle lispingshook the leaves,  
    And patter, patter, patter on the sheaves  
        The raindrops' feet fast falling :  
        Everywhere  
    The water ran in whispers through the air,  
    Untied the tangles of the maiden-hair,  
        And lay on dock leaves sprawling.  
    In mists it floated down the valleys,  
    And drove in gusts through narrow alleys.  
For moorland, hill and street in turn obtain  
Their stop upon the reed-pipes of the rain.

The trees of English woods are many-mouthed :  
In that great orchestra each tree  
Plays his own note, and laughingly  
The poplar shakes, the aspen quivers  
In little runs. Like hillside rivers  
His notes upon the waiting air are thrown.  
The great oak answers with a groan  
As, like a helmsman at the helm,  
He drives the wind upon the splitting elm.  
Pale with affright the silver birch  
Weeps like a maiden with alarm ;  
While the horse-chestnut gives a lurch,  
Raising against the wind a rocking arm.  
Each plays his note : the hazel nuts  
Swish in the wind, the weeping willow sighs ;  
Whether the wind roars, whispers low, or struts  
In quick March airs, great sorrow on her lies.  
For everything that moves the wind awakes.

And every silent thing,  
    Each stone, each particle of sand,

Each wain-rut, and the very land  
That never moves to either hand,  
That can not make us understand  
By any words or gesturing,  
Finds its rare speech the rarest gain  
When alphabets are offered by the rain.

---

## JULY

**E**ARTH, having floated through the colder seas  
Of April, and the first warm floods of June,  
Rolled slowly in full summer. Then their love  
Burst from its green and fragile tegument,  
Incontinent and crimson.  
But unconvinced that love need have its way  
Like summer, the wise world began to say  
For very cogent reasons they must part,  
Illusions of the adolescent heart  
As he, young physiologist, should know,  
Being flimsier than peachbloom.  
Blood with the viler liquid of the Low  
Is not well mingled. Well he knew the mind  
Of worldlings, and the general event,  
But would not enter with their argument,  
And silently he suffered his desire  
To crumple opposition with swift fire—  
And of opposers was she not the chief?  
This talk, being rumoured, brought her bitter grief,  
For she would not be thought his enemy,  
And pleaded to be left with pain, while he  
Winged onward to some more expedient mate.  
She asked why mouths smiled mockingly of late :  
An acid friend poured in the drops of rue—  
They say he will have his desire on you  
Soon satisfied, and all will then be well—

RONALD  
FRASER

(*Ronald Fraser*)

He freed, and you—no matter—but in hell.  
This smarted, and she feared all men, and him.  
He saw and wooed her with blind will and grim.  
There came a hot white morning in July—  
He sought her early to entreat her, fly  
For one dear lonely day by the blue sea,  
Desiring nothing more than liberty  
And hours of sweet adventure, unobserved.  
She trembled, wept : with word and kiss he nerved  
Her spirit to accept what it desired :  
His clear eyes mocked her thought, and it expired,  
Her will received assurance of his will.  
They mounted early, climbed that well-known hill,  
And rode fast seaward ; in his arm she lay  
Until they reached a golden-belted bay,  
Whose cliffs swept south and up to sun-kissed crags.  
Here sundry whitened timbers and bleached rags  
Told softly of some late terrific storm :  
The weedy margin of the tide was warm,  
The still wet sand aglint with rosy shells ;  
The rocks were combed with salt vermilion wells,  
The caves aloud with sighings of the deep.  
An orange-lichened rockarm seemed to leap  
Out on the tideway, brandishing a pine.  
Motions of dazzling air and odorous brine  
Murmured, like music, raptures dim, immense,  
Resistless, to their lusty natural sense.  
With bare white limbs they climbed that twisted bridge,  
And lay close-locked upon its dizzy ridge  
With heat of heroes, conquerors, in their blood.  
All afternoon they watched the crystal flood  
Sweep over the Atlantic's amber floor  
And flower in foam ; they only moved to pour  
Their yearning out in kisses, and at last  
The ocean in a strange spell held them fast.  
Impulse grew mighty in them and thought fled.  
They longed to be reposed in that blue bed,



Or beat by little breakers on the beach.  
They rose and clambered down a rocky breach,  
Sucked by the tide, and let the waves anoint  
Their bleeding feet with cold and briny dew.  
Slowly the magic of the ocean drew—  
He dropped into a cleft, and soon his bride,  
Wondering, saw him white upon the tide.  
She fetched a great breath, for her limbs were keen  
To feel the water, and she stood unseen,  
Thigh deep, and dripping with the breaking seas.  
Swiftly she thrust her garments to her knees  
And stretched out white arms to a wave. It broke  
And clothed her in a green and icy cloak,  
And took her in tumultuous embrace.  
It swept her out in the receding race  
To seek her lover, swimming, straight and slim.  
As air to birds, the water was to him  
An element of joy : to her a bliss  
Life-kindling like the kindling of his kiss.  
They met, and first they were a little shy,  
And floated in a world of sea and sky  
Strangers, yet thrilling with delighted sense  
Of one another's nearness in the immense,  
Till they were satisfied of that desire.  
Now afternoon was waning into fire  
Of sunset, and the sea was glassy gold ;  
And now a wind of evening, blowing cold,  
Compelled them to the shore, and soon they met  
Hard by the slender pine, a little wet,  
And for the warmth embraced each other well.  
There was an empty hut in a green dell  
Between the cliffs ; they entered it, and soon  
A wisp of smoke curled to the crescent moon  
Risen in the shadowy East beyond the hill.  
Westward the stars burned forth, and all was still,  
Save for the sea's soft epithalamy.  
Lightly they riveted their destiny.

## SKETCH

*(Ronald Fraser)*

**O** LITTLE herd of fawns  
What drives you flying round the dusky fields  
And February lawns,  
Skirting the silver twilight of the wood  
In this ecstatic mood?

Now with a puff of spray  
And spurt of mud you thunder through the stream :  
And now you are away,  
Grey streaks and shadows of a minute's dream,  
Noiseless rapidities.

Now you are—where are you?  
Incorporeal motes of daylight? Fled?  
No. There you browse in peace,  
And fancies you put skimming through my head  
Grow still with you and cease.

## THE CROSS ROADS

**MICHAEL  
HESELTINE**

**A**T eventide each day the fire was high  
Upon the hearth, the door stood wide, and threw  
a yellow warmth down the cold road that drew  
huntsman or bard or lover far and nigh  
to eat and drink and talk of war : no eye  
was feared to meet its fellow, and the dew  
starred the late-comer, and the bright words flew  
round the strong host who sat there royally.  
Till one day came a stranger with a tale  
of shuttered rooms that were a world to him  
with all its wisdom in one golden head :  
they laughed to hear such folly could prevail,  
and left : the old host, with eyes a little dim,  
stood at the door, and sighed, and climbed to bed.

# ENGLISH POETRY

(Full details of any of the volumes mentioned in this section may be found in the Book List at the end of each number of POETRY AND DRAMA.)

THE war has not apparently much influenced the publication of verse. Approximately the usual quantity of volumes continues to appear. A considerable proportion must, however, have been in the press before August; and their authors and publishers seem to have decided to maintain "business as usual," in spite of altered conditions. During the last two or three months at least half a dozen volumes by the best-known living poets have come into circulation. These include Thomas Hardy, G. K. Chesterton (a reprint), John Masefield, W. H. Davies, W. W. Gibson, and Wilfrid Blunt (Collected Works).

## POETS LAUREATE

It may indeed seem a strange moment for the publication of W. Forbes Gray's *Poets Laureate of England: Their History and their Odes* (Pitman, 7s. 6d. net). Yet a standard book of the kind cannot fail to find its way eventually into all libraries, however inauspicious the conditions of its first appearance. It is, as far as I know, the only comprehensive work on the subject.

"The Laureateship is not burdened with too much honour," writes Mr Gray. "Its traditions are by no means in keeping with its venerability. . . . Incredible it may well appear; but among Tennyson's predecessors were a lackey, a 'drunken parson,' and a police magistrate." Only Wordsworth and Tennyson devoted themselves all their lives exclusively to poetry. Of the fifteen official Laureates, thirteen were prominently identified with other occupations. Wordsworth, strangely enough, turns out to be the only Laureate who never wrote an ode in his official capacity; but it is to be noted that his appointment did not take place until he had reached the age of seventy-three.

Ben Jonson, the first officially salaried Laureate, was preceded by a long line of "voluntary laureates" dating back as far as a poet named Wale, who is said to have attended the Court of Henry I. Of these, John Skelton is, of course, the most famous. Daniel (1562-1619) may be regarded as the last. Jonson was appointed in 1616 at an official salary of £67 per annum. In many respects he was the ideal Laureate; he became, in Fleay's words, "chief masque and entertainment provider of the Court." His successors, D'Avenant

## *English Poetry*

and Dryden, did not fail, each in his manner, also scrupulously to observe the duties of their office. But with Shadwell (successor to Dryden in 1669) a long period of mediocrity set in; the appointment became formal, and one solely of favour. "After his enforced retirement from the Laureateship at the Revolution," writes Mr Gray of Dryden, "he had no successor in his own rank until the appointment of Wordsworth exactly a century and three-quarters later." The lowest ebb was reached with the "drunken parson," Laurence Ensdon, who was guilty of such lines as :

Thy virtues shine peculiarly nice,  
Un-gloomed with a confinity to vice.

or :

Her Sons diminished, Chivalry deplored,  
Till the great Brunswick Bath's famed Knights restored.

Mr Gray's tributes to the present Laureate are to preface the volume with a portrait and to quote his Christmas poem. Robert Bridges, however, does not need any recommendation which his own best work cannot supply.

I promised in my last notes some further reference to Max Eastman's *Enjoyment of Poetry*. Without caring for his book as a whole, I admire Professor Eastman's point of view, as exemplified, for instance, in this : "Poems did not arise in books, nor in closet ecstasies either, but they arose upon the tongues of vagrants," a point which can scarcely be too often emphasised. His attention is chiefly concentrated on demonstrating it. The naming of objects and qualities by the precise word or phrase; the finding of the simplest, most concise and exact metaphor are among the principal offices of a poet. . . . "It is true that he could hardly look upon a thing he loved without longing for the poetic name and searching it out." "They love the appropriate name—whether it be a name that selects or a name that compares—because through it they are able in a way to encompass with consciousness the object to which it is applied."

## THOMAS HARDY

Professor Eastman always has the authentic or ideal poet in mind. There is, however, another kind, the literary poet or man of letters to whom verse is relaxation, and an occasional form of expression, not an obsession, as poetry must be to the poet. The pursuit of the appropriate name is usually less important to him than atmospheric and descriptive accuracy of the whole poem. Thomas Hardy, for instance, occupies himself principally with the situations, habits, and affairs of man as a social being. He appears to use verse as a craftsman may use an incidentally convenient medium; poetry

is, of course, not, as it must be to the poet, his goal. Mr Hardy's principal subject is, once more, the bitterness of love. The 15 "Satires of Circumstance," which give its title to the new book, are short, hideous impressions, (See p. 424) of crude technical construction and violent candour. They are a dose of physic, which the romantic temperament will, unfortunately, not swallow. He represents love almost exclusively in the moments of its revenge on its human puppets. But his situations being the product of sins against society rather than against love itself, one would desire to hitch the puppet out of the scene rather than grieve with its sorrow. He is not a propagandist; he will expose the horrors of civilised love, but he will not divulge a remedy. Again, God being dead, he describes His funeral, but he offers no suggestions: "I could not prop their faith. . . . Mechanically I followed with the rest." He wants to make us unhappy. It is probably good for us.

W. H. Davies, on the contrary, finds life joyful, fairly easy, and nearly always beautiful. Almost every year—he has only failed twice since 1906—he publishes his small volume, and increases his already large circle of admirers. In him we find, according to Professor Eastman's views, almost the ideal poet—though I scarcely imagine he would be flattered to hear it. I have already tried in these pages to suggest his gay manner of noting the passing events of his life in verse. This time some have been sad and rather perplexing, but they do not outwardly disturb him;

And when Time strikes the hour for sleep,  
Back in my room alone,  
My heart has many a sweet bird's song—  
And one that's all my own.

—he makes each into a song and it passes from him.

He uses images as a countryman implements, or a carpenter, tools: as though nothing else had ever occurred to him, when he cannot describe a thing quite literally, than to represent it by transposition or comparison. He seems to have that peculiar facility for making a verse almost about anything he sees, a kind of easy power of spinning appropriate words together into a pattern, as though it were merely a matter of using the right threads. In the first poem here, "When I am Old," he tells us plainly he will not tolerate being beyond the power of words; and I can believe him. "When Time serves notice on my Muse . . . Then to the blackest pits I come." There is nothing much to say about these "little songs," as he calls them; if I were a critic, I could invent columns of phrases, no doubt. The poem I have selected for quotation is a fair type of his best manner.

(See p. 425)

Rupert Brooke contributes five new poems to the third issue of the quarterly *New Numbers*. He is reticent, but what he does produce is seldom below his best level. He packs into one poem what inferior artists might eke out over a dozen. His intellect controls his imagination. I quote a passage from

(See p. 428) "The Great Lover."

*New Numbers* is worth reading alone for Mr Brooke's five poems; it contains, however, also a short play in a very new manner by John Drinkwater. There are two peculiarities to notice, the first (I write it with diffidence) that Mr Drinkwater has caught the style of Mr Abercrombie's blank verse; the second, that he has written a play, in the modern manner, without a clinching point. The first is probably not of inconsiderable importance—it's a phase; the second, however, is very important, for the trouble about much of his previous writing was that its points were too strongly emphasised.

Lascelles Abercrombie is less like himself, except for that fierce passion to realise events of the past in his own way, invent a new reading rather than accept the tradition. His present poem represents one of the mothers of the Jewish innocents returning home and finding her slain baby, an exciting narrative, exceptional but rather less original, and, as though he had surrendered something to Mr Drinkwater, more conventional in diction.

### Mr GIBSON'S TWO VOLUMES

W. W. Gibson publishes his two *New Numbers* poems concurrently in his new companion volumes, *Borderlands* and *Thoroughfares*. It is, therefore, to these volumes that I shall refer.

*Borderlands* contains three dramatic episodes, conversations about unusual matters, between people queerly and unsuitably brought together, who match their temperaments, try their qualities against each other, quibble suspiciously, describe egotistically, admit reluctantly or disparagingly or jestfully, and finally are caught or yield on a subtle point which has been skilfully suggested like a pervading theme through the course of the dialogue. A peculiar intellectual excitement is maintained throughout the conversational vicissitudes of these pieces.

(See p. 427) *Thoroughfares* contains at least two remarkable poems: "Solway Ford" and "Wheels." "The Vindictive Staircase; or, The Reward of Industry," too, shows Mr Gibson in a new light, with a strong dry sense of humour. It contains the pleasant line, "Sweeling ghostly grease of quaking candles." A few of the shorter poems may perhaps have been put in to fill up the book;

they are not worthy of it. As I have suggested before, his worst tendency (a likely one with all poets) is toward the imitation of himself. He has found rhythms which seem to suit his temperament so well that he is in danger of turning them into an individual convention, accustoming us so much to their sound that our surprise flags. And his humble people are apt to repeat themselves. Humble life, I know, is monotonous, but poetry must not be. These are generalisations I have no space to amplify. Mr Gibson is a serious and diligent craftsman; there have been many changes and developments in his work: many are doubtless still to come. He has freed the vocabulary and widened the scope of poetry; he has the gratefulness of the English public.

### SEA POETRY

John Masefield adheres to a convention, but that of traditional English verse, not of his own making. From no other living poet perhaps is a new book at present so acceptable to those who watch for poetry; it is sad, therefore, to have to register a disappointment. The drama of "Philip the King" must surely be old work. Mr Granville Barker did Mr Masefield the injustice to produce it recently at a special performance at Covent Garden. The audience, such as remained beyond the first twenty minutes, evidently sat on in mere curiosity; few seemed to know what it was all about. The best passages, even if they had not been gabbled, would have been lost in the tedium of the whole. There are about fifty goodish lines, I should think, but the characterisation is of the feeblest and dramatic interest is almost entirely absent.

The play, however, is only half the book, and among the "Other Poems" some of Mr Masefield's best are to be found: "The Wanderer," "Biography," "The River," "Ships," and "August, 1914"—his "war poem." "The Wanderer" may be classified with "Dauber" as one of the finest sea-poems (See p. 426) in English. This no doubt is the kind of conventional and arbitrary statement that can be found almost any day in the Press. But as I scarcely ever allow myself such assertions, I hope to be taken seriously when I do. Anyone may arrive at this conclusion merely by a process of literary comparison. But a much more important argument may be found in Mr Masefield's very wide appeal to authentic seamen (not nautical landmen), people who don't read poetry except his.

I am quoting three stanzas from Miss Fox Smith's *Sailor Town: Sea Songs and Ballads*. I think they are the best in the book. Miss Fox Smith has strong feeling for the sea, but she writes mostly in the rollicking-briny-ocean style: I don't believe in either for literary folk or for seamen.

The poetry of the man of action is seldom of much interest. Very many athletes, big-game hunters, war correspondents, polo players, have turned to verse in their spare moments ; several such are to be read in posthumous volumes with an introduction by some devoted semi-literary friend recounting the exploits and praising the qualities of the dead man—whose aptitude for verse is generally of the slightest. But in Geoffrey Winthrop Young we have the rare case of an athlete in the prime of vigorous life, who can apparently pause at frequent intervals and transcribe the emotions stimulated by physical activities into poetry which is among the finest of the period. Mr Young has, I understand, climbed mountains which only one or two other Englishmen have attempted ; I wonder on which of them, and on what crag,

In this short span  
between my finger-tips on the smooth edge  
and these tense feet cramped to the crystal ledge,

he paused to exclaim :

For what is there in all the world for me  
but what I know and see ?  
And what remains of all I see and know,  
if I let go ?

for most of his poems appear conceived and uttered in those very moments in which the man of action is usually tongue-tied. His longer and more reflective verses even have the tough vigour of expression of a man who thinks with his body, and has his senses in control, so that in the moment of excitement they all work together and at their full power.

At first approach he is difficult, even forbidding ; but he is not obscure. The diffuseness and occasional obscurity of his other book, *Wind and Hill* (now out of print), have quite disappeared in *Freedom*. The progress of these three years has been sure and rapid.

Mr Young's name must be known to many through his despatches in the *News and Leader* during the early part of the war. These were generally recognised as the best sent by any press correspondent. They have now been collected under the title *From the Trenches*, published by Fisher Unwin. In *Freedom* there is only one poem, “Waste,” which seems to bear, and that indirectly, on the subject of war ; but from a man of this unusual kind one may assuredly expect poetry during the next few years which shall “blend dream with the deed.”

He dabbles in the usual athletic metres only occasionally, and without success. He is most at his ease in free rhymed verse ; this he uses with peculiar effect in his children poems, of which two at least, “Plash Lane”



and "Time and Tide," are among his most original. Quotation is of little use to reveal the spirit of this book; I have chosen three poems (the first (See p. 429) with an obviously villainous title) which are fair examples, but Mr Young's range of thought is too wide to be exemplified anything like adequately in quotation.

G. K. C.

G. K. Chesterton's *Wild Knight* is really a reprint, that is, a fourth edition; but as the third has been exhausted many years, and several additional poems are now included, it comes to us almost with the freshness of a new book. It still consists chiefly, however, of early poems. Meanwhile, most of us have read *The Ballad of the White Horse*, and so it would be difficult not to feel some disappointment in these lyrics. To begin with, most of them are obscure, not merely elusive, nor mysterious, nor difficult, but simply out and out unintelligible. The reason is, I believe, that Mr Chesterton was too serious. When he is happy in his medium, at peace with himself and on the best terms with heaven, he is as lucid as any writer who ever wrote English. In the more tranquil lyrics of this book, such as "The Holy of Holies," in which he simply (See p. 431) asks a question, tries to prove nothing, his style presents no difficulties. But a kind of annoyance glimmers somewhere behind his more subtle compositions, an over-anxiousness to prove his case against the ungodly—and then he stammers. The title poem is a kind of mystery play. This is what I like best. It has all the jovial spirit of Mr Chesterton's convictions, without dogmatism, or incoherence. Mr Chesterton is known by some people chiefly for his comic poems—which are very serious; here is an exciting religious poem, almost with the fluency and rush of the comic style. I hope I may be forgiven if I am irreverent: Mr Chesterton's idea of God can scarcely appeal to the navy, but it may almost convince an intellectual.

COLLECTED WORKS OF WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT

Perhaps the most remarkable publication of the quarter is Wilfred Blunt's *Collected Works* in two volumes, together making 927 pages. When a small expeditionary force of Imagistes and others made a peaceful descent upon Mr Blunt's country home last January, he is said to have expressed considerable surprise at the honour paid him. He had never really been a poet, he claimed. He had written a certain amount of verse, but only when he was down on his luck and had made mistakes either in love or politics or in some branch of active life. We all know the anecdote of the visit to William Congreve of Voltaire, who found him "entirely indifferent to literature," and he hinted that "Voltaire should visit him upon no other foot than that of a gentleman who led a life of plainness and simplicity." The attitude is a

## English Poetry

healthy one, and, indeed, I doubt whether Mr Blunt felt conscious at the moment he spoke of the great bulk and variety of his work, which includes, to begin with, the 114 love sonnets of "Proteus," the 58 of the sonnet narrative entitled "Esther," then a couple of hundred more sonnets and lyrics, "Griselda" (a society novel in rhymed verse), "Sussex Pastorals," translations from the Arabic (including the well-known "Stealing of the Mare"), occasional and political poems, and three plays in rhymed verse. The titles of the twelve sonnets composing "The Idler's Calendar" would seem to support Mr Blunt's contention. "January: Cover Shooting — February: Under the Speaker's Gallery — March: A Week in Paris — April: Trout-fishing — May: The London Season — June: A Day at Hampton Court — July: Goodwood — August: On the Thames — September: Feast of St. Partridge — October: Gambling at Monaco — November: Across Country — December: Away to Egypt." "Griselda: a novel in verse" is a most entertaining affair: "An idle story with an idle moral"—a bad story indeed but charmingly told. The greater part of Mr Blunt's poetry is that of an intellectual country gentleman, a lover of nature and of woman. "Esther" (See p. 432) perhaps alone stands out conspicuously as an original work of art. The play of "Satan Absolved" is an interesting piece of literature. Both volumes are easy ground to ramble, and difficult books to close.

Arthur K. Sabin is a poet and craftsman of some distinction, who publishes from time to time a little volume beautifully produced on his own hand-press. His latest, *New Poems*, has just come to hand. Of its twenty-seven (See p. 433) sonnets and lyrics at least half a dozen are of fine quality, which is a high average. Mr Sabin's verse is of a quiet meditative kind. The poem quoted is a fair specimen of it at its best.

The young Oxford poets have published another anthology with a lively Introduction by Sir Walter Raleigh. "The most surprising quality of poetry," he writes, "may be discerned everywhere in this book—its absolute truthfulness . . . . These short poems portray their writers as truly as a photograph, and far more significantly." Nothing need be added to these remarks, except to note the presence in the volume of new poems by Godfrey Elton and Sherard Vines, and the interesting development of including in the selection the verses of three ladies.

At Cambridge, five students of Girton have had the initiative to publish a little anthology, but under the unfortunate name *Bits of Things*. Miss Postgate takes first place both for quantity and quality.

*David in Heaven* is the stimulating title of a new book by R. L. Gales; but the contents are disappointing in spite of a certain freshness of thought.

Finally, there are two volumes only of free verse. *Poems*, by E. Scotton Huelin, shows promise ; but at present Mr Huelin is subject to many of the faults of free-verse writers. *Poems*, by John Rodker, with a cover design by David Bomberg, is like a thin screech. Mr Rodker has a "Vibro-Massage," and tells us "I am afraid." I can't believe him. Incidentally, sixteen of the lines in this poem consist each of one separate word. Mr Rodker should certainly be satisfied with the considerable originality he already has instead of trying to increase it to snapping point.

## CONCLUSION

Now, for the present at any rate, I am absolved of the responsibility I undertook at the beginning of this year. I admit that I did not then know the difficulties the situation would present of being obliged to form an opinion on, and attempt to *place*, each separately, of several hundred books of poetry. I have known always that as little as possible should be written about poetry, unless in the form of pure essay ; my object has been to describe books, not to review them : I have limited myself in a dozen ways. I have felt always merely one of three things about each book : either that (1) I like it ; or (2) It may be good, and I don't know whether I like it ; or (3) I don't like it. These are the feelings that most critics have about poetry, but, either to earn a living or for self-aggrandisement, they are prepared to string together any phrases about it, and, following the traditions of criticism, they do so almost without effort. Nevertheless, there are usually, in any country, and there probably are in England at present, some six to ten people alive able to write first-class essays on subjects of their own, inspired by certain books, which they have been given, or have chosen, to review. This needs space, leisure, and the method of historical or comparative criticism, conscientiousness, clear judgment, and courage. When POETRY AND DRAMA is revived, we shall hope to have found a chronicler who may combine all these qualities, attributes, and advantages.

So much in the nature of apology ; now very few words as to the opinion I have formed of modern poetry. Firstly, I accuse human vanity of parading itself to the bounds of all decency ; secondly, I accuse the publishers of abetting human vanity in a manner almost unscrupulous. At least 75 per cent. of the books published are valueless, as everyone knows. But why are they published ? Because the trade sees its way to "make a bit" in pandering to the vanity of bad poets. In the interests of poetry this sort of thing should not happen ; but in the interests of employment, of course, it does. Publishers have an idea there is no harm in it ; they are wrong—ugliness is harm : poetry that, for some reason, is definitely bad is hideous.

HAROLD MONRO

## ANTHOLOGIES AND REPRINTS

THE worst of the poetry being written to-day is that it is too deliberately, and not inevitably, English. It is for an audience: there is more in it of the shouting of rhetorician, reciter, or politician than of the talk of friends and lovers. Some ears would not be pierced except by this kind of noise, and even excluding this bad class altogether it is apparently not easy to make a good book of patriotic poems. E. Nesbit, in compiling her *Battle Songs* (Max Goschen, rs. net), has to include rather a lot of E. Nesbit and of Dibdin. Nor is she strict in deciding what is a song, though she shows a preference for what is song-like. The living men represented are Messrs Kipling, Newbolt, and A. E. Housman. But the best things of all are Blake's "War Song to Englishmen," and some passages from Whitman, "Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!" and "Would you hear of an old-time sea-fight?" These, Marryat's "The Old Navy," "Here's a health unto his Majesty," "Bonnie Dundee," and the usual Cowper, Campbell, Collins, and Macaulay, make up a book many will want to have. It does not pretend to be choice or exhaustive, and was admittedly done quickly.

*English Patriotic Poetry* (selected by L. Godwin Salt. Cambridge Press, 6d.) is choicer. It is chronological. The three poets most represented are Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, and from Tennyson only one of the poor thin poems—"Hands all Round"—has been taken. The represented authors living when the selection was made were Alfred Austin, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and Messrs Newbolt and Kipling. The compiler has not overlooked Coleridge's "Fears in Solitude," but has robbed it of all its particular character and most of its force by cutting out only twenty-two lines from the middle. Drayton's "To the Cambrio (*sic*) Britons" is here, and two of Milton's sonnets, and some ineffective extracts from Spenser and Peele. But the book is far better than its title, and includes practically nothing that is merely patriotic.

*The Country's Call* (chosen and edited by E. B. and Marie Sargant. Macmillan, 2d.) presents an interesting variety of work within thirty-two pages, and contrives to include not only Shakespeare, Isaiah, Burns, Dibdin, Browning, Wordsworth, Rossetti, Stevenson, Bret Harte, and Swinburne, but also Messrs Hardy, Newbolt, Kipling, Dobson, Binyon, and Flecker. But here, as in the two other books, nothing gives the book any living quality, or makes it something like the sum of its often noble parts.

*Lord God of Battles: A War Anthology* (compiled by A. E. Manning Foster. Cope and Fenwick, 1s. net) is no better, except that it includes Mr Vachell, Mr Henry Chappell, and Miss Althea Gyles, as well as the late Gerard Hopkins, Mr Chesterton, Clough, Bret Harte, Tennyson, Mr Hardy, Mr de la Mare, Meredith, and Blake. It lacks articulation or any sort of arrangement.

Those who would avoid corruption ought to read Mr A. H. Miles' *Battle and Breeze Reciever* (Goschen, 6d.). He wrote most of it, and fortifies himself behind bits of Gerald Massey, Enry Chappell, Macaulay, and others. His style is:

There's a doughty little Island in the Ocean—  
The dainty little darling of the free.

Mr Miles, Miss Havergal, the other Doyle, Mrs Hemans, F. T. Palgrave, Mr Miles, some American poets, Sir Edwin Arnold, and Mr Miles again, make up what I should suspect to be a very sound volume for the title and the money. I forgot to say that "Napoleon and the Young English Sailor" is also here: it is by Thomas Campbell.

Much more difficult to judge is *The Golden Staircase: Poems and Verses for Children* (chosen by Louey Chisholm; pictures by M. Dibdin Spooner. T. C. and E. C. Jack, 3s. 6d. net). It has to be realised at last that to a child a bad poem is not necessarily bad. The very young child makes unforeseeable use of the various elements and words in a poem, and I might be taking away a chance of something good by cutting out, for example, a worthless thing like F. E. Weatherley's "Cats' Tea Party":

Five little pussy-cats, invited out to tea,  
Cried, "Mother, let us go—oh, do! for good we'll surely be."

"We'll surely be!" The more this sort of thing is admitted the more there will be to write and read it, a never-ending chain of I don't know what to call them. And Norman Gale, again, with his:

In summer, when the grass is thick, if mother has the time,  
She shows me with her pencil how a poet makes a rhyme.  
And often she is sweet enough to choose a leafy nook,  
Where I cuddle up so closely when she reads the fairy book.

Children are not such idiots as Norman Gale would have them be. However, Miss Chisholm knows more about them than I do, and she has put far more good than bad into this staircase. It has 200 steps, which a child can climb between the ages of four and fourteen at twenty steps a year. I do not see

## *Anthologies and Reprints*

why "The Pied Piper" comes after the patriotic poems, and "John Gilpin" later still, or why "Abou Ben Adhem" is not left out, or why "Infant Joy" is called a "Cradle Song." The great names of Cook, Watts, Taylor, Lear, Ewing, Heinrich Hoffmann are well mixed up with Stevenson, Miss Alma Tadema, Hogg, Scott, Marvell, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, and the rest. No division or classification interrupts the staircase. The pictures, I should say, would please Norman Gale.

A different standard has to be applied to a book with such a title as *The Very Humorous Reciter* (Routledge, 1s.). Mrs. Pertwee's simple object is "to supply reciters with unhackneyed humorous selections not usually found in English collections." Many are American, and anonymous too. Many that are not American are also anonymous, and some are printed with no clue to their origin, which I conjecture is humble. No matter: a good reciter will prove them very humorous. As a specimen I will quote Cormac O'Leary's "Reflections on Cleopatra's Needle," first verse:

So that's Cleopathera's Needle, bedad,  
An' a quare-lookin' needle it is, I'll be bound;  
What a powerful muscle the queen must have had  
That could grasp such a weapon an' wind it around!

The question is simply whether the people who find themselves in a room waiting for a very humorous recitation will laugh. There are pieces also by Lowell, Lear, and Messrs Whitcomb Riley, Mark Twain, Owen Seaman, Adrian Ross, Coulson Kernahan, A. P. Graves, and C. L. Graves.

Mr Guy Pertwee's *Scottish Reciter* (Routledge, 1s.) has a much larger proportion of pieces standing in no need of aid from reciters. The first part consists of twenty-three ballads and folk songs, including "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Twa Corbies," and I should like to know whether the same people are going to enjoy them and Cormac O'Leary. The second part largely consists of poems by Burns, Scott, Hogg, Campbell, and W. E. Aytoun, especially Aytoun. Byron's "Loch-na-gar" is here, with Allan Cunningham's "Fairy Oak of Corriewater," and a bit, the obvious bit, of "The King's Quhair," and two bits of "Macbeth." The last poem is Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper." Altogether it is good enough to be rather a stumbling-block for the artiste who has worked through *The Very Humorous Reciter*; but you never know. The one thing certain is that this *Scottish Reciter* abounds in pieces which, a man can see, have gone far towards truth, while no man who has ever troubled about the matter will see anything of the kind in most of *The Very Humorous Reciter*.

## *Anthologies and Reprints*

Two more anthologies containing "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." Milton comes into Mr William Stanley Braithwaite's *Book of Restoration Verse* (Duckworth, 6s. net). For the title is made to do for English poetry between the "Elizabethan" and the "Georgian" ages. Waller is excluded because he was in the "Elizabethan" volume as the product of that epoch in its decline. Some popular ballads are included because many of them were first circulated in the seventeenth century. The editor indulges in no other subtleties, but admits whatever is respectable between Cowley and Pope. About 800 pages are filled. There are some misprints and American spellings. Sedley is said to have "attended" Wadham College, Dr Pope to have succeeded Wren as professor of astronomy 'in Cresham College, Oxford.' Otherwise the anthology has the merit of giving more space to its period than any other in one volume. It could have been improved only by admitting no more than one poem by Milton or any anthologist's poet, and filling the space thus emptied with songs (D'Urfey is here), epitaphs, and all the accessible popular or anonymous rhymed writing.

*The Book of Georgian Verse*, first issued in 1909, by the same editor (Duckworth, 6s. net), is open to the same criticism. It runs to over 1,200 pages, and includes all of "Adonais," as well as of Smart's "Song to David" and Blair's "Grave." But the time has gone by for anthologies packed with quantities of the best poetry. Nor is much gained by printing in the style of the Oxford anthologies. Room should be found for songs, epitaphs, nursery rhymes, popular verse of any kind that the police do not attack, and also for the rank and file of bad or ordinary poets. Somerville should not have been omitted. One book of "The Chase" had a better right here than "The Ancient Mariner." And why not have included Robert Roxby, the fisher poet, whom every visitor to St. Nicholas' at Newcastle wonders about? The epitaph tells them he was a warm friend, trusty servant, enlightened thinker, and an honest man. Mr Braithwaite says nothing. But he goes over the story of Keats and puts it down that "his spirits became morbidly affected by an unrequited love affair," and implies that he went out to Italy in response to an invitation from Shelley. Coming to Shelley, he tells those who want to know that "Queen Mab" is "a poem of atheistic teaching." He also prints "My soul is like [*sic*] an enchanted boat." In any case it was hopeless to attempt "to give some real coherency" in the arrangement of the book. When the series is completed by a Victorian volume, the four will have the advantage over the *Oxford Book of English Verse* that they are four instead of one.

## *Anthologies and Reprints*

Mr Leonard Stowell's "little" Nature Anthologies of contemporary and other verse (*The Call of the Open* and *Nature's Moods*: A. and C. Black, 2s. 6d. net each) naturally contain many well-known poems. But in amongst them and the pictures are some by living men: for example, Messrs Wilfrid Blunt, W. H. Davies, Belloc, Laurence Housman, Robert Service, Arthur Symons, and Mrs Meynell. There are also a number of translations from Mr Bithell's selections of contemporary Belgian, French, and German poetry. Thus, I hope, the mind of the humble reader of anthologies (if they are read) is gradually being corrupted.

*The Miniature Classics*—"Maud," "Pippa Passes," "A Blot in the Scutcheon," "The Deserted Village," "The Ancient Mariner," and "The Sensitive Plant" (Jarrold, 1s. net each)—are books for the pocket, very clearly printed, and with the most modest proportion of "editing" by Messrs George Goodchild, Henry Blanchamp, and the late Professor Dowden.

EDWARD THOMAS

## TRANSLATIONS

- (1) THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. Epigrams from *Anthologia Palatina* XII. Translated into English verse by Sydney Oswald. (Privately issued, 1914. 5/- net.)
- (2) ITALIANA. By Harriot Wolff. (Matthews. 3s. 6d. net.)
- (3) THE BOOK OF SONGS OF HEINE. Translated by Col. H. S. Jarrett. (Constable. 5/- net.)

The dedication Παιδική Μόρσα suggests the ideal which has governed Mr Oswald in his choice of epigrams from the Anthology. They are all of them love poems of the type which Strato, Anacreon, and Meleager have made famous. Of the likeness between Mr Oswald's versions and the originals there is either a great deal or nothing at all to say, according as one looks at the whole question of translation. The theory that the translation of the poetry of one language into the poetry of another is a literary impossibility can command considerable support. Adaptation and re-creation are possible of course, as in the case of Omar and Fitzgerald, but this is something more than translation. There remains the rendering of the metrical original into prose, the method nearly always adopted by the French. When a man who is considerably less of a poet than his master, or very often not a poet in any



## Translations

sense at all, translates the exotics of that master into his own tongue, the result is inevitably disappointing. If by any chance he is a poet, the work resulting from the translation may be poetry, but it is no longer the poetry of the original author.

It is a dilemma, but only a literary and not a practical one, for the output from our press of metrical translations of poetry remains constant both in quantity and lack of quality. As far as this kind of thing can be done—and as a literary exercise for amateurs it has its value—Mr Oswald produces respectable versions. Indeed, some of his shorter efforts are quite happy and retain the epigrammatic flavour of their originals. This is a rare virtue with most of our writers who have tried their talents on the *Anthology*. For the most part all they have succeeded in doing has been to turn epigrams into texts.

It is inevitable, of course, when the translator uses both rhyme and regular metre in his versions, that there should appear many repetitions, amplifications, and awkward inversions. Mr Oswald is guilty sometimes of these faults, but taking into consideration the hopelessness of his task, he has contrived, at any rate, not to be ridiculous.

It is strange to think of the delicate Strato, the decadent and sensuous Meleager, confined in the solemn measure of the English pentameter. It is funny, but it is not beautiful.

By the way, what justification has Mr Oswald for interfering with the record of Meleager's loves? On page 43 he has "Heliodorus." Why rob the "sweet-voiced" Heliodora of her homage?

*Italiana* consists of verses connected, for the most part, with Italy. The authors drawn upon in this anthology of translations are mainly German. Paul Heyse has the bulk of the pages, and Frida Schanz and Hermann Hesse are also well represented. The poems are chiefly tourist verses, as much a homage to modern travelling facilities as to their author's muses. Miss Wolff's translations have the merit of simplicity.

Colonel Jarrett's translation of *Das Buch der Lieder* first appeared in 1882, and was succeeded by a new edition in 1894. It is a standard translation and does convey something of the highly elusive spirit of the original.

EDWARD STORER

## NEW CHAPBOOKS AND BROADSIDES

(PUBLISHED BY THE POETRY BOOKSHOP)

SINGSONGS OF THE WAR. By Maurice Hewlett. 6d. net.

A BALLAD OF "THE GLOSTER" AND "THE GOEBEN." By Maurice Hewlett. 2d.

CHILDREN OF LOVE. By Harold Monro. 6d. net.

**G**REAT upsets are supposed to be good for poetry. There may be something in that theory ; just how much is in it we hope the present cataclysm may show us. But it would be clearly unreasonable to expect our poets to come out immediately with first-rate poetry about the war. Nothing is more unlikely. Good poetry about war has been, in the vast majority of cases, written a generation or two after the war was over. It is not as providing a subject, but as a sort of general excitation about things in general—"man and nature and human life"—that war may be good for poetry. Fine poetry means fine digestion ; and it is difficult to digest a war when it is all about us. Moreover, writing is a poor substitute for fighting ; the poet may be trusted to feel that as much as anyone, and it is a feeling, however suppressed, at least as bad for poetry as an uncomfortable chair or tight boots. It is when a poet can think of battlefields as comfortably as Homer thought of Skamandros' banks or as Drayton thought of Agincourt that his verse is likely to be adequate to the fighting. But if it is too early to look for first-rate poetry about the present war, it is not unreasonable to hope for something honest and stirring and decent—and the indecency of some of our war poems has been sickening. Both Mr Hewlett and Mr Monro show that this hope is certainly not extravagant.

Mr Hewlett has written much better poetry than these "Singsongs" and this pleasantly illustrated ballad-sheet ; for indeed some of Mr Hewlett's poetry is exceedingly good. But then these verses are about the war ; and, though that certainly will not excuse anything, we cannot ask just yet for anything better than the war plus sincerity, which is what Mr. Hewlett gives us. His ballad style admits whimsy and refuses pretence or extravagance. If only all our poets could command the mockery of "The Emperor of Almain," the Kaiser would not have the laugh of us for losing our heads about him. The gay "Ballad of *The Gloster* and *The Goeben*" and "Brave Words from Kiel" have more of the spirit of the navy in them than many brave words

## *New Chapbooks and Broad-sides*

from London. But even better than these sarcasms are Mr. Hewlett's serious verses. His ballad style can manage the tragedy of honour and arms, and be as free as ever from the offence common to patriotic sentimental airs. "In the Trenches" and "Tye Street" look at the war from two different angles, and look through it into the mind of a man and a woman; and what goes on there is reported finely and movingly. The best is "Soldier, soldier"; for simplicity and reality, its emotion is the most stirring thing we have had yet in the poetry of the war; we shall not have done so badly if it is still that when the war is over.

Mr. Monro's poems about the war are not the best things in his book. "Children of Love" itself is a quite remarkable poem; a fine idea, finely carried out. The meeting of the child Jesus with the child Cupid is worked into a singularly attractive symbol. "Overheard on a Saltmarsh," too, is curiously memorable; this colloquy of nymph and goblin is as complete and inexplicable as a thing seen suddenly and clearly between sleeping and waking. And there are some descriptive poems—"Great City" and "London Interior," for instance—which are cool and detached and vivid. Even such a slight thing as "Milk for the Cat," a very pretty fantasy, is, as poetry, better than the war poems. But the war poems, nevertheless, are the sort of thing we want. "Retreat," a piece of realistic psychology, is the best of them; a retreat, no doubt, is like that. Something of what the war really means to Mr. Monro is expressed in these poems honestly and decently; and since Mr. Monro is sensitive and understanding, the mere fact that the expression is so makes it stirring.

A Broadside of Ford Madox Hueffer's poem, "Antwerp," with the decorations of Wyndham Lewis, which the Poetry Bookshop will shortly publish, is unfortunately still in the press, and a copy of it has not reached me in time for notice.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

ROBERT BRIDGES. By F. E. Brett Young. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

MAURICE MAETERLINCK. By Una Taylor. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

I suppose that one day Mr. Young sat down in his study, after an interview with Mr. Secker, and thought to himself somewhat as follows:—"Well, now that I've got the commission to write a book about Mr. Bridges, I must think of something to say. The fact is, there is not a great deal to say about him. All the same, I've got to write so many thousand words before I finish the job. Well it's a poor journalist who can't write a volume about anything. So here goes."

## *New Chapbooks and Broadsides*

Mr Young proceeded to follow the standard method of literary journalism in use for the execution of such tasks. I do not blame him. I do it myself sometimes. It consists, as is well known, of making a somewhat vague statement in one paragraph, sentence or page, and contradicting it in the next paragraph, sentence or page. Polite fatuity is thus given the appearance of well-balanced judgment.

As a matter of fact, Mr Young does this kind of thing remarkably well.

For example—"As a poet he (Bridges) is not among the greatest. He treads too deliberately the middle course between imagination and fact, without the inclusive vision that is the crowning glory of the classic style. He lacks, too, the sustained ecstasy of imagination which is the birthright of the greatest poets."

A little further on we are told—"But of the real stuff of poetry and of joy, of perfect sympathy and expression, he brings us more than any poet since Keats . . . as a lyric poet he is more consistently fine than Keats . . . most of his collected *Shorter Poems* have, I think, the authentic accent" (good old "authentic accent") "of immortal verse."

But Mr Young exemplifies in one sentence this contradictory method of criticism whose aim is, of course, to offer no opinion or criticism at all. "While the (*Growth of Love*) sonnets are too individual to be derivative, it is fair to say that these sonnets carry a strong Renaissance flavour. "It is fair to say—"

Miss Una Taylor does not write criticism either. She contents herself with relating the stories of the Maeterlinck plays for the most part. Occasionally she ventures a remark such as "Maleine retains all the frail dawn delicacy of a typical Burne-Jones figure." Some of her sentences are very hard to understand. She says of her author that "Life in his plays is a symbol within a symbol. His characters stand in relation to actuality, not so much as types, but as counterfeit presentments of single individualities, in whose somewhat blank personality a phase of emotion for the hour finds its vivid embodiment."

She makes an interesting observation when she remarks on the frequency with which Maeterlinck introduces three generations into his plays, but she does not develop the fact into any speculations. The titles of the chapters give a fair idea of the plan followed in this critical study—Love Dramas, Death Dramas, Mysticism, Essays, Nature, Death.

As a matter of fact, probably everything of interest has been said about Maeterlinck for some time now. He has had a considerable influence on modern literature, but he is well charted by now.

E. S.

## FRENCH CHRONICLE

IT is curious that at this moment should appear an English translation of a book by a German on a great Belgian poet who has sought refuge in England: *Emile Verhaeren*, by Stefan Zweig, translated by Jethro Bithell (Constable, 6s. net); and it is difficult, in reading it, to rid one's mind of the obsession of the flaming horror that is now Belgium. Yet it is a contribution to pure letters and to the contemplation of modern life—before the cataclysm; there is not in it even any of the favourite affectations of the Teuton; I do not believe that the word "culture" occurs once with its Prussian significance; it is careful; it is exhaustive; it is reverent; it is enthusiastic; and, in its English form, it is much more interesting than the French, which is dull (of the German original I know nothing): so dulness comes and goes with the transmutations of language. And if Stefan Zweig were asked, I believe he would answer that M. Verhaeren alone is sufficient justification for Belgium's separate existence: and German has answered German; and the right bank of the Rhine is theirs—if they can keep it.

However, few Englishmen know of the guest they have, and it is to those of them to whom it imports that they should know that this book is addressed: that it is written by a German, all the better—a poetic justice. England, as usual, has paid little attention to Verhaeren's work: an essay or so by Edmund Gosse, *Les Aubes*, translated by Arthur Symons, a few poems rendered—and rendered—by Alma Strettel in "Poems by Emile Verhaeren" (1899), the poems translated by Mr Bithell himself in "Contemporary Belgian Poetry," and one or two odd articles, including an excellent one by Mr M. T. H. Sadler in POETRY AND DRAMA—I think that is all. And yet, as Stefan Zweig says: "In Verhaeren's work our age is mirrored. The new landscapes are in it; the sinister silhouettes of the great cities; the seething masses of a militant democracy; the subterranean shafts of mines; the last heavy shadows of silent, dying cloisters. All the intellectual forces of our time, our time's ideology, have here become a poem; the new social ideas, the struggle of industrialism with agrarianism, the vampire force which lures the rural population from the health-giving fields to the burning quarries of the great city, the tragic fate of emigrants, financial crises, the dazzling conquests of science, the syntheses of philosophy, the triumphs of engineering, the new colours of the impressionists." Nor is that all. Verhaeren has written poems of an infinite tenderness, in *Les Heures Claires* and *Les Heures d'Après-midi* especially. But, to return to my point, the English contribution to the Verhaeren bibliography is almost negligible, and this translation is the first complete exposition in English of Verhaeren's work. May it be read.

## French Chronicle

I confess that there is a large mass of Verhaeren's work that interests me very little: that, in fact, I am attracted by spiritual and not by cerebral adventures. There is a little poem by Nietzsche, for instance, in *Ecce Homo* that is for me the quintessence of poetry and worth more than volumes. I have never been able to care for Verhaeren's pentalogy *Toute la Flandre*, because—I may be wrong—its inspiration seemed rhetorical, that is, cerebral, to me. Therefore, I opened with some trepidation M. Verhaeren's last book, *Les Blés Mouvants*, in which he has returned to Flanders. But I was soon reassured. The book, I think, is one of his best.

A large part of it is occupied by seven "dialogues rustiques," which are separated from one another by descriptive poems. No attempt is made in the dialogues to reproduce the language of the peasant interlocutors; but M. Verhaeren, who lived among them (Heaven knows where they are all scattered to now), sought to be faithful to their ways and habits of thought; and so we have the passionate courtship of a pair of young lovers, brutal but healthy, the lament of two ancients on the passing of the old order—

Comment ne point se plaindre ou ne se fâcher pas  
Depuis que l'on a peur de se lasser les bras  
Et de s'user les poings et de ployer l'échine,  
Et que l'on fait venir quelque grêle machine  
Qu'active un feu mauvais et qui bat le froment,  
Et le seigle, et l'avoine, et l'orge, aveuglément?  
Ce n'est plus le travail, mais c'en est la risée,  
Et Dieu sait bien pourquoi la grange et la moisson  
Flambent parfois et font crier tout l'horizon  
Dès que s'envole au loin quelque cendre embrasée—

the cunning of two thankofferers; the jealousy of a man for his wife; the attachment of an old peasant to the earth he has cultivated—

D'une poussée et d'une haleine,  
Il m'arrive au printemps d'aller au fond des plaines,  
Jusqu'à mon champ des Trois Chemins.  
Tout y est calme et je n'entends que l'alouette.  
Alors, sans la choisir, je prends entre mes mains,  
Qui prudemment l'émettent,  
Une motte de terre où l'orge doit lever.  
Et quand je vois le grain qui me semble couvrir,  
Dans ce morceau de sol humide,  
Et par toute la pluie et par tout le soleil  
Fendre d'un filet vert son ovale vermeil,  
Je me sens si ému que j'en deviens timide.  
Que c'est beau, sous le ciel, un menu grain de blé!—

the gardener and the shepherd who claims the knowledge and powers of a sorcerer,—and I copy this picture—

Pourtant la plaine la plus belle  
M'est toujours celle  
Que font  
Les dos mouvants de mes moutons,  
Quand ils vaguent, de l'aube au soir, en peloton,  
Sur les éteules  
Et que l'ombre géante et tranquille des meules  
Au coucher du soleil s'étend sur leurs toisons—

and, lastly, two young farmers who have learned modern ways and the advantages of towns—

Le vieil esprit des champs  
Comme le chaume a fait son temps ;  
Armez-vous de pensers fermes et téméraires,  
Comme nos toits et nos auvents  
Se sont vêtus contre le vent  
D'une armure de tuiles claires ;  
Sinon passez et taisez-vous  
Et laissez croire à ceux qui déjà vous méprisent  
Que l'ombre et le soleil et la pluie et la brise  
Ne sont plus faits pour vous.

M. Verhaeren does not take sides ; his only desire seems to have been to give you a picture of his country as he saw it. The old hatred of the "tentacular towns" appears to have gone, however. His voice is calm, and it is richer by more intimate accents. His vision is clear and without hallucination. But he is still a great poet, and I see no reason to change the opinion I have before expressed : that he is the greatest European poet living ; and in this I am at one with Stefan Zweig. May I suggest that the next Nobel prize be given to Verhaeren ? In many ways the award would be apt.

\* \* \* \* \*

M. Rémy de Gourmont's preface to his "Divertissements" (M. de F., 3.50) is so much the best commentary on his poems that I wish I could quote it wholly. But this one paragraph I will translate, because of its general application. "In this collection," he says, "there are very few purely verbal poems, which are governed by the pleasure of directing the willing troop of words, whose obedience, it will be seen, discouraged me as I became aware of their excessive docility. Perhaps, it will even be found that, in the end, I conceived the poem under too scant a form ; but that may be permitted to the author of the *Livre des Litanies*, which, by the way, was refused admittance to a collection that he wished to be representative of the sentimental rather than of

## French Chronicle

the artistic life. It is doubtless a misfortune for the poet when he comes to perceive that there is more poetry, maybe, in a look or in a touch of the hand than he could create with the cleverest and most perilous of verbal constructions. It is a misfortune because it coincides with the depopulation of his life, at the very moment when the faculty of the miracles of writing is on the point of escaping him also, and because this comes with an overwhelming sentiment of dissolution, in which he is only capable of writing down useless dreams or sad intentions. But as this is a misfortune which puts an end to all poetry, it is to be hoped that no very visible traces of it will be found here." I wonder whether it is necessary for me to comment on that analysis of a stage in the psychology of a poet. M. de Gourmont himself has escaped in other directions. There are also in the same preface—and I hope that this dwelling on M. de Gourmont's preface is no reflexion on his poems—a few sane words on the liberation from the so-called classical versification. He proves, in fact—but can M. de Gourmont ever be said to prove anything?—he shows, he offers this for our reflexion, that, in the sense that Racine's versification is called classical, there never was a classical versification. The number of syllables may have been there all right, but that number was fixed on a defunct pronunciation: hence . . . but need one insist? M. de Gourmont is here sweet and reasonable; he always is; it is comforting, when one thinks of the baseness and abasement of those who write for print, to say to oneself, Well, there is Remy de Gourmont, and . . . others as well, of course. What has struck me most about M. de Gourmont's poems is their crystalline ring. This, I think, has been brought about by his choice of words with the consonants *r, l, p, f, b, v, t* in them, and the vowel sounds *a, é, é, i, in, eille, oi, eu*—not an exact enumeration maybe, but approximate enough. Another noticeable thing, too, is that M. de Gourmont always writes with full knowledge: you are aware that, for him, each concrete word he uses is evocatory of ideas and other images he has not expressed or called up; that, indeed, he shows you the iridescent flower of a wide and deep-rooted growth. The pleasure from his verse, therefore, is one of divination and contemplation. The emotion expressed has never that daring and nakedness which catches one up—rapture, in a word; but the emotion is genuine. M. de Gourmont says, in his preface—again!—that he has been sincere when it pleased him to be so, and that sincerity, which is scarcely an explanation, is never an excuse. But I undertake to say that M. de Gourmont is always sincere to himself: sincerity is good writing; and good writing is the expression of a real intellectual and emotional process. M. de Gourmont has always been a good writer.

\* \* \* \* \*

In 1912, when I was collecting books and information for the notes on modern French poetry that appeared in our *Poetry Review*, I wrote to M. François Porché, asking him if he would kindly send me copies of his works. He replied some



months later (when my notes were in print), in a letter of quiet regret for his habitual nonchalance that stood in the way of his ever being widely known. But he sent me his three books; and they have stood on my shelves ever since as a reminder of their author's modest courtesy; I like to look at them. They are: *A chaque jour* (1907), *Au loin, peut-être* (1909), *Humus et Poussière* (1911), published by the *Mercure de France*. M. Porché has now added to them *Le Dessous du Masque* (N. R. F., 3.50). Now, I have been talking of sincerity in writing, and I can broaden the discussion: there is artistic sincerity and human sincerity; a writer may have one or the other or both, the one being expression, the other feeling, without stereotype or imitation. No writer of any importance has ever had one without the other; and both are equally important. M. Porché has both; he is more human than artistic; and that is not to his discredit. His last book is one of the most humanly interesting and poignant that has come into my hands of late years; it has been born of an immense need to be sincere with himself, a need that the tragedies of life have forced upon him. Here is the liminary poem to *Le Dessous du Masque*:

La clé tourne, un pas glisse, et la chambre s'éclaire.  
 L'homme en rentrant promène un regard circulaire  
 Sur les murs, et sourit comme s'il échangeait  
 Un doux bonsoir furtif avec le moindre objet.  
 Dès la porte, il se plaît à goûter dans l'accueil  
 D'humbles choses parlant par leur simple présence  
 Comme un repos des mots où tout est médisance.  
 Puis, laissant un à un sur les bras du fauteuil  
 Tomber les oripeaux dont son cœur se déguise,  
 Il soupire et s'assied pour rêver à sa guise.  
 Sa véritable vie est dans ce court moment,  
 Car son plus grand souci, son éternel tourment  
 Fut toujours de gagner sur les tracas du monde  
 Ce luxe d'être seul dans une paix profonde.  
 C'est alors, s'il écrit, qu'il met son âme à nu,  
 Et qui le cherche ailleurs ne l'aura point connu.

In this new volume M. Porché speaks for the most part in a form that is admirably suited to his confession:

Vers et prose ou ni l'un ni l'autre: une ambiguïté qui surprend l'oreille, née de dissonnances entre les deux modes, une oscillation entre deux aimants. . . .

Oui, sans hypocrisie et sans fausse honte, le complet aveu des choses de la chair, la plus incurable tristesse. . . .

La souffrance, mais belle et fière: un sourire navrant plutôt qu'une grimace. . . .

Jusqu'au désespoir, jusqu'au goût de la mort. . . .

M. Porché must henceforward be reckoned among the number of those French poets whose work one looks and waits for,

## French Chronicle

I cannot drop the word "sincerity" even now, for M. P. J. Jouve's book, *Parler* (Crès, 2.50), furnishes an example of another kind of sincerity, or, more accurately, of the same sincerity under another form. M. Porché gives a direct rendering of his emotions; but M. Jouve translates his emotions by means of an *immédiate* expression of his sensations. The word "immediate" here has its primary meaning. Moreover, M. Jouve's whole will is bent on preventing any stereotyped sensation from moving him. He endeavours to perceive, to *feel*, the world anew, and always to state his experiences in terms of his own personality. The consequence of this determination to let nothing pass through him in any traditional sequence is that he is often obscure and hermetic where you are sure that, had he only vouchsafed a little more guidance, he would have given full satisfaction. You seem to be on the point of a revelation that rarely comes. If it were not that you knew from his critical notes in *Les Bandeaux d'Or*, from his play, *Les Deux Forces*, and from some of the poems in *Présences*, and in this book, *Parler*, that he is intelligent and a poet, you might be tempted to put his book down. M. Remy de Gourmont has pointed out some time ago, in *Le Chemin de Velours*, that a wholly new form of expression must be obscure, or, in other words, that the stereotype is a medium. The difficulty of Mallarmé's later poems is partly due to their having been written entirely without *cliché*. Every man, unless he is a poet, speaks to his fellow in forms of speech that have been consecrated by ages. Ignore these forms and invent new, you become unintelligible. Invent new, and add them to the common store, you are doing the ordinary work of a poet. M. Jouve's obscurity, however, as I have indicated, is due to a cause that is prior to speech: it is due to his rejection of the *cliché* of sensation. The only barrier between us and him, therefore, is our habits of thought and feeling. Of course, it may often have happened that, in the familiarity and unfamiliarity of his own sensations and their translation, M. Jouve has forgotten to supply necessary links. Yet, despite all this, one would rather receive a book like *Parler* than a hundred volumes of perfectly clear, perfectly elegant, and perfectly tiresome verses. They merely bore you; M. Jouve's work is always curious and interesting.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once upon a time, there was a publication in an extremely interesting form, *Les Cahiers du Centre* (foreign annual subscription 7 fr., M. Buriot, 16, boulevard Chambonnet, a Moulins (Allier); also from Figuière). These *Cahiers* used to appear each month, except August and September; but two or more numbers were often published together. Each "fascicule" thus constituted was devoted wholly to one subject—something connected with the sociology, history, sciences, art or literature of the region, which I will not attempt to delimit, that was the special province of the review. The amalgamation of two or more numbers permitted of the publication of studies that were works in themselves. In 1913, for instance, appeared a book by Daniel Halévy (double number, February—

March) on *La Jeunesse de Proudhon*, and one by Maurice Mignon (double number also, November—December) on *Jules Renard, L'Ecrivain, L'Auteur dramatique, L'Apôtre*. Other numbers for the year were: (January) *Des Vieux*, by Pierre Débeyre, sketches of peasant life; (April) *Le Paysan Berrichon*, by Hugues Lapaire; (May—June) *Le Député en Blouse*, by Ernest Montusès, a life of Christophe Thivrier, formerly Socialist deputy for Montluçon; (July) *Les Parlers du Nivernais d'après les travaux de l'Abbé J.-M. Meunier*, by Paul Cornu, a study of the *speech* in different localities of the Centre. This "local" literature is conceived in no local spirit, and it is a pity that we have had no similar movement of decentralisation in England.

In these *Cahiers du Centre* (February—March, 1914) was published an important and interesting book of criticism, *Quelques Nouveaux Maîtres*, by Daniel Halévy, author of *La Jeunesse de Proudhon*, mentioned above, and of a *Vie de Frédéric Nietzsche*, one of the best biographies of Nietzsche extant. This book is important because it brings together four French writers whose work is peculiarly representative of their time: Romain Rolland, Suarès, Paul Claudel, and Charles Péguy. There are also constant references in it to Maurice Barrès and Charles Maurras. A most profitable study could be made of the work and influence of these six men, and of the regeneration of France, of which they are the sign-manual. But, as this cannot be done here, I will say a few words about Charles Péguy, who has died on a battlefield in France.

Péguy was an example of the idealist who stands up frankly, honestly and bravely to the world, and gives it his opinion: insincerity hated him; cowardice feared him; hypocrisy avoided him in vain. His first work, a drama, *Jeanne d'Arc*, was dedicated "A toutes celles et à tous ceux qui seront morts pour tâcher de porter remède au mal universel," and to this work of "remedying the universal evil" he devoted his life. I cannot follow M. Halévy through the fine essay in which he analyses M. Péguy's psychological evolution step by step, illuminating his analysis by apposite illustration from the work of his author, whom he knows thoroughly, and by his own original comments. Charles Péguy was a pamphleteer with an extraordinary prose style. A friend of mine, just back from a stay in Germany, came upon the selection from Péguy's prose works (published by Grasset), the first book in French he had seen since his departure. He read half a dozen lines, and then cried out, "Good heavens! I have forgotten my French!" And, indeed, he was to be excused, because Péguy's prose style proceeds by a most complicated series of movements towards its predestined end; the inversions, the repetitions and the convolutions are all organic, however, and when once you have become used to their play, it is possible that you may also become fascinated by it. It is the style of a man having so much to say, and wishing to say it with so much force and accuracy, that he cannot leave any part of his conception unaccounted for in words; its movement has been compared to

## French Chronicle

that of the waves of the sea ; each new wave is similar to the preceding wave, but it goes a little further. However, it is not the prose writer but the poet in Péguy of whom I wish to speak especially at the moment—the mystic and religious poet. His first work, I have said, was a drama, *Jeanne d'Arc*. Péguy was a great revolutionary Christian poet. The Church, representing the formal religion of the rich, for him was nothing. His religion had to recreate the old grandeur of the human race : the man, the father, the artisan, the soldier. But I am again trespassing too far ; M. Halévy is there for those who would go further.

Péguy's principal poetical works are the *Jeanne d'Arc* (1897) ; *Le Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc* (1910) ; *Le Porche du Mystère de la Deuxième Vertu* (1911) ; *Le Mystère des Saints Innocents, la Tapisserie de Sainte Geneviève et de Jeanne d'Arc* (1912) ; *La Tapisserie de Notre Dame, Eve* (1913). He had published just before the war a volume, *Morceaux Choisis des Œuvres Poétiques*, 1912-1913 (Ollendorff. 6 fr.), containing all the important poems, except the *Mystères*.

The style of Péguy's verse, differing from the prose, is very simple. In poems like *Les Armes de Jésus*, for instance, it has the simplicity of a catalogue ; but such a catalogue of vehemence and fire and faith that one feels that its author was the living and passionate inventory of the world—his world—of good and evil. There are eight hundred and seventy-three duodecasyllabic lines in this poem, and it is an enumeration of the arms of Jesus and Satan. Yet the verse has such an accent, the voice is so authentic, that you find yourself at the end of the poem with the conviction that this is your religion, that you subscribe to these things, that these, being symbols, stand for your innermost notions of right and wrong, and that the difference between Péguy's symbols and your plain statement is only the difference between his riches and your poverty. Moreover, if he does not move you, you are not in a state of grace ; and one may truthfully say that the state of grace among those who read poetry and those who pretend to be poets is very rare. We are, there is no doubt about it, part of the *arms of Satan* for the best part of our time, and, for that reason, we may be loth to give our admiration to a man to whom these things are real. What I want chiefly to bring out here is this, that a poet like Charles Péguy is not to be measured by the standards of a literary coterie or fashion ; his poetry is the spontaneous and overflowing expression of a strong and original personality : and, however much I may admire the exquisite and perfect rendering of some momentary emotion, when I read lines like these :

Les armes de Jésus c'est sa croix équarrie,  
Voilà son armement, voilà son armoirie,  
Voilà son armature et son armurerie :

Les armes de Jésus c'est sa face maigre,  
Et les pleurs et le sang dans sa barbe meurtrie,  
Et l'injure et l'outrage en sa propre patrie ;

Les armes de Jésus c'est la foule en furie  
Acclamant Barabbas et c'est la plaidoirie,  
Et c'est le tribunal et voilà son hoirie ;

Les armes de Jésus c'est cette barbarie,  
Et le décurion menant la décurie,  
Et le centurion menant la centurie ;

Les armes de Jésus c'est l'interrogatoire,  
Et les lanciers romains debout dans le prétoire,  
Et les dérisions fusant dans l'auditoire ;

Les armes de Jésus c'est cette pénurie,  
Et sa chair exposée à toute intempérie,  
Et les chiens dévorants et la meute ahurie ;

Les armes de Jésus c'est sa croix de par Dieu,  
C'est d'être un vagabond couchant sans feu ni lieu,  
Et les trois croix debout et la sienne au milieu ;

Les armes de Jésus c'est cette pillerie  
De son pauvre troupeau, c'est cette loterie  
De son pauvre trousseau qu'un soldat s'approprie ;

Les armes de Jésus c'est ce frêle roseau,  
Et le sang de son flanc coulant comme un ruisseau,  
Et le licteur antique et l'antique faisceau ;

Les armes de Jésus c'est cette raillerie  
Jusqu'au pied de la croix, c'est cette moquerie  
Jusqu'au pied de la mort et c'est la brusquerie

Du bourreau, de la troupe et du gouvernement,  
C'est le froid du sépulcre et c'est l'enterrement,  
Les armes de Jésus c'est le désarmement. . . .

I shall not deny my respect. It is here that one's conceptions of the kind of poetry that one would like to write oneself give way before the abounding spirit of a man.



You will find much to please you in M. Valery Larbaud's multi-millionaire, A. O. Barnabooth (*A. O. Barnabooth: ses œuvres complètes; c'est à dire un conte, ses poésies et son journal intime*, N. R. F., 3,50), who spends his money and abandons the vulgar displays of it—yachts, mansions, motor-cars, women—in the search for reality and peace, which he finds in the arms of the humblest of his

## French Chronicle

feminine friends. But he has many curious spiritual and physical adventures before he reaches that happy point—all set down with fidelity, and, may I say, vividness in his *journal intime*. There is also a certain Comte Putouarey ; and the pair go through Europe together, and Barnabooth sees and renders everything so well, probing his friend and himself all the while, that his *journal* has become for me a most attractive document. There is a kind of European consciousness in its pages. Barnabooth takes his sick soul into every country in his search for quietude, and his knowledge of each (or is it M. Larbaud's) is remarkable. But my business is not really with the *journal* or the alertly ironical *conte*, *Le Pauvre Chemisier* : it is—if they can be dissociated—with Barnabooth's *poesies*. Here, indeed, is a modern emotion :

Prête-moi ton grand bruit, ta grande allure si douce,  
Ton glissement nocturne à travers l'Europe illuminée,  
O train de luxe ! et l'angoissante musique  
Qui bruit le long de tes couloirs de cuir doré,  
Tandis que derrière les portes laquées, aux loquets de cuivre lourd,  
Dorment les millionnaires.  
Je parcours en chantonnant tes couloirs  
Et je suis ta course vers Vienne et Budapesth,  
Mêlant ma voix à tes cent mille voix,  
O Harmonika-Zug !

Or this again :

A Colombo ou à Nagasaki je lis les Baedekers  
De l'Espagne et du Portugal ou de l'Autriche-Hongrie ;  
Et je contemple les plans de certaines villes de second rang,  
Et leur description succincte, je la médite.  
Les rues où j'ai habité sont marquées là,  
Les hôtels où j'allais dîner, et les petits théâtres.  
Ce sont des villes où ne vont jamais les touristes,  
Et les choses n'y éhangent de place pas plus  
Que les mots dans les pages d'un livre.

Barnabooth is a poet. I could fill this chronicle with lines of his that have moved me. I could almost quote his poetical works entire. I am sorry that he has retired to South America, and will nevermore write about London as it should be done. Perhaps M. Larbaud will one day find some more of his poems ?

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Mercur*e de France had begun the publication of a new edition of the works of Villiers de l'Isle Adam with *L'Eve Future* and *Contes Cruels* (5 fr. each). The volumes are well printed on good paper. *L'Eve Future* is perhaps one of the most astonishing books ever written : a combination of Poe and Verne raised

to *n*th power, but saturated with Villiers's caustic and philosophic irony. The same qualities are to be found in *Contes Cruels*, which are brilliant improvisations. But I will return to these books again when *Tribulat Bonhomet* and *Axël* appear.

\* \* \* \* \*

When *Tribulat Bonhomet* and *Axël* appear! But, for the time being, there is no *Mercur de France*—O end of all possible things!—and, for a year, there is to be no more POETRY AND DRAMA. There seems to be nothing left for me to do, then—if no other more active fate is to be mine—than to detest Germany and read Nietzsche.

F. S. FLINT

## ITALIAN CHRONICLE

WE now have an opportunity of testing the Futurist dictum—"la guerre est la seule hygiène du monde et la seule morale éducatrice." Meanwhile, as exemplified in Marinetti's last volume of war poems, *Zang-Tumb-Tuum* (Edizioni Futuriste di Poesia; Milano; 3 fr.), I must confess it is not convincing. The reason for this lies, I think, in two facts; the first, that Marinetti, forgetting the real nature of war, has raised it to a romantic ideal that has no foundation in reality; the second, that he has mistaken realism for poetry. As he has often asserted with regard to art, realism is a cheap cloak for hiding lack of thought, and in attempting to free himself from the commonplace he has fallen into the very fault he condemns. Like Kipling and other writers of war poems, Marinetti has mistaken the shadow for the substance. Neither idealised violence, nor abstruse ideals of liberty, country, glory, as such, are sufficient to inspire great war poetry. War is an elemental fact based upon hatred and revenge, feelings both of which we have lost in their primitive forms, and which we no longer believe in. For war to inspire, it must be an ideal, and an ideal of such a nature cannot possibly subsist in a world whose principal aim is to get rich, or to increase or preserve riches already acquired. Every nation declares that it goes to war for an ideal, which, however, is imposed, not spontaneous; and it makes use of God and Religion in a vain attempt to justify itself. Christianity marked the decline of war for war's sake; it set up the ideal of democracy, humanitarianism, and equality. Even in the Renaissance, that age of *condottieri*, those who sought to make themselves great by force of arms were considered immoral. It is just this anachronism between our ideals and our life that makes this war so horrible and unproductive in any intellectual or artistic sense. Comparing, for instance, Verhaeren's "Aéroplanes sur Bruxelles" (which was published in the last number of POETRY AND DRAMA) with D'Annunzio's "Ode pour la Resurrection Latine," one is immediately conscious of the contradiction between the ideals of democracy and romanticism and those of

## *Italian Chronicle*

aristocracy and classicism (I am using these terms in no moral sense), when dealing with the present war.

The first has written a poem giving an incident in the war that might have been written under any other circumstances. It is transitory, limited, the voice of a new tradition, the tradition of democracy and machinery, whose spirit is the very negation of war. The second has felt the old world drifting away from him and, thrown back upon himself as it were, he clings to the tradition that binds him to his country and his race; a tradition that has its roots in the ages, that war can only modify but not destroy, for war is a part of it. His is not Jingo nor rhetoric, as some think, but great poetry in the grand style, such as Pindar and Tyrtæus and Alcæus wrote, and the spirit that inspires it can be traced down through Virgil to Dante, Foscolo, Carducci, and Pascoli. It is to be found in all the great poets who have been the spokesmen of their people, and it is the quality that makes their work not only patriotic but national.

The national spirit of Dante's poetry is one of the main obstacles to its understanding and still more to its translation. At best it is possible to render the outward character of the original, but the tradition which has gone to its making must inevitably escape unless, indeed, the translator happens to possess the national spirit of both peoples in equal degree and be a great poet as well. All these difficulties become intensified in dealing with a poem like the "Commedia." It is the brave idea of Mr E. M. Shaw (*The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri*. Constable. 8s. 6d. net) to attempt to make Dante accessible to English readers by producing yet one more translation of him in the English national rhythm, blank verse. Even should he have succeeded, and were his blank verse as good as the *terza rima*, the thought would still have to be "faithfully Englished," which is tantamount to writing another "Commedia." As an experiment it is interesting, and Mr Shaw may have found it worth the labour necessarily involved; but as a translation it is a failure. Prof. Grandgent's edition of the "Commedia"—the first annotated edition of the Italian text published in America—(*La Divina Commedia*, edited and annotated by C. H. Grandgent. London: D. C. Heath and Co. 7s. 6d. net.) will prove far more serviceable to students and to the general public than any translation. In the excellent summaries to each canto, in the introduction and in the notes, the editor has collected and compressed all information gleaned from the results of the latest research. With regard to the etymological notes, the extent to which these may be of use, and the principles guiding their selection, must be largely a matter of personal experience and opinion. It might, however, have been better to note once and for all the use of certain obsolete forms, and to append a glossary of them for further reference.

\* \* \* \* \*

The last few years has seen an increase of Italian interest in English literature, as is witnessed by the numerous translations that have appeared. Before



passing to these I should like to mention Pascoli's volume of translations (*Giovanni Pascoli, Traduzioni e Riduzioni*. Bologna: Zanichelli. Lire 4), without which no survey of the work of Italian translators would be complete. The fragments of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," rendered in some of the most beautiful quantitative hexameters, the versions from the "Chanson de Roland" and other poems of the Breton cycle, as those from Victor Hugo, not only stand as masterpieces of complete and adequate translation but as fine poetry. In one case only has he failed, and that, strange to say, is in Wordsworth's "We are Seven," in which the simplest of Italian poets has not been able to render the simplicity of the one who of all English poets approaches closest to him. Not unworthy of his friend's achievement is Adolfo de Bosis' translation of the "Cenci" (*I Cenci*. Tradotti da Adolfo de Bosis. Milano: Studio Editoriale Lombardo. Lire 4), lately reprinted, which in the future will rank side by side with the "Eneide" of Annibal Cazo, and other great translations.

To these I must add Prof. Linati's able translation of some of W. B. Yeats's plays—"Countess Kathleen," "The Land of the Heart's Desire," "The Shadowy Waters," and "Cathleen ni Houlihan" (*Tragedie Irlandesi di William Butler Yeats*. Versione con proemio e note di Carlo Linati. Milano: Studio Editoriale Lombardo. Lire 3.50)—and Prof. Piccoli's translation of Elizabethan dramatists (*Drammi Elisabettiani*. Tradotti da Raffaello Piccoli. Vol. i.: Kyd, Greene, Peele, Marlowe. Bari: Gius. Laterza. Lire 4). The latter volume especially is an excellent and scholarly piece of work that has, in some measure, succeeded in conveying into Italian the sprightly humour of the Elizabethan stage.

I have already had occasion to mention Mr Bickersteth's translation of Carducci. His volume has since been supplemented by a short, not altogether understanding study of Carducci by Mr Orlo Williams (*Giosuè Carducci*, by Orlo Williams. Modern Biographies. Constable. 1/-), which should, however, further stimulate students of Italian literature to acquaint themselves with his work. Though known best by his poetry, it is in his prose that one finds the key to his inspiration and to his methods (historical) of criticism that have been so severely attacked by Benedetto Croce in his review "La Critica." The articles that have appeared since 1909 are now being collected in book form and constitute an excellent history of modern Italian literature. (*La Letteratura della Nuova Italia*, vol. i. e ii. 6.50 caduno. Bari: Gius. Laterza). Carducci was strongly opposed to that form of criticism which, under the name of æsthetic criticism, with small foundation of solid knowledge, based its judgments on purely personal likes and opinions without any definite æsthetic criteria. Croce has systematised and developed the principles of true æsthetic criticism begun by De-Sanctis in his lectures on Italian literature. Between these two extremes a school of literary criticism has lately grown up that has not only produced some good work but has

## Italian Chronicle

found a good historian (*La Critica Letteraria Italiana negli ultimi cinquant'anni*, di Luigi Tonelli. Bari: Gius. Laterza. 4 lire).

Among the young Reviews of the end of the nineteenth century that worked to promote the revival of poetry, one, "Il Convito," though short-lived, marked an important stage in the development of Italian poetry. In the preface to his volume of poems, since reprinted (*Amori ac Silentio e Le Rime Sparse di Adolfo de Bosis*. Milano: Studio Editoriale Lombardo. 4 lire), together with others from various sources, Adolfo de Bosis—"il nobilissimo signore di quel convito," as D'Annunzio calls him in his "Contemplazione della Morte"—editor of the review, thus formulated their new creed: "Operare, soffrire, amare, combattere, esercitare le forze nel travaglio, nell'impeto, nella meditazione; mirare i grandi cieli purpurei o il riso de' proprii figli; essere esperto al remo, all'aratro, alla obbedienza e alla dominazione; . . . aprirsi alle passioni del suo tempo e della sua gente; temprarsi nella solitudine, fiorire nel proprio sogno e crescere integro e generoso nella compagnia delli eguali; provare, conoscere, vivere pienamente, puramente, liberamente; tale è la scuola unica del Poeta, se il Poeta è fatto a insegnare al mondo 'speranze e timori non conosciuti.'" Nothing of that phase now remains except the great works it produced:—much of Pascoli and most of D'Annunzio. Italian poetry has developed a new ruggedness and simplicity. As yet it has no names, for it is still in its infancy. I should like to mention, however, one poem (*Spaventacchio di Enrico Pea*. Quaderni della Voce. 0.95) that seems to me a remarkable piece of writing. With the exception of certain moments of crude realism it is strong, vigorous, clear-cut, full of the rich smell of the earth and the country, yet never sentimental. It is nearly as good as Mr. Masfield at his best. Meanwhile in Italy poetry has given way to politics. We are arming and waiting. The golden moment has passed, but we are determined not to let it pass again, for indeed the whole future of the Latin race is at stake, and "Ogni ora che passa è perduta per la gloria eterna."

ARUNDEL del RE

### NOTE

Since writing the above chronicle I regret to learn of the death of two of the greatest modern Italian writers, Alessandro d'Ancona and Arturo Colantti, a patriotic poet. In the history of modern Italian literature d'Ancona may be said to occupy the place that Cavour held in politics. To him is due the great reawakening of literary studies and research into the origins of Italian literature, and the application of the historical method to the analysis of our earliest documents. In the "Rassegna Bibliografica della letteratura italiana," in his "Manuale della letteratura italiana" (Florence: Barbera), in his researches into the origins of the Italian theatre he showed the possibilities and the workings of his method. He was the real founder of the school of historical criticism.

# AMERICAN CHRONICLE

*(Full particulars of books mentioned may be found in the Book Lists of POETRY AND DRAMA.)*

WHEN, some months ago, I first began to think about Democratic Art as such, and to try and discover the particular characteristics which seemed to justify that title, I had not read Symonds' essay on the subject. On doing so I was interested to compare my tentative mental notes with the views of his "Speculative and Suggestive" essay. That was about the time of the outbreak of war; since then, nothing. What I say here is, therefore, put forward in the frame of mind indicated by the title of Symonds' volume, and I am not prepared to stand by it in any other spirit.

Classifications so wide-sweeping as "Aristocratic" or "Democratic," when applied to anything of mentality, obviously cannot be rigid. The most that can be hoped for is a classification of tendencies, and then of works of art by the tendencies they show. Yet no thorough understanding of modern poetry is, I believe, possible without an appreciation of the mentality of democracy and of the relation that mentality bears towards art. It is precisely in an attempt to classify over-definitely that Symonds fails to carry conviction. The tendencies to be considered are, to him, few and simple, and, when once pointed out, easy of perception. He finds little difficulty in calling such-or-such a poem or picture democratic, and such-or-such another undemocratic. "The true note of Democratic Art," he says, is found in "its interpretation of the people to themselves, its creation of a popular ideal, its vindication of the loveliness and dignity of human life apart from class distinctions, its recognition of the beauty which is inseparable from certain crafts and occupations, its perception of the divine in average human beings, . . . ." and in all this he is merely following Whitman, who affords the greater part of his subject matter. According to this definition all democratic art must be idealistic, it must even be directly or indirectly didactic, while humanity is its only possible theme.

Now, it is clear that in making this definition Symonds is rather declaring what he considers democratic art should be than describing it as it is. Nietzsche, I believe, came unconsciously nearer the mark in his distinction between the Apollonian and the Dionysian. Nietzsche, no democrat by conviction, yet promulgated the democratic spirit both in life and art. I do not think that democratic art can be limited by views on morality, on democracy, by opinions of any sort. Its characteristics are far more intimately æsthetic than that. If we look at the plastic art of historic periods in which the centre of intellectual vitality has rested rather among the people than in a definite governing class, certain broad common qualities appear. Gothic, Early Tuscan, Dutch, Early German and Flemish, and the French

## *American Chronicle*

art of the late nineteenth century (Millet, the Impressionists, and Manet, Gauguin, Cézanne, etc.), all display a certain unintellectual intellectuality (if one may be forgiven the paradox), a spontaneous outbursting of emotion derived from the experiences of life itself: they appear to be consciously concerned rather with content than form, with matter than manner: all this in contradiction to the more philosophical, formal, self-conscious, purposely æsthetic art of other great periods, e.g. Renaissance, Georgian. We are not here concerned with the plastic arts, except in so far as they are indicative or illustrative of parallels in poetry or the drama, but I have laid my argument among them because I believe such parallels exist, and because (for reasons I have no space to enter upon) the plastic arts are, for this purpose, more easy of analysis than the literary. Nevertheless, if the spirit, method, and technique of (say) Spenser, Milton, and Gray are compared with those of Chaucer, the folk-balladists, and Whitman ("Leaves of Grass" is in many respects extraordinarily analogous to a Gothic cathedral), the distinction I am trying to make will, I hope, become moderately clear.

I have before now committed myself to the statement that poetry is essentially formal. It does not, of course, follow that those who are consciously preoccupied with the formal problems of poetry are the better poets. The essential attributes of poetry are, I believe, as far as conscious effort is concerned, as often as not accidental. Beauty is very like happiness.

It is the recognition of this difference between democratic and aristocratic art which makes one look and hope, in American poetry, not necessarily for the "barbaric yamp," but for some note born of the best spirit of the time; not because poetry is necessarily any the better for being democratic, but because, in a democratic community and age, it is more likely to arise from a democratic spirit; and because, poetry being in any case rare in the finding, it is better to meet a mind stirred by the present and the future than one engrossed in or derivative from the past.\*

Of the ten books I have picked out for mention from some two or three dozen, only two appear to me wholly to lack those qualities I have called democratic. They are *Saloon Sonnets: with Sunday Flutings*, by Allen Norton, and *Sonnets from the Patagonian*, by Donald Evans. These two authors apparently belong to a little "mutual admiration" society who have taken Oscar Wilde as their prophet. Their verses are very purple, and I am sure they sin very beautifully. When they are intelligible, and the extravagance of their own pose does not utterly pre-occupy them, their minutely-chiselled verses are not wholly ineffective.

\* Since writing the above I have read the preface to Mr Hueffer's *Collected Poems*. It is largely a plea for what I have called democratic poetry.

Miss Amy Lowell is one of the poets represented in the *Anthology des Imagistes*. She has prefaced her new book, *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, with a little discourse on the business of poets and poetry. "Poetry should not try to teach," . . . "but many of us do not yet see that to write an obvious moral all over a work of art, picture, statue, or poem, is not only ridiculous, but timid and vulgar." We have heard it all before, as recently as the publication of Mr Flecker's last book. The business of poetry is to be poetry; if it likes to try and teach as well, I for one have no objection. As for the poets, they presumably know their own business and may be left to follow it.

The aim of the *Imagistes* has already been set forth and discussed in *POETRY AND DRAMA*, and there is no need for me to go over old ground. Miss Lowell claims for her poems in "unrhymed cadence" that "they are built upon 'organic rhythm,'" *i.e.* "the rhythm of the speaking voice"; that "the laws they follow are not less fixed" than those built upon a strict metrical system; and that "merely chopping prose lines into lengths does not produce cadence, it is constructed upon mathematical and absolute laws of balance and time." With the last statement I agree, but "chopping prose lines into lengths" seems to me what Miss Lowell has frequently done, the lengths of the lines being determined by the occurrence of commas and other punctuation marks. Nevertheless, I prefer these poems (especially those printed as prose, with rhymes and refrains interspersed) to Miss Lowell's metrical stanzas. Very delightful some of them are. No rhythm is preferable to poor rhythm, and good prose to bad verse. Also the poems I have referred to in the bracket above are not unalloyed prose. I wish I had space to quote "The Basket" in full, instead of a small piece to indicate the method.

He has forgotten the woman in the room with the geraniums. He is beating his brain, and in his ear-drums hammers his heavy pulse. She sits on the window-sill, with the basket in her lap. And tap! She cracks a nut. And tap! Another. Tap! Tap! Tap! The shells ricochet upon the roof, and get into the gutters, and bounce over the edge and disappear.

"It is very queer," thinks Peter, "the basket was empty, I'm sure. How could nuts appear from the atmosphere?"

The silver-blue moonlight makes the geraniums purple, and the roof glitters like ice.

Miss Lowell is much more occupied with visualization than with rhythm. In this she is, of course, a good "imagiste."

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Grace Fallow Norton is a writer, so far as I can tell from this book, without any axe to grind; moral, political, or æsthetic. Her verses are very tenuous, both in technique and substance, quite unintelligible to me at times.

## American Chronicle

I should say that this is a quality she admires in her own work, seeking it to her own undoing. Time and again I have felt in reading *The Sister of the Wind* that by putting the matter and intensity of two poems into one the length of either, she might have made a perfect thing. As it is, practically nothing of the book stays in the mind or cries for a second reading.

\* \* \* \* \*

If life were not so very much "one damn thing after another," and if there were not so many amazing "damn things" to crowd into it, I should not count it a waste of time for anybody to laze an hour over either of the two last-mentioned books. And the same applies to *The Wolf of Gubbio*, by Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs Lionel Marks). It is difficult to conceive this "comedy" as an acting-play, though I am perfectly willing to believe that the author knows considerably more about a playwright's business than I do. Whether or not it be a possible play, it is written with the hand of an artist. Only in the opening scene, when dryads in gauzy green dresses appear from the holes of trees and converse among themselves, does the writer play false to her own conventions. The talking of the wolf is of another order of affairs, and is very enjoyable. Mrs Marks writes with sincerity and conviction—also with so much humour that one is prepared to forgive the sentimentality of her theme.

\* \* \* \* \*

There now remain to be considered five books which fall more or less naturally into a group, representing amongst the output of the last six months that new, democratic (forgive the repetition!), indigenous type of art for which Mr Untermeyer and I have been searching in these pages. First there is Mr Robert Frost's *North of Boston*. This book has already been reviewed in POETRY AND DRAMA among the new English books of last quarter. Mr Frost is at present living in England, and his work is issued by a London publisher. Nevertheless, he is an American born and bred, his poetry is the product of his life in America, and, like Mr Pound, he cannot be omitted from any survey of contemporary American poetry. If Mr Monroe had spoken in any but eulogistic terms of him I should have been in difficulties. As it is, I need only exclaim, "Hear, Hear!" and refer the unacquainted to his review in Number 7 and to the book itself.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have labelled this little group of books "indigenous," though it includes *Earth Triumphant*, by Conrad Aiken, who is a confessed disciple of Mr Masefield. But then, had "The Everlasting Mercy" or "The Widow in the

Bye-street " first appeared in America, I should not have hesitated to call them indigenous also. Work which is so essentially the product of its age might spring with equal legitimacy of birth from either country, with only its Cockney or its Yankee to reveal it. But though Mr Aiken has confined his obligations to Mr Masefield, he is a poor disciple, and though he is a good democrat in poetry, he is a poor poet. Look at this careless, meaningless inversion :

And he, though true to earth, her child,  
Has been by tongues of men reviled.

All one can say of Mr Aiken is that he has felt the necessity for poetry to turn in a new direction. He has not yet shown that he is capable of being part and parcel of the movement.

\* \* \* \* \*

And there is Vachel Lindsay. What a medley, this new book of his ! A hotch-potch of sheer bad, conventional rhyming and delirious rattle-trap, of slovenly sentimentality, rich humour, and inexhaustible vitality, all under the title, *The Congo, and Other Poems*. I must confess to being disappointed. There is nothing here such as one might have expected from the author of "General Booth," or "Sleep soundly, eagle forgotten, under the stone"; even of "The Kalliope," which is not included, though it appeared in a magazine since Mr Lindsay's last volume. I would rather have it than any of the "vaudeville" poems printed in the "Congo" section of this book. From cover to cover there is a disastrous lack of care, as though Mr Lindsay had thought it were only necessary to get up steam, turn on the tap, and let some mysterious but sure machinery do the rest. Nobody but Mr Lindsay could have written these poems ; but Mr Lindsay might have written them so much better. For my own part, I am glad they have been written, and yet—it is not what we were looking for. Perhaps "I heard Immanuel Singing" shows him nearest his best.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a certain similarity in the ring of the titles and the tone of Mr Untermeyer's new book, *Challenge*, and Mr Arturo Giovannitti's *Arrows in the Gale* which invites me to group them intimately together. Both are essentially poets of the modern, and poets of strife. But if *Challenge* is a book of aspiration, *Arrows in the Gale* is a book of fulfilment and failure. Deliberately comparing the two, one feels that Mr Untermeyer is the poet who has realized the dignity of perpetual battle, and has made songs about it ; but Mr Giovannitti is the fighter himself, making songs not for the glory of battle, but for the staunching and healing of his own wounds. Mr Untermeyer is always conscious of his calling. One sees him throwing his chest out,

## *American Chronicle*

as Henley did. There is something heroic about it, something of the spirit which gave birth to "Out of the night that covers me." Yet one feels that such poetry is the result of reflection about action (in the widest sense), instead of the direct result of action itself, and that that is an important disadvantage, though why, it is difficult to say.

I have kept *Arrows in the Gale* till the last. To me, it is far and away first—the only book of all those I have mentioned that I feel I shall in future come back to for its own sake. Whether I shall come back to it for its poetry I find it hard to say. Whether it contains more than a meagre quantity of poetry is more or less a matter of definition. I feel no doubt about the qualities of the sonnet "Ex Voto," though it has obvious technical defects.

But it is not in sonnets or other metrical forms that Giovannitti astounds; most of his regular verse is fine irony, but nothing more; some of it is a good deal less. Unfettered of metre and stanza, he has, in a form more prosaic yet not less satisfying than that of Whitman—a form more akin to the prose than to the poetry of the Bible—set forth the caged lion which is the fighting socialist, himself. "The Walker" is a practical record of his life in prison. Whether it be labelled prose or poetry is of no ultimate account. It is a human document, and much more than a human document; it is magnificent tragedy. All that is of value in this book is tragedy (as though tragedy were anything but magnificent!), tragedy such as Whitman could not have touched. I think the culminating note in true tragedy, tragedy as the Greeks knew it, is not despair, but hope, born not of a separate atonement, but of the tragedy itself, and that I find here also. Where it is absent Giovannitti is in danger of petulance and invective.

To me the present publication of this book is singularly apt, not to say opportune. We are engrossed in a war which has arisen like a volcanic eruption, and which will probably end as it began, leaving only ruin as a reminder. We English in particular cannot say enough about the wrongs of a little people over the seas; their question of re-settlement will be a social one, which we cannot think about yet. The perpetual war of which this book is at once an outcome and a symbol is at present forgotten. The wounds of which it cries gape none the less, but they are out-horrored.

And it has a further significance, more intimate to the land of its origin. What does freedom mean in democratic America? "The United States," wrote Whitman, "are destined to surmount the gorgeous history of Feudalism or else prove the most tremendous failure of time." The issue it seems still hangs in the balance. Yet here, if anywhere, is one of those who will help to found that free equality and that literature of which Whitman dreamed. That is what the book says to me.

JOHN ALFORD



# DRAMATIC CHRONICLE

## A SHORT HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENGLISH THEATRE

**T**HERE are sanguine spirits who dream that by this time next year everything English, except the weather, will be changed. Certainly, most of us will have renounced a number of luxuries, only, I fear, to replace them with cheaper ones. My own most expensive luxury has for years been dramatic criticism, and now it must go the way of its kind, though I cannot relinquish it without making up a balance-sheet. In cash there is a dead loss, but what does that matter in days when we are cheerfully piling up debts for our great-great-grandchildren to pay off? True, we are entitled to say that we are asking them to pay us for keeping the world decent and free from tyranny; but, considering our other activities, I do not think that, on the whole, we can say any such thing without hypocrisy. If we could we should probably not say it, letting our silence be proof enough of our sincerity. As it is, we sacrifice human life, treasure, trade, energy, and leave our institutions untouched and unconsidered. Because we are challenged we feel our superiority, and, indeed, in many things we can make a good show; but, alas! not in our theatres. There we are undone and helpless. There we can produce nothing in the spirit of the time; nothing of which, on thinking of our great-great-grandchildren, we can help feeling ashamed. The noblest we can achieve is to do our best to die, before we do much more mischief. We share this ironic position with the Germans and all our Allies, except the Turcos, who never dreamed of anything better. The irony of the position is heart-breaking, but even that finds no reflection in the theatre, or, indeed, in the Press, except on the front page of the *Times* Literary Supplement.

Some time ago, before we hated, or knew that we hated, the Germans, we were informed, at considerable expense to the public, that Herr Reinhardt was a genius who could employ more human beings in a spectacle than had ever been seen outside a circus. It did not matter just then that he was a German; it did matter that, for the time being, there was money in his idea. Not only did Herr Reinhardt use unheard of crowds, he also set peculiar and striking scenery on the stage. An intelligent management had been long awaiting the new thing and snatched at this. The Head of the Profession had for almost a generation managed to satisfy the public with scenery without plays, but he had established a monopoly based on some queer wizardry of his own. The new thing was exactly what was wanted, because the scenery without plays idea made it possible to prosper without talent, without literature, without dramatic sense: in short, it came very near the horribly triumphant cinematograph. It was also expensive, and therefore likely to appeal to the syndicates, who are very

## *Dramatic Chronicle*

chary of small sums of money. Splendid! The first to be sacrificed was our great dramatist, William Shakespeare, and our actors, already pretty well fleeced of their talents, were content to be fitted into colour schemes. Now, of course, Herr Reinhardt, being a German, is a fraud. We leave our Shakespeare to the Head of the Profession, and after the war we shall go for a dose of genius to Servia or Japan, if we still have a theatre in need of it. By then we shall probably be a province, for the domination of which a number of American Theatre Trusts will wrangle; but I shall no longer be a dramatic critic, for criticism in those days will be work for a publicity man rather than for a writer who, in spite of disappointment and suffering, cannot help taking the theatre seriously, whatever he may feel about the people working in it. Such a writer I have been. A good enthusiasm took me to the theatre; a 'maligned fate set me to write about it, exactly at the point where enthusiasm was baffled, that is, when the spirit that animated the management of the Court Theatre, 1904-1907, disappeared. That management had to go out into the world or perish of eclecticism. It went out but had taken no precautions, made, apparently, no plan of campaign, and was forced to meet the wicked world on its own terms. Art failing, the brave champions fell back on pretention, only to find themselves in competition with experts. They were defeated, won far more marketable reputation out of their defeat than they had ever done out of their success, brought what they had won into the market, and are as we know them, very amiable, amusing the public, which must be amused, dependent therefore upon the continuance of the theatre-going habit through the callow years of young men and maidens who cheerfully spend other people's money and take their emotions and ideas second-hand where they find them. There are, of course, hundreds of men and women who remain callow all their days, and some of them preserve the theatre-going habit, enough at least to prevent the theatre from becoming frankly juvenile. As things were, a generation of playgoers was a matter of, at most, five years. The advent of a new audience made it possible for the old entertainments to serve; the old favourite puppets could be given new dresses and set to dance to new tunes. In this way a generation of theatre-managers could be a matter of fifteen or twenty years, and they could prosper without progress, but at the cost of ignoring tradition and letting it wither away so that the next generation could not enter the theatre except upon cruel impossible conditions. This thing has happened. It is not the fault of the Court Theatre managers. They did their bravest to stop it, but they were not strong enough. A generation of theatre-managers had so thoroughly lost sight of the tradition of the theatre, they had so easy and slothful a time amusing the generations of the public, that they left their successors with no inheritance but an antiquated machine inadequate for any honourable purpose. The theatre-going habit persisted to the profit of certain speculators and the loss of others, until the war. Now it is broken. Money will hire the theatres and open them, but they will be empty. The callow will find

amusement elsewhere. The intelligent and eager will discover the mysteries, Marlowe, Webster, Ford, Shakespeare, Jonson, and the rich English comedy in books. They will desire once more a dignified expression in public of the spirit of the race, and they will create a little theatre to which in time even the wicked world will come for amusement. No compromise with the wicked world then; no meeting it on its own terms. It must come out to meet them, to discover again the language and the thought of the great Englishmen, even of the great Germans, of the past.

Extraordinary how my enthusiasm persists, and how out of the wreckage of the decline and fall I see visions of a future when even actors will acknowledge their debt to the past and their obligation to the future, and redeem the present with which they are concerned from triviality. In the past, when I have said the same thing, they have replied, "But we like it trivial, and it pays." I have never believed them. A man's work may be reduced to triviality, but never because he likes it so; rather because he is not fitted for his work, or because economic, or moral, or social pressure has been brought to bear on him. When a man makes the plays of Shakespeare trivial and says he prefers them so, then he is in a bad way, declining and falling like a Roman gentleman out of Juvenal. He may burke the question by saying that his triviality is at any rate better than the other fellow's, but then he, who should be an artist with a sense of humour, is descending to the level of the diplomatists. To that level the theatre in England had descended when the cloud of war covered it, and there, for the present, I propose to leave it, unhonoured and unsung, without a Gibbon.

In the past I have said some hard things which I regret; other harder things which, as I read them, leave me unrepentant. "If I have offended, I am sorry; if it is the truth that offends, then I owe and I offer no apology." One may be sorry for impatience with the lethargy of a man who is, unbeknown, in a consumption; one may not be sorry for shocking him by getting near the truth in an argument concerning an artistic problem. He is not entitled to set up the standard of consumption as the standard of health. That is precisely what has been done in the theatres of this country. Mr Shaw used to protest vigorously in the *Saturday Review*, exactly as Mr John Palmer protests nowadays. But the patient is dead, and one can only protest, at the risk of offending good taste, against his having so extravagant a funeral oration. Before an animal dies, the parasites which had lived on it leave it. This began to happen in the case of the English theatre five years ago. With that hint at the most dreadful process in the decline and fall I leave this history.

GILBERT CANNAN

# THE REPERTORY THEATRES

## A LITTLE HISTORY

IF, by misfortune, you have ever travelled from London to Manchester on a Sunday, taking the midday train from Euston and endeavouring to find a seat unoccupied by the Earl, the Girl, the Beggar, the Prince, Mrs Tanqueray and Sherlock Holmes, you will have gained some idea of the mechanism of the theatrical profession. These good people, so friendly and yet so forbidding, like a freemasonry of the road, represent the serious business of England's entertainment. They read the *Referee*, the *Era* and the *Stage*, the three journals which are written for them. They are the academicians of the drama, whose Burlington House is not His Majesty's Theatre or the Haymarket, but the strolling company. On the pasted slips at the carriage windows you will find the names of new plays and old—some of them very old and almost forgotten, like *The Schoolgirl* and *Our Flat*, others fresh from town, like *Milestones*, *The Great Adventure*, *Fanny's First Play*. These newer arrivals, "intellectuals" as they may seem to be, have no incongruous air. By the simple act of setting out from Euston to Manchester on this Sunday morning they have joined the established order, and are a part of the tradition. "The road" levels them all. As for their companies, they also read the *Referee*, and eat Bath buns at Rugby, and wave farewells at Crewe to the company of *Oh, I Say!* in the coach behind, which is bound for Widnes. And the others accept them quite naturally, as fellow-caterers for an unquestioned popular taste. There is no progress in these matters, and should be none. Nevertheless, it is of progress in the theatre that I have to write.

\* \* \* \* \*

Touring companies despatched by London managers are in their nature debarred from any kind of pioneering; their work is to satisfy an existing demand. It is nothing that they perform, say, the plays of Mr Shaw. The credit of the performance rests with people like Mr Granville Barker, who discovered years ago, by risking forlorn hopes and establishing original enterprises, that the public liked these plays. And of all original artistic enterprises, those undertaken in the theatre must be the most courageous. That is why one cannot but look kindly upon the repertory theatres. They perform shocking bad plays; they are obsessed with chatty "ideas" of the day, or to-morrow, or yesterday; they corrupt the public taste in one direction as often

## *The Repertory Theatres*

as they improve it in another (and they have the itch for improvement); they make a virtue of provincialism, which is no better than making a vice of London manners; they lack humour and colour and imagination; but they have courage. And they are not, as other theatres are, noisy, restless and promiscuous caravanserais; it is possible to conserve in them something of the spirit of a company of artists within a city of playgoers. Repose is one of the great needs of the stage to-day; not indolence, but the repose of a settled belief in the purpose of art; we have itched about the matter too long, trying this experiment and that, confusing forms and meanings; and a theatre with some firm local standing and fixed policy must be a useful institution. The London playhouses have lately been playing ducks and drakes with their traditions, from the craving for novelty or the fear of disaster. We have had melodrama at the Haymarket, musical comedy at the Adelphi, Shakespeare at the Savoy; a state of affairs bewildering to all good playgoers. There are only one or two houses which may be relied upon to maintain a standard; the St. James's, for example, where high comedy may generally be seen, or such high comedy as is compatible with pomp and Pall Mall; and His Majesty's, where, if flocks of sheep or caravans of camels are advertised to appear on the stage, the spectator may depend upon it they are real. These theatres doubtless have their faults, but they have also their advantages; they do not take your shilling unawares.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is largely the desire for such a fixed and dependable playhouse that has brought the repertory theatres into being. The new-fangled plays, the advanced opinions, the admiration for Mr Galsworthy and so forth—these are all superimposed upon the idea of a civic possession. Civic personages, committees and councillors, will generally be found to think in terms of public buildings; the repertory theatre is a public building. In matters of art they are modest and docile; and under the guidance of a manager of distinguished taste or intelligence, like Mr Drinkwater in Birmingham or Mr Alfred Wareing in Glasgow, they will embrace the modern drama with enthusiasm. Direction is all-important; the manager must be adroit enough to create a taste where there was none before but his own. Thus Miss Horniman, a lady of admirable energy, has gathered the burgesses of Manchester into her fold, though indeed she requires only their moral support; and thus Mr Yeats and Lady Gregory have made an Irish National Theatre in Abbey Street, Dublin. Let no one suppose that the people of these several cities get, by the magical establishment of a repertory theatre, the plays they want; they may be considered fortunate if, after some lapse of time, they learn to want the plays they get. There is no spontaneity in the movement, and if there were any, it would be valueless. Playgoers' clubs and other bodies who assemble to talk about the drama contribute to their own entertainment, like debating societies; but that is all. No one but a dramatist can tell

## *The Repertory Theatres*

them what they want ; no one but an inspired manager can discover him. The manager of a repertory theatre stands in the position of the author of a group of kindred plays, and praise or criticism must fall not upon these vague and accidental playhouses of Dublin, Manchester, Birmingham or Liverpool, but upon Miss Horniman, Mr Yeats, Mr Drinkwater, and other directors in London and the provinces.

\* \* \* \* \*

In succeeding issues of POETRY AND DRAMA\* it will be possible to survey the current work of the repertory theatres ; there is space at present only for a brief summary of what has already been done. The Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, for example, prints a list of 140 plays performed between September, 1907, and June, 1914. The Abbey Theatre, Dublin, has an even longer record. The Liverpool Repertory, which opened in 1911 and is now temporarily suspended owing to the war, is conducted on the lines of the old stock company, with five or six plays in active rehearsal and a nightly change of bill. The Birmingham Repertory, under Mr Drinkwater, has been devoted especially to imaginative work. The Royalty Theatre, Glasgow (formerly the Scottish Repertory Theatre), has intermittent seasons of activity. Sheffield, Leeds, and Bradford, without theatres of their own, are visited by Miss Horniman's company and by various offshoots of the repertory movement, like the companies of Mr Iden Payne, Mr Milton Rosmer, and Mr Esme Percy. Miss Muriel Pratt has directed two seasons of plays at the Theatre Royal, Bristol. The Irish Players have a regular itinerary in England, including Oxford, Cambridge, Manchester, Liverpool, and London in their yearly tour. There are also a number of touring companies of modern plays independent of London management, such as Mr Leigh Lovel and Miss Octavia Kenmore's Ibsen repertory, and Miss Darragh's company ; and the members of the Manchester and Liverpool repertories, at the end of their season, usually organise summer tours. Some successful pieces like *Hindle Wakes*, first performed by Miss Horniman's company, have been leased by other managers, and may be seen here, there, and everywhere. And in London, beside Mr Barker's periodic repertory seasons, we have the play-producing societies—the Stage Society, the Play Actors, the Pioneer Players, the Woman's Theatre, the Drama Society.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Abbey Theatre in Dublin, which came into being long before there was any talk of a repertory movement, stands apart for various reasons from the other theatres in this list. In the first place it is really an Irish National Theatre, with plays which can only be interpreted by Irish actors. And then it possesses a masterpiece, which is vastly more important than possessing a repertory. The Abbey Theatre owes everything to Synge and *The Playboy*

\* When it re-appears, after the war, in 1916.—EDITOR.

## The Repertory Theatres

of the *Western World*, just as Synge owed his impulse to the Abbey Theatre. When such an author appears, mechanisms and "movements" are no longer of importance. It is necessary to keep a sense of proportion in these matters—a sense which will not permit comparison between Synge's work and the one-act, two-act, three-act trifles with which the Irish Players entertain us every season; the comedies of Mr Boyle, the tragic experiments of Mr Robinson and Mr Murray, the hard and brainy puppet-plays of Mr Ervine, or the admirable farces of Lady Gregory. Of all these we have rather too much; of Synge too little. Every year one misses the name of Mr Padraic Colum, whose *Thomas Muskerry* is fine work. And Mr George Fitzmaurice, whose *Five Plays* are noticed elsewhere, appears infrequently in the bill. There is no more melancholy spectacle than that of a poet enmeshed by the current ideas of his age; propounding theories of marriage, debating the rights of the younger generation arguing politics, and so forth; and the Irish Players have not wholly escaped this fate. Synge never troubled his head about such ephemera; and, after all, Manchester can debate them much better. Manchester, by the aid of Mr Stanley Houghton and Mr Harold Brighouse, has exhausted the subject of the younger generation, just as Mr Galsworthy has exhausted the subject of strikes and completed the economic history of the lady separated from her husband. Manchester has given us the most trenchant examples of slum drama as observed by members of the middle classes—the drama of the Manchester school, or artistic *laissez-faire*. It is desirable that these subjects should be exhausted, gritty though the process of exhausting them may be, for gradually they may be expected to narrow and diminish; the number of matters open to debate being fortunately limited, while the number of subjects open to dramatic, or imaginative, treatment remains constant. Although this subject is too big to be dealt with in the present article, it is worth remarking that the worst enemy of a repertory theatre is catholicity. The director of such a theatre must have some taste of his own. Let him indulge it, and be as narrow-minded as he pleases. To produce any and every kind of play is to accomplish nothing, or no more than our West End theatres accomplish nightly. A theatre can only be interesting and valuable as the expression of a personal taste; it was by this means that the Abbey Theatre found Synge, and the Moscow Art Theatre Tchekhov.

\* \* \* \* \*

And to abandon Birmingham, Liverpool, and Glasgow for the moment, this leads directly to the question of the London play-producing societies. These are experimental theatres conducted under the greatest imaginable difficulties. They are without companies of their own, and must rely on the good will and artistic sense of actors already engaged elsewhere. They must borrow or hire a playhouse; they must be content at most with three weeks' rehearsal, and with two performances of each play. Their subscribers are casual people, united by

## *The Repertory Theatres*

an objection to the dulness of Sunday evening rather than by the desire to see any particular kind of play. It is not to be wondered at that most of these societies accept money from authors, and so convert themselves into family parties, sprinkled with bored critics. Or they labour for the enfranchisement of women, and produce plays to that end. Nevertheless, London has its advantages, and there is hope in the experimental theatre. The Stage Society, with a large membership, has the defect of being ruled by a council, a committee, and a democratic constitution. This results, of course, in confusion and compromise. During the season 1913-14 the Society produced *Change*, a Welsh prize play, by J. O. Francis; *The Bucket Shop*, a slangy play of finance, by Frank Harris; two trifles by Anatole France; *Uncle Vanya*, by Tchekhov; and *The Golden Fleece*, by C. E. Wheeler. It was a typical season, creditable enough as regards each individual performance, but lacking in direction and continuity. A hotch-potch, in brief; a reproduction, on a slightly higher intellectual plane, of the state of the everyday drama. The Stage Society would perform a great service by converting itself into a literary theatre, under a dictatorship; seeking for a new English dramatic literature and restoring the old. There is room for such a theatre; indeed, apart from the regular or public drama, there is room for no other.

ASHLEY DUKES

## PRINTED PLAYS

ONE may as well begin with Mr Galsworthy, whose *Three Plays: The Fugitive, The Pigeon, The Mob* (Duckworth, 6s.) are in the quarterly list. For it is the present task of English drama to recover from the influence of Mr Galsworthy. He is far more dangerous than Mr Shaw, because he is duller. The English have always been right about Mr Shaw; they have known that he should not be taken seriously; they have learned to value him for his wit. But Mr Galsworthy presents a more difficult problem. He is English; he has, in a narrow sense, familiar English qualities. One is conscious of an austere spirit, a lofty purpose, an upright, humane and judicial mind, expressed in works which bear not the least relation to literature. It is as if a family solicitor, member of a Board of Guardians, Justice of the Peace, and subscriber to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, had turned his hand to the stage with considerable technical success. Mr Galsworthy is the standing proof that "we can all do it in our spare time"—"it" being literature—if only we possess the perseverance, the purpose, and the goodwill toward our fellow-men. And here he encourages a widespread belief, he flatters the public. Voltaire, visiting Congreve, was puzzled to find that the latter preferred to be considered not as



an author, but as a private gentleman; and so one imagines Mr Galsworthy praying to be honoured not as a playwright, but as a citizen. Congreve's modesty was the affectation of a wit; but there are certainly private gentlemen in art—gentlemen of independent and, so to say, civic means. *The Fugitive* and *The Mob* are the work of such a gentleman; they are narrowed by his humane intention; they are written in his language. One opens *The Fugitive* at random:

YOUNG MAN: Look here! I'm afraid you must feel me rather a brute, you know.

CLARE: No, I don't; really.

YOUNG MAN: Are you absolute stoney? (*Clare nods.*) But (*looking at her frock and cloak*) you're so awfully well——

CLARE: I had the sense to keep them.

YOUNG MAN: I say, you know—I wish you'd let me lend you something. I had quite a good day down there.

CLARE: I can't take, for nothing.

YOUNG MAN: By Jove! I don't know—really, I don't—this makes me feel pretty rotten. I mean, it's your being a lady.

CLARE: That's not your fault, is it? You see, I've been beaten all along the line. And I really don't care what happens to me now. I really don't; except that I don't take charity.

And if Mr Galsworthy urges that people really talk like this, the reply must be that they do indeed—as private ladies and gentlemen, who should not be made public. Such writing brings the stage into contempt. How are we to care for the fates of inarticulate people? Mr Galsworthy's dramatic dialogue springs from the inverted anthropomorphism of his mind; he has arrived at the conclusion that animals should be kindly treated because they resemble human beings, and he writes plays in order to prove that human beings should be kindly treated because they resemble animals. His characters, in moments of dramatic tension, can scarcely be said to converse. They bark. Or they express their feelings by intervals of wounded silence. They avoid "scenes" and disturbances as far as possible; they hurry through the drama with a hunted air; and although Mr Galsworthy is the most humane of gentlemen, the reader cannot but feel a certain cruelty in the invasion of their privacy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Every one, I suppose, applies some kind of arbitrary standard to a play; and from the reader's point of view the use of dialogue is all-important. Dialogue, in any case, is more than a decorative art. For if a dramatist writes about admirable people he will make them articulate, and if he does not write about admirable people he can have nothing to say. In *Plaster Saints*, by Mr Zangwill (Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net)—oddly called "a high comedy"—the people are not very admirable. Mr Temple Thurston's *Driven* (Chapman and Hall, 2s. 6d. net) has a like defect. There are delightful things in the *Five Plays* of Mr George

## Printed Plays

Fitzmaurice (Maunsel, 3s. 6d. net). The comedy of *The Country Dressmaker*, which was given last year by the Irish Players, is ripe and whimsical. The third act has some capital fighting, with a medley of characters like sheep in a field, who butt one another, and crop grass, and butt again inconsequently—a situation which would be distressing to Mr Galsworthy, but is alluring in the light of Mr Fitzmaurice's humour. And Julia, the country dressmaker, is a figure of true pathos. She is able to say sincerely, when she marries her broken idol, "The spring of life is broken in me, but if it is your wish entirely, then I am willing to make the best of it." The discipline of comedy seems to give Mr Fitzmaurice a certain coherence which he lacks in shorter pieces like *The Magic Glasses* and *The Dandy Dolls*. These are midsummer madness, but they make excellent reading :

CAUTH : Himself is at home, but I'm thinking he's engaged.

GREY MAN : Engaged ! What sort of talk is that in a cabin black with soot ? Engaged ? Sure a man could be engaged and could spare a little time.

CAUTH : He could if he wasn't my man, that has time and playtime and whips of time again, but still for want of time is in such a devil's own fix that he can't renayge himself to put a sop in the thatch, fix a hoop in that leaking oven, or settle a pot-hooks on which to hang the pot. He don't earn as much as a shilling in the week, and all the same he's engaged, sir, and always engaged is he.

GREY MAN : That's like a riddle you'd hear from a child—I went to a wood and I picked a thorn, riddle-me-riddle-me-ree.

CAUTH (*sourly*) : A sore subject I'd be riddling on, then, that booby man of mine ; for may the devil fly away with the day he drew on him that practice of making dandy dolls. Isn't he well engaged, glory be God ?

\* \* \* \* \*

From the Abbey Theatre also come the *Four Irish Plays* by Mr St. John Ervine (Maunsel, 2s. 6d. net), of which *Mixed Marriage* and *The Magnanimous Lover* have been seen in London. *The Critics* and *The Orangeman* are by way of local and topical jests. I like better the same author's English play *Jane Clegg* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 1s. 6d. net), for the heroine is notably well drawn, and although Mr. Ervine probes the depths of slangy dialogue, there is great strength in the final scene. He is ruthless ; that is a gift. Mr C. J. Hamlen's *The Waldies* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 2s. net) is a domestic piece of the modern type, quite cleverly done, but his people are viewed in a very cold and uninteresting light. They are too loose and independent ; they should have been moulded into the significance of comedy, if only to make them more entertaining. These raw characters of the life-like play are poor company. Lord Dunsany's *Five Plays* (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net) show a fastidious choice of language, which is not quite the same thing as a mastery of dialogue. He has one trick of

technical accomplishment—a swift satirical stroke at the close—which serves for all the plays in the volume, and is seen at best in *The Gods of the Mountain*. His theme is the contrast of appearance and reality. It is also the theme of Mr Rabindranath Tagore in *Chitra* and *The King of the Dark Chamber* (Macmillan, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. net), but Mr Tagore is far removed from satire, as from all material things, and for him the real and the apparent alike exist only in a lyrical dream. Here he links them by a chain of words, and plays off the one against the other. One could wish that he had made his own version of *The Post Office* (Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net), for his translator has been reading Mr Galsworthy, or Ibsen in English, and falls into a jargon foreign to the spirit of the piece. Among other volumes are the complete edition of Tolstoy's dramatic works, translated by Mr and Mrs Aylmer Maude (Constable, 5s. net); Mr W. L. George's *Dramatic Actualities* (Sidgwick and Jackson, 2s. net), a little book of independent criticism; and a singular but useful compendium—in America they "study" the subject—called *The Continental Drama of To-day*, by Mr Barret H. Clark (Henry Holt and Company, New York).

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr Reginald Buckley's *Arthur of Britain* (Williams and Norgate, 5s. net), the Glastonbury Festival Drama, is a work of devotion and research; "a cycle of dramatic poems, personal in expression and national in subject and bearing." These works of devotion—how difficult it is to do them justice! If they were less devoted, justice would not greatly matter. But Glastonbury Tor rises in the mind's eye, standing sentinel to Sedgemoor; Glastonbury town climbs the hill, and straggles out, and sleeps; Glastonbury people are good people, with never a Jew, or an actor-manager, or a stockbroker among them; and here the vicar helps the author of an English epic, and the author of an English epic helps the vicar, so that a Festival Committee is formed, and a Foundation Stone laid, and the epic comes to light, in this degree:—

In our deeds and in our dreams,  
 Shall Arthur's fire be kindled.  
 The justice of the Table Round shall live  
 As long as oak trees have their root in Britain.  
 In the wonder of children, and the first hopes of young men,  
 Shall Arthur live again!

Here is the monument of a praiseworthy enterprise, and the satisfaction of a sense of fitness. It is in any event better to bring King Arthur to Glastonbury than to bring Satan and the Almighty to Bushey, which is the dreadful achievement of Mr Osbert Burdett in *The Silent Heavens* (Fifield, 1s. net). The author was urged to the composition of this up-to-date mystery play, as he confesses, by the establishment of the Bushey Repertory Theatre.

A. D.

# EXTRACTS FROM RECENT BOOKS

II

## IN CHURCH

From *Satires of  
Circumstance*, by  
Thomas Hardy

"And now to God the Father," he ends,  
And his voice thrills up to the topmost tiles:  
Each listener chokes as he bows and bends,  
And emotion pervades the crowded aisles.  
Then the preacher glides to the vestry-door,  
And shuts it, and thinks he is seen no more.

The door swings softly ajar meanwhile,  
And a pupil of his in the Bible class,  
Who adores him as one without gloss or guile,  
Sees her idol stand with a satisfied smile  
And re-enact at the vestry-glass  
Each pulpit gesture in deft dumb-show  
That had moved the congregation so.

4

## IN THE ROOM OF THE BRIDE-ELECT

"Would it had been the man of our wish!"  
Sighs her mother. To whom with vehemence she  
In the wedding-dress—the wife to be—  
"Then why were you so mollyish  
As not to insist on him for me!"  
The mother, amazed: "Why, dearest one,  
Because you pleaded for this or none!"

"But Father and you should have stood out strong!  
Since then, to my cost, I have lived to find  
That you were right and that I was wrong;  
This man is a dolt to the one declined . . .  
Ah!—here he comes with his button-hole rose.  
Good God—I must marry him I suppose!"

## IN THE CEMETERY

" You see those mothers squabbling there ? "

Remarks the man of the cemetery.

" One says in tears, '*Tis mine lies here !*'

Another, '*Nay, you Phavisee !*'

Another, '*How dare you move my flowers  
And put your own on this grave of ours !*'

But all their children were laid therein  
At different times, like sprats in a tin.

" And then the main drain had to cross,  
And we moved the lot some nights ago,  
And packed them away in the general foss  
With hundreds more. But their folks don't know,  
And as well cry over a new-laid drain  
As anything else, to ease your pain ! "

## EARLY SPRING

How sweet this morning air in spring,  
When tender is the grass, and wet !  
I see some little leaves have not  
Outgrown their curly childhood yet ;  
And cows no longer hurry home,  
However sweet a voice cries " Come."

Here, with green Nature all around,  
While that fine bird the skylark sings ;  
Who now in such a passion is,  
He flies by it, and not his wings ;  
And many a blackbird, thrush and sparrow  
Sings sweeter songs than I may borrow.

These watery swamps and thickets wild—  
Called Nature's slums—to me are more  
Than any courts where fountains play,  
And men-at-arms guard every door ;  
For I could sit down here alone,  
And count the oak trees one by one.

From *The Bird of  
Paradise*, by W.  
H. Davies

From *Philip the King*, by John Masefield

CLOSING STANZAS OF "THE WANDERER"

And on the instant from beyond away  
That long familiar sound, a ship's bell, broke  
The hush below me in the unseen bay.  
Old memories came: that inner prompting spoke.

And bright above the hedge a seagull's wings  
Flashed and were steady upon empty air.  
"A Power unseen," I cried, "prepares these things;  
Those are her bells, the *Wanderer* is there."

So, hurrying to the hedge and looking down,  
I saw a mighty bay's wind-crinkled blue  
Ruffling the image of a tranquil town,  
With lapsing waters glittering as they grew.

And near me in the road the shipping swung,  
So stately and so still in such great peace  
That like to drooping crests their colours hung,  
Only their shadows trembled without cease.

I did but glance upon those anchored ships.  
Even as my thought had told, I saw her plain;  
Tense, like a supple athlete with lean hips,  
Swiftness at pause, the *Wanderer* come again—

Come as of old a queen, untouched by Time,  
Resting the beauty that no seas could tire,  
Sparkling, as though the midnight's rain were rime,  
Like a man's thought transfigured into fire.

And as I looked, one of her men began  
To sing some simple tune of Christmas day;  
Among her crew the song spread, man to man,  
Until the singing rang across the bay;

And soon in other anchored ships the men  
Joined in the singing with clear throats, until  
The farm-boy heard it up the windy glen,  
Above the noise of sheep-bells on the hill.

Over the water came the lifted song—  
Blind pieces in a mighty game we swing;  
Life's battle is a conquest for the strong;  
The meaning shows in the defeated thing.

## FROM "SOLWAY FORD"

From *Thorough-  
fares*, by W. W.  
Gibson

He lay, and listened to the far-off sea.  
Wave after wave was knocking at his heart,  
And swishing, swishing, swishing ceaselessly  
About the wain—cool waves that never reached  
His cracking lips, to slake his hell-hot thirst . . .  
Shrill in his ear a startled barn-owl screeched . . .  
He smelt the smell of oil cake . . . when there burst  
Through the big barn's wide-open door, the sea—  
The whole sea sweeping on him with a roar . . .  
He clutched a falling rafter, dizzily . . .  
Then sank through drowning deeps, to rise no more.  
Down, ever down, a hundred years he sank  
Through cold green death, ten thousand fathom deep.  
His fiery lips deep draughts of cold sea drank  
That filled his body with strange icy sleep,  
Until he felt no longer that numb ache—  
The dead-weight lifted from his legs at last :  
And yet, he gazed with wondering eyes awake  
Up the green grassy gloom through which he passed :  
And saw, far overhead, the keels of ships  
Grow small and smaller, dwindling out of sight ;  
And watched the bubbles rising from his lips ;  
And silver salmon swimming in green night ;  
And queer big, yellow skate with scarlet fins  
And emerald eyes and fiery flashing tails :  
Enormous eels with purple-spotted skins ;  
And mammoth unknown fish with sapphire scales  
That bore down on him with red jaws agape,  
Like yawning furnaces of blinding heat ;  
And when it seemed to him as though escape  
From those hell-mouths were hopeless, his bare feet  
Touched bottom : and he lay down in his place  
Among the dreamless legion of the drowned,  
The calm of deeps unsounded on his face,  
And calm within his heart ; while all around  
Upon the midmost ocean's crystal floor  
The naked bodies of dead seamen lay,  
Dropped, sheer and clean, from hubbub, brawl and roar,  
To peace, too deep for any tide to sway.

*New Books*

From *New  
Numbers*

FROM THE GREAT LOVER. By *Rupert Brooke*

These I have loved :

White plates and cups, clean gleaming,  
Ringed with blue lines ; and feathery, faery dust ;  
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light ; the strong crust  
Of friendly bread ; and many-tasting food ;  
Rainbows ; and the blue bitter smoke of wood ;  
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers ;  
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,  
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon ;  
Then, the cool kindness of sheets, that soon  
Smooth away trouble ; and the rough male kiss  
Of blankets ; grainy wood ; live hair that is  
Shining and free ; blue-massing clouds ; the keen  
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine ;  
The benison of hot water ; furs to touch ;  
The good smell of old clothes ; and other such,  
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,  
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers  
About dead leaves and last year's ferns . . .

Dear names,

And thousand others throng to me !

From *Sailor Town  
Sea Songs and  
Ballads*, by C.  
Fox-Smith

FROM THE BALLAD OF THE "MATTERHORN"

"So last we knew that she was gone, as best and worst may go,  
The good ship and the bad likewise, the fast ship and the slow ;  
A fast ship was the 'Matterhorn' when all them kites was spread,  
A fast ship and a fine she was——" "Ay, she was fast," I said.

\* \* \* \* \*

From course to skysail up she soared like a midsummer cloud ;  
In all this earth I have not seen a thing more brave and proud ;  
And she is gone as dreams do go, or a song sung long before,  
Or the golden years of a man's youth when they are his no more.

And all the shining moons of youth, and all the stars of dream  
Were tangled in her topmast spars and through her shrouds  
did gleam ;

Now thundering like a North Sea gale, now humming faint  
and low,

Came singing with her down the years the winds of long ago.

By Casey's Occidental Rooms a bitter thing I heard,  
With a heavy heart I turned away, and long I spoke no word ;  
I bared my head there where I stood, "God rest her soul," I said,  
As if a woman I had loved in a far land was dead.



THE MUSIC OF SPACE

From *Freedom*,  
by Geoffrey Win-  
throp Young

Come to thee, that will I ;  
some night of a wet moon and sobbing wind  
haunted with movement of returning mist ;  
when there is neither sea, nor rain, nor sky,  
and all the faces of the waves are blind  
with wrinkles of white laughter, sorrow-kissed  
to a wide fall of tears ; tears, but no weeping,  
as of a child's eyes closed and innocent  
of any passing pain ;  
laughter, as of a child's lips curved in sleeping  
to changing fashions of unfelt content,  
passionless as the pulse of wind and rain.

Then will I come to thee,  
that singest in the ripple of still rain  
running from seaward on my window pane.

Come to thee, that will I ;  
in the grey twilight, mutinous and strange,  
when the tides fill, and whisper, and forget.  
But first I know my human heart must die,—  
and O, I would not lose my heart as yet !  
for there is warmth within my world, and change  
from passion to grave work and sunny dreaming ;  
the hands of wounded friends reach out for mine ;  
and there are hopes to tend.  
But where thou singest strange new shores are gleaming  
from ice of hidden seas, in cold star-shine,  
that know not love nor laughter, thought nor friend :

And should I come to thee,  
it must be as a shadow life that lies  
between dead earth and thine auroral eyes.

Come to thee, that must I :  
Music thou art, too mutable for pain,  
infinite, yet too dreamlike for desire ;  
thy song is mirthless as the moonlit sky,  
chill with the silver laughter of sea rain,  
wistful as space, unsearchable as fire.  
It is thy siren-spirit thou art singing,  
born of the iron rock, the wayward sea,  
on some lost spell of sand ;

and I must yield to thee, alone and bringing  
nor hope, nor heart, nor any memory,  
my soul a harp of mist, tuned to thy hand.

Yet will I come to thee,  
and be thy silence, and thy sound that fills  
great waters and grey wastes and sunless hills.

MOLE-HILL

Lad of white face,  
soft stomach, rounding shoulders ; in the ruck  
of restaurant loiterers ;—you are in the cage !  
—the cheat of city moles  
that spins through luncheon hours and sunday trips,  
shop-lamps and penny luck,  
from betting boyhood to suburban age.  
Morning and night you creep  
with shadow swarms under the paving stone  
from cells of sunless work to stifled sleep.  
You tunnel feverishly round and round :—  
whether you spin or shirk,  
the world without revolves between its poles.  
This is the wonder of the wheel of work !

Peaked city lad,  
will this be all you had  
when you escape in earnest underground ?  
There are chinks in the cage ;  
even the prison mole must make his mound !  
You see the sun : the glimpse of a red flare  
through chimney-bars on narrow skies.  
You feel the wind : a dissipated Puck  
who lurks round corners to fill angry eyes  
with germ-grit and stale air.  
You claim for wage  
enough for loneliness : for noisy leisure  
a show of moving shadows like your own :  
you rest on racing papers,  
cheap cigarettes to suck,  
and your own hobbled capers.  
Love lends you in mean measure  
the lure of a sad face and froward stare.—  
This is the wonder of the wheel of pleasure !

FROM THE MOUNTAIN

What does the world think? What my sense shall make it :  
there is no world but what is in my mind ;  
it has no truth, but as I choose to take it ;  
it cannot hurt, if but I call it kind :

I am alone, and all the shapes of earth  
are empty—till I bring their life to birth.

The winds live not : I listen, and they sing to me ;  
motionless hills are gods with whom I walk ;  
sunshine and night have souls, for what they bring to me ;  
children are all the joy I hear them talk.

The earth is full of echoes ; that can give  
life to my heart,—if I but let them live.

Men cannot move me, for their much repeating  
a pettiness of shape they share with mine ;  
shades of my semblance, shattered in their meeting  
with deeper shadows on my heart's design :

I only live ; and all mankind is naught,  
but as I lend it being in my thought.

Through this blue dusk the soulless stars are wheeling  
to meet the soulless lights from the blue plain ;  
one lamp for every nest of mortals stealing  
back to their nothingness of life again.

In the wide spaces of this lonely night  
candle and star live only in my sight.

THE HOLY OF HOLIES.

'Elder father, though thine eyes  
Shine with hoary mysteries,  
Canst thou tell what in the heart  
Of a cowslip blossom lies ?

'Smaller than all lives that be,  
Secret as the deepest sea,  
Stands a little house of seeds,  
Like an elfin's granary.

From *The Wild  
Knight*, by G. K.  
Chesterton

'Speller of the stones and weeds,  
Skilled in Nature's crafts and creeds,  
Tell me what is in the heart  
Of the smallest of the seeds.'

'God Almighty, and with Him  
Cherubim and Seraphim,  
Filling all eternity—  
Adonai Elohim.'

FROM "ESTHER"

L.

*From The Poetical  
Works of Wilfrid  
Scawen Blunt*

He who has once been happy is for aye  
Out of destruction's reach. His fortune then  
Holds nothing secret, and Eternity,  
Which is a mystery to other men,  
Has like a woman given him its joy.

Time is his conquest. Life, if it should fret,  
Has paid him tribute. He can bear to die.

He who has once been happy! When I set  
The world before me and survey its range,  
Its mean ambitions, its scant fantasies,  
The shreds of pleasure which for lack of change  
Men wrap around them and call happiness,  
The poor delights which are the tale and sum  
Of the world's courage in its martyrdom ;

LI.

When I hear laughter from a tavern door,

When I see crowds agape and in the rain  
Watching on tiptoe and with stifled roar

To see a rocket fired or a bull slain,  
When misers handle gold, when orators

Touch strong men's hearts with glory till they weep,  
When cities deck their streets for barren wars

Which have laid waste their youth, and when I keep  
Calmly the count of my own life and see

On what poor stuff my manhood's dreams were fed  
Till I too learned what dole of vanity

Will serve a human soul for daily bread,

—Then I remember that I once was young  
And lived with Esther the world's gods among.

## XVII.

From *New Poems*,  
by Arthur K.  
Sabin

Apart she sits serene,  
And needs no poet's song  
To hail her as the queen  
Of those she dwells among.  
Calm of glad dawns, and still  
Lone midnight hours of peace,  
Glow in her eyes and fill  
Her smile with mysteries.  
When I draw near to her  
I feel myself to be  
Like an adventurer  
Entering an unknown sea,  
Within whose confines burns  
A world of such delight  
That none who finds returns  
To pleasant sight :  
Even as the Lotus-land  
Ended the weary quest  
Of all who reached its strand,  
She brings me joy and rest.

---

### A NOTE ON CHAPBOOKS AND BROADSIDES

The present custom of publishing poetry in Chapbooks and on Broad-sides should not be confused with those merely imitative revivals promoted from time to time of the methods and habits of former centuries ; it is indeed an attempt to meet the tastes and requirements of our own time. The public has always shown a natural reluctance to spend even an experimental half-crown on a volume of new poetry and a right instinct for the fact that barely a third of such a volume will be, as a general rule, worthy of its consideration. The public knows that only a small amount of poetry worthy of its consideration is ever written, and it cannot be bothered to wade through the everlasting experiments in verse with which authors insist on filling their pages. The ideal of the Chapbook is to publish only small quantities of finished and carefully selected poetry for extensive circulation at a low price, and to encourage poets to consign their experimental and less important work to their waste-paper baskets, or, at any rate, withhold it altogether from a reluctant public. The object of the Broadside is the large and easy distribution of topical or in any other way notable poetry. Its form is as inconvenient as that of the newspaper, for it is not intended to encumber bookshelves and drawers. Neither of these methods of circulation are designed to preclude later production in book-form. The Chapbook is something between the periodical and the book ; the Broadside is something between the newspaper and the book. Decorations are not an essential element, but a pleasant addition.

## A LIST OF RECENT BOOKS

### ENGLISH POETRY

- A Ballad of "The Gloster" and "The Goeben": A Broadside.* By Maurice Hewlett. Illustrated and Coloured. (Poetry Bookshop. 2d. net.)  
[Noticed, p. 390.]
- A Christmas Legend.* By F. S. (2d. net.)
- Afterthoughts: Poems.* By Walter A. Mursell. (A. Gardner. 3s. 6d. net.)
- And They Went to War.* By J. A. Nicklin. (Sidgwick. 6d. net.)  
[Noticed, p. 343.]
- A Prelude in Verse.* By Marion Durst. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Aroun' the Boreens: A Little Book of Celtic Verse.* By Agnes Hanrahan. (Duckworth. 2s. net.)
- Borderlands.* By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 378.]
- Boys and Girls.* By James W. Foley. Illustrated by R. Birch. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Children of Love.* By Harold Monro. (Poetry Bookshop. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 391.]
- Christmastide, and Other Verses.* By J. H. Carr. (Stock. 2s. net.)
- David in Heaven, and Other Poems.* By R. L. Gales. (Simpkin. 3s. 6d. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 383.]
- Dreams and Realities.* By Lionel Birch. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Enchanted Tulips, and Other Verses for Children.* By A. E. and M. Keary. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Fighting Lines.* By Harold Begbie. (Constable. 1s. net.)
- Freedom: Poems.* By Geoffrey Winthrop Young. (Smith, Elder. 5s. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 380; quoted, p. 429.]
- From the Lowest Slopes.* By Clara I. Martin. (Humphreys. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Love Songs.* By Nora Graham. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Love's Melodies.* By Marjorie Crosby. (Larby. 1s. 3d. net.)
- Lyrics and Short Poems.* By Grace E. Tollmache. (Mathews. 1s. net.)
- Musings at Eventide.* By George Millar. (*Hamilton Advertiser*. 1s.)
- New Beginnings, and The Record.* By Douglas Cole. (Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.)
- New Poems.* By Arthur K. Sabin. (Temple Sheen Press. 4s. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 382; quoted, p. 433.]
- Out of Touch, and Other Poems.* By Jean H. Watson. (Morgan and S. 6d. net.)
- Path Flower, and Other Verses.* By Olive Dargan. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Philip the King, and Other Poems.* By John Masefield. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 379; quoted, p. 426.]
- Poems.* By E. Scotton Huelin. (Mathews. 1s. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 383.]

- Poems.* By John Rodker. (Author, 1, Osborne Street, Whitechapel. 1s. net.)  
 [See *English Poetry*, p. 383.]
- Poems of the Love of England.* By William H. Draper. (Chatto. 1s. net.)
- Quaint Rhymes for the Battlefield.* By C. T. Studd. (J. Clarke. 1s. net.)
- Sailor Town, Sea Songs and Ballads.* By C. Fox-Smith. (Mathews. 1s. 6d. net and 1s. net.)  
 [See *English Poetry*, p. 379; quoted, p. 428.]
- Satires of Circumstance: Lyrics and Reveries.* By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)  
 [See *English Poetry*, p. 376; quoted, p. 424.]
- Singsongs of the War.* By Maurice Hewlett. (Poetry Bookshop. 6d. net.)  
 [Reviewed, p. 390.]
- Sonnets of the Banner and the Star.* By Arthur Lynch. (Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)
- South Country Idylls.* By F. J. Williams. (Stockwell. 2s. net.)
- The A's and the K's: or Twice Three is Six.* Verses by B. Parker. Illustrated by N. Parker. (Chambers. 4s. 6d. net.)
- The Bird of Paradise, and Other Poems.* By W. H. Davies. (Methuen. 1s. net.)  
 [See *English Poetry*, p. 377; quoted, p. 425.]
- The Country of the Young.* By Maude Goldring. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "*The Days of Our Years*": *Songs of a Wayfarer.* By Helen W. Gibson. (Kelly. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Dim Divine.* By E. Richardson. (Fifield. 1s. net.)
- The Horns of Chance, and Other Poems.* By M. C. Aldrich. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Man with the Mirror.* By Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne. (Black. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Song of a Year.* By William Booth. (Nutt. 6d. net.)
- The Song of the Guns.* By Herbert Kaufman. (Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)
- The South Wind.* By Nettie Palmer. (Wilson. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Voice of Peace.* By Gilbert Thomas. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Witchmaid, and Other Verses.* By Dorothy Mackellar. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Thoroughfares.* By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 [See *English Poetry*, p. 378; quoted, p. 427.]
- Thoughts in Verse for My Friends.* By John Bonus. (London: Longmans. 3s. 6d. net. New York: Bemrose.)
- Three Jolly Anglers.* Verses by Jessie Pope. Drawings by Frank Adams. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.)
- Through Tears to Triumph.* By Sybil Grantham. (Gay and Hancock. 1s. net.)
- Union Jack Lyrics, and a Foreword Concerning the Flag.* By Fred J. Johnston Smith. (Macdonald. 6d. net.)
- War Harvest, 1914.* By Arthur K. Sabin. (Temple Sheen Press. 6d.)  
 [Noticed, p. 343.]
- War Poems of a Northumbrian.* By R. H. Forster. (Noble: Newcastle. 1s. net.)
- When England Goes to War.* By Wm. Macdonald. (Westminster Press. 1d.)
- Whispers from My Walls.* By Mary Hitchin Kemp. (Simpkin. 1s. 6d. net.)
- 1914: *A Poem.* By C. W. (Heffer. 1s. net.)  
 [Noticed, p. 345.]

## ANTHOLOGIES

- A Book of Verse for Children.* Compiled by Alys Rogers. (Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Ancient English Christmas Carols, 1400-1700.* Collected and Arranged by Edith Rickert. (Chatto. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Battle and Breeze Reciter.* Edited by Alfred H. Miles. (Goschen. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 385.]
- Battle Songs.* Chosen by E. Nesbit. (Goschen. 1s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 384.]
- Christmas Carols.* With Illustrations by T. Mackenzie. The Gravure Series. (Simpkin. Leather, 2s.; Cloth, 6d. net.)
- English Patriotic Poetry.* Selected by L. Godwin Salt. Cheaper Edition, Pitt Press Series. (Cambridge University Press. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 384.]
- Historical Ballads.* Selected and Edited, with Notes and Glossary, by William Macdougall. (Bell. 1s.)
- Lord God of Battles: A War Anthology.* Compiled by E. Manning Foster. (Cope and Fenwick. 2s. and 1s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 385.]
- Nature's Moods: A Little Anthology of Verse.* Compiled by Leonard Stowell. (Black. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 388.]
- Old Time Rhymes.* Illustrated by Frank Adams. (Blackie. 6s. net.)
- Oxford Poetry, 1914.* With a Preface by Sir Walter Raleigh. (Blackwell. 1s. and 2s. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 382.]
- Patriotic Songs and Poems: A Selection.* (Macdonald. 1d. net.)
- Remember Louvain.* Compiled by E. V. L. (Methuen. 1s. net.)
- Songs and Sonnets for England in War Time. Being a Collection of Lyrics by Various Authors Inspired by the Great War.* (Lane. 1s. net.)
- Story Recitals in Poem and Prose.* A New Collection. Specially Selected and Edited by A. B. Harley. (Oliver and B. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Book of Georgian Verse.* Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. (Duckworth. 6s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 387.]
- The Book of Restoration Verse.* Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. (Duckworth. 6s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 387.]
- The Book of Sussex Verse.* Edited by C. F. Cook. (Cambridge. 2s. net.)
- The Call of the Open: A Little Anthology of Contemporary Verse.* Compiled by Leonard Stowell. (Black. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 388.]
- The Country's Call: A Short Selection of Patriotic Verse.* Chosen and Edited by E. B. and Marie Sargent. (Macmillan. 2d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 384.]



*The Flag of England: Ballads of the Brave, and Poems of Patriotism.* Selected by John Fawside. (Nash. 3s. 6d. net.)

*The Garden Anthology. A Collection of Representative Poems Relating to Gardens and their Contents, from 1535 to 1914.* Selected and Arranged by Irene Osgood and Horace Wyndham. (Richmond. 3s. 6d. net.)

*The Golden Staircase: Poems and Verses for Children.* Chosen by Louey Chisholm. Cheaper Re-issue. (Jack. 3s. 6d. net.)

[Reviewed, p. 385.]

*The Scottish Reciter.* Compiled and Edited by Guy Pertwee. (Routledge. 1s. net.)

[Reviewed, p. 386.]

*The Very Humorous Reciter.* Compiled and Edited by E. Pertwee. (Routledge. 1s. net.)

[Reviewed, p. 386.]

#### REPRINTS AND COLLECTED EDITIONS

*A Song of the English.* By Rudyard Kipling. New Edition. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. (Hodder. 2s. 6d. net.)

*A Tale of Old Japan.* With an Introduction in memory of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By Alfred Noyes. (Blackwood. 2s. net.)

*A Woman's Reliquary.* By E. D. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

*Browning (Robert): A Blot in the 'Scutcheon.* (Jarrold. 1s., 1s. 6d. and 2s. net.)

*Browning (Robert): Pippa Passes.* (Jarrold. 1s., 1s. 6d. and 2s. net.)

*Byron (Lord): Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Cantos 1 and 2.* Edited by J. C. Scrimgeour. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)

*Chaucer: Complete Poetical Works.* Now first put into Modern English by John S. P. Tattock and Percy Mackaye. Illustrated by Warwick Goble. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

*Chaucer (Geoffrey).* College Edition. With Introduction, Notes and Glossary. Edited by Henry Noble MacCracken. (Milford. 6s. 6d. net.)

*Coleridge (Samuel Taylor): The Ancient Mariner.* (Jarrold. 1s., 1s. 6d. and 2s. net.)

*Coleridge (Samuel Taylor): The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.* The Gravure Series. (Simpkin. 6d. net.; Leather, 2s. net.)

*Collected Poems of Wilfrid Scaven Blunt.* Two Volumes. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 381; quoted, p. 432.]

*Collected Poems of Arthur Edward Waite.* Two Volumes. (Rider. 21s. net.)

*Drake's Drum, and Other Songs of the Sea.* By Henry Newbolt. With Illustrations in Colour by A. D. McCormick. (Hodder. 15s. net.)

*Fra Angelico, and Other Lyrics.* By I. Gregory Smith. Third Edition. (Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.)

*Goldsmith (Oliver): The Deserted Village.* Illustrated. W. Lee Hankey. (Constable. 1s. net.)

*Goldsmith (Oliver): The Deserted Village.* (Jarrold. 1s., 1s. 6d. and 2s. net.)

*Gray (Thomas): An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.* Illustrated by G. F. Nicholls. (Black. 5s. net.)

*Keats (John): The Eve of St. Agnes.* Illustrated. The Gravure Series. (Simpkin. 6d. net.; Leather, 2s. net.)

- Keats (John) : Poetical Works.* Chronologically arranged and Edited with a Memoir by Lord Houghton. Bohn's Popular Library. (Bell. 1s. net.)
- Meredith (George) : Poetical Works.* Standard Edition. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Morris (William) : Life and Death of Jason.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by E. Maxwell. (Milford. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Plautus : Five of his Plays.* Translated into English Verse by Sir R. Allison. (Humphreys. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Jane and Anne Taylor. Illustrated. The Children's Poets. (Gardner, Darton. 1s. and 1s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Laurence Minot. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Joseph Hall. (Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d.)
- Poems of Cheer.* By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Kind Thought Series. (Gay and H. 6d. net.)
- Poems of Courage.* By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Kind Thoughts Series. Gay and H. 6d. net.)
- Poems of Friendship.* By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Kind Thoughts Series. (Gay and H. 6d. net.)
- Scott, Sir Walter : The Lady of the Lake.* Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. (Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Shakespeare : King Henry the Fourth.* Part I. Edited by R. P. Cowl and A. E. Morgan. Arden Edition. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Shakespeare (William) : Macbeth.* Edited, with Introduction, Notes and Appendices, by J. H. C. Grierson. (Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Shelley (Percy Bysshe) : The Sensitive Plant.* (Jarrold. 1s., 1s. 6d. and 2s. net.)
- Tennyson (Alfred, Lord) : Idylls of the King.* Illustrated by Eleanor F. Brickdale. Cheaper Edition. (Hodder. 6s. net.)
- Tennyson (Alfred, Lord) : Maud.* (Jarrold. 1s., 1s. 6d. and 2s. net.)
- Tennyson (Alfred, Lord) : Patriotic Poems.* (Macmillan. 1d. net.)
- The Absent-minded Mule, and Other Occasional Verses.* By T. W. H. Crosland. (Mathews. 6d. net.)
- The Children's Song.* By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan. 1d. net.)
- The Cliffs.* By Charles M. Doughty. New Edition. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Dream Pedlar.* By Lady Margaret Sackville. With Coloured Illustrations by Florence Anderson, and Black and White Illustrations by Clara Shirley Hayward. (Simpkin. 6s. net.)
- The Garden of Kama, and Other Love Lyrics from India.* Arranged in Verse by Laurence Hope. Illustrated by Byam Shaw. Illustrated Edition. (Heinemann. 15s. net.)
- The Poetical Works of Felicia Dorothea Hemans.* Oxford Edition of Standard Authors. (Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.* Done into English by Edward Fitzgerald. Written and Embellished by Bernard Way. (Simpkin. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.* Rendered into English Verse by Edward Fitzgerald. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.)
- The Wild Knight, and Other Poems.* By G. K. Chesterton. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 381; quoted, p. 431.]
- Whitman, Walt : Leaves of Grass.* Selected. (C. H. Kelly. 3s. 6d.)

## DRAMA.

- Half-Hours: Plays.* By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder. 6s.)
- Jane Clegg: A Play in Three Acts.* By St. John G. Ervine. (Sidgwick. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 422.]
- More Light: A Christmas Play for Children.* (Bennett and Starling. 6d. each.)
- Plaster Saints: A High Comedy in Three Movements.* By Israel Zangwill. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 421.]
- Puck in Petticoats, and Other Fairy Plays.* By Grace Richardson. (Gardner, Darton. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Admirable Crichton.* By J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. (Hodder 15s. net.)
- The Cockyolli Bird.* By Mabel Dearmer. Illustrated. (Hodder. 7s. 6d. net.)
- The Cost: A Comedy in Four Acts.* By E. Temple Thurston. (Chapman and Hall. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The King of the Jews.* By the Grand Duke Constantine ("K. P."). Translated by Victor E. Marsden. (Cassell. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Post Office.* By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 423.]
- The Silent Heavens: A Divine Comedy.* By Osbert Burdett. (Fifield. 1s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 423.]

## AMERICAN BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Earth Triumphant.* By Conrad Aiken. (Macmillan. 5s. 6d. net.)  
Reviewed, p. 410.]
- Pagan Poems.* By Franklin Henry Giddings. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.)
- Ranch Verses.* By "Larry Chittenden." (Putnam. 6s. net.)
- Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds.* By Amy Lowell. (Macmillan. 5s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 409.]
- The Congo, and Other Poems.* By Vachel Lindsay. (Macmillan. 5s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 411.]
- Undine.* By Antoinette de Courcy Patterson. (Fisher, Philadelphia. 6s. net.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- A Handbook to the Poetry of Rudyard Kipling.* By Ralph Durand. (Hodder. 10s. 6d. net.)
- Anecdotes of the Theatre.* Collected and Arranged by Arthur H. Engelbach. (Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Beaumont, (Francis): Dramatist. A Portrait. With some account of his Circle, Elizabethan and Jacobean, and of his association with John Fletcher.* By Charles Mills Cayley. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)

- Beowulf, with the Finnsburg Fragment.* Edited by A. J. Wyatt. New Edition, revised. With Introduction and Notes by R. W. Chambers. (Cambridge University Press. 9s. net.)
- Carducci (Giosue).* By Orlo Williams. Modern Biographies. (Constable. 1s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 405.]
- Coleridge (Samuel Taylor) : Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare and Other English Poets.* Bohn's Popular Library. (Bell. 1s. net.)
- Dante : La Divina Commedia.* Edited and Annotated by C. H. Grandgent. (Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 404.]
- English Drama.* By Felix E. Schelling. (Dent. 5s. net.)
- Essays on Milton.* By Elbert N. S. Thompson. (Milford. 6s. net.)
- Famous Reviews.* Selected and Edited with Introductory Notes by R. Brimley Johnson. (Pitman. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Hamlet and Orestes : A Study in Traditional Types.* By Gilbert Murray. (Milford. 1s. net.)
- Kipling (Rudyard) : A Critical Survey of his Literary Art.* By R. Thurston Hopkins. (Digby, Long. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Maurice Maeterlinck : A Critical Study.* By Una Taylor. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 392.]
- Poems and Prose for Comparative Study.* Arranged with Notes and Exercises by J. Eaton Feasey. (H. Marshall. 1s. 6d.)
- Representative English Comedies. Vol. III.—The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare.* (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)
- Robert Bridges : A Critical Study.* By F. E. Brett Young. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 391.]
- Swollen-Headed William.* (After the German.) Verses adapted by E. V. Lucas. Drawings adapted by Geo. Morrow. (Methuen. 1s. net.)
- Tales from Shakespeare.* By Charles and Mary Lamb. Illustrated by George Soper. (Headley. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Life of Robert Burns.* By John Gibson Lockhart. Edited with Notes and Appendices by Wm. Scott Douglas, and an Essay on Robert Burns by Sir Walter Raleigh. Two Volumes. Illustrated, (H. Young. 30s. net.)
- The Poets Laureate of England : Their History and their Odes.* By W. Forbes Gray. (Pitman. 7s. 6d. net.)  
[See *English Poetry*, p. 375.]
- The Tragedy of a Troubadour : An Interpretation of Browning's Sordello.* By E. H. Thomson. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Verhaeren, Emile.* By Stefan Zweig. (Constable. 6s. net.)  
[Reviewed, p. 393.]





POETRY and drama.

1914 •

v. 2

